

THE LEATHERNECK

July, 1935

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as pure . .



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—the cigarette that TASTES BETTER*



PICTORIAL FLASHES FROM HERE AND THERE



7th Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Gy.-Sgt. E. Nixon and Cpl. E. D. Smith (See page 35)



VICE-PRESIDENT GARNER MAY HAVE MADE GOOD DECISIONS ON BALLS AND STRIKES, BUT HE MADE A BUM ONE WHEN HE GAVE HIS HAT TO SOMEONE TO HOLD, AND THEN FORGOT WHO IT WAS

The gentleman with the House of David disguise may know something about the missing head-dress from the way he's smiling (See page 29)

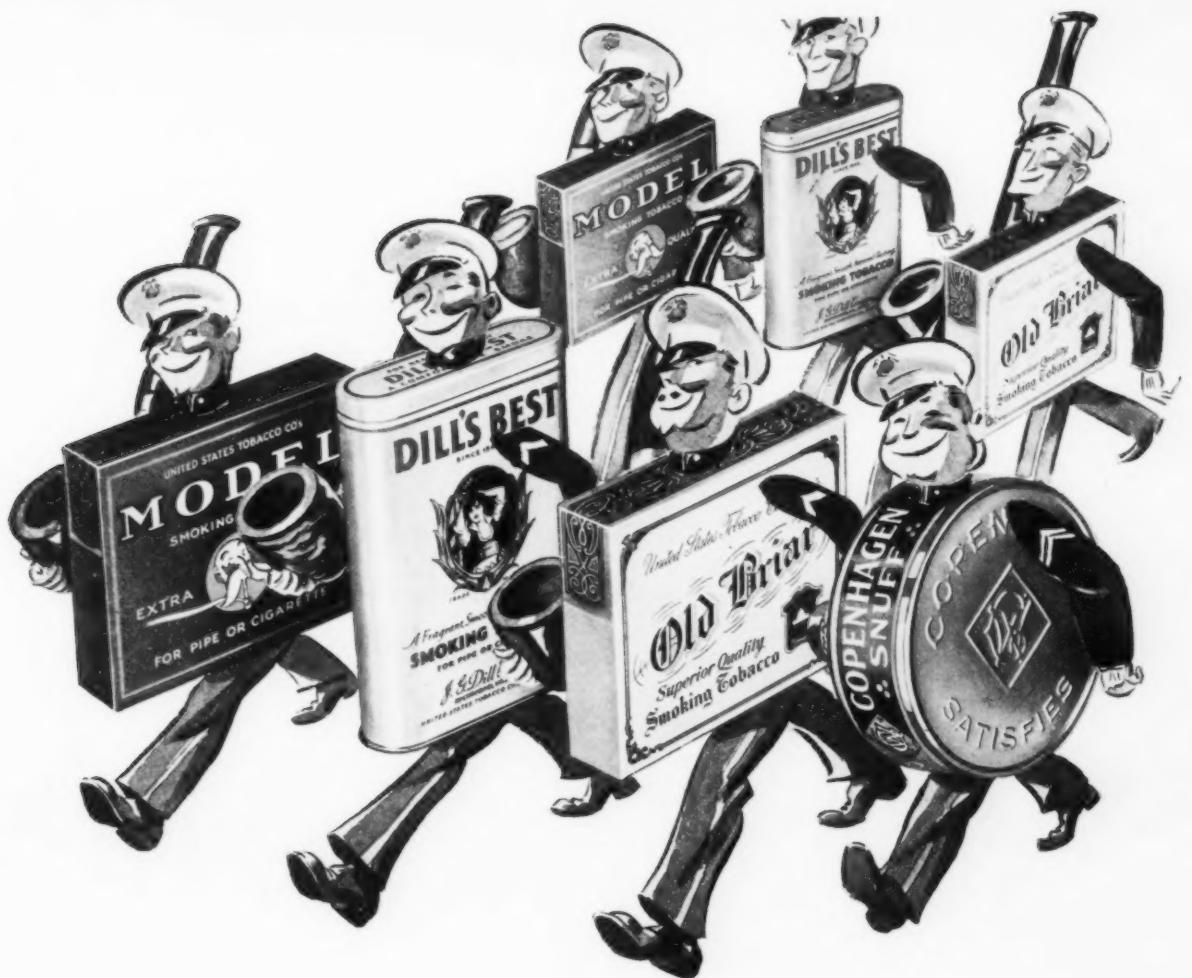


GREAT STONE FACES OF EASTER ISLAND

Beneath these leering giants, some of which are thirty feet high and weigh a hundred tons, explorers have found human bones that point to an ancient civilization. It is guessed that they are funeral monuments to heroes of a lost empire (See page 13)



6th Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. J. Kuhar and Cpl. M. W. Marty (See page 35)



Leading the Parade

Here are the big four that lead the line of march to complete tobacco satisfaction. Try them . . . you'll find one that smokes or tastes just the way you want it to.

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Everybody knows "Copenhagen" snuff. Made of highest grade tobacco, it has a most satisfying taste, and is first with discriminating users.

PICTORIAL FLASHES FROM HERE AND THERE



Hotchkiss Machine Gun on Improvised Mount, Used by the 5th Marines, 2nd Division, A.E.F., at Menancourt, France



Gun Captured by Marines at Coyotep, Nicaragua, in 1912



Marine Artillery in Nicaragua During the First Occupation, 1912



Guard Inspection—Sidi-Bel-Abbes (Foreign Legion)



Fire Department, Port au Prince, Haiti, 1931—Station House in Background



The Leatherneck

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Give the Editor a Break

HACTUALLY, the title of this squib should be "Give Yourself a Break," for anything you may do to make things easier for the editor increases the chances for the acceptance of that article you are going to write for the *Journal*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Woman's Home Companion*, or even *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*.

Always remember that the editor thinks he is a busy man, and that his eyesight is not what it used to be. Give him a manuscript that is easy to read. Use a typewriter, and find out where that double-space gadget is before you start. You already have two strikes on you when you single-space a manuscript.

Use plenty of clean, white, durable paper. Give the edi-

tor generous margins for making corrections, for you may be sure he is going to make them. Your ideas on spelling, capitalization and punctuation may be entirely correct, and still not agree with those of the editor; and he has to keep a uniform style. If you must make interlineations in pencil or ink, write them legibly. Very few editors go in for cryptography and hieroglyphics. Start typing half-way down the first page.

Don't send a carbon copy. To do so tells the editor that you have submitted the original somewhere else, and he isn't interested in seconds. Moreover, onion skin carbons and mimeographed copies cause an editor acute suffering. If accepted they must be retyped which doesn't help their prospects. True, an excellent Infantry School or Command and General Staff School monograph is sometimes accepted in that form, if it is recognized as such before being tossed aside, but the fact that it must be revised makes the editor less friendly toward the manuscript.

Don't write reports. This is a magazine—not the commanding officer's desk. Get a little life—a little human interest—into your stuff.

Don't explain why your article was written. If its purpose is not self-evident you had better do a bit of revising.

When you have finished writing your yarn, cut it. It is a rare literary gem that cannot be improved by drastic use of a good, soft pencil, drawn horizontally through words. A short article stands a much better chance of acceptance than a long one. Remember that type is not made of rubber. If you write 1,231 words and the page holds 956, you may take it for granted that the editor will cut 275 words to make the article fit a page.

Avoid clichés. Why say "each and every" when one word will express what you mean? Don't use the expressions "in other words" and "that is to say." Say what you mean and select the right words the first time. Don't "venture the assumption." Go ahead and assume, or come right out and say it.

Forget the eyewash. When you write "so ably commanded by Colonel Whosis," we know that you are only toadying to the Old Man and invariably delete "so ably." We take it for granted that unit commanders are able.

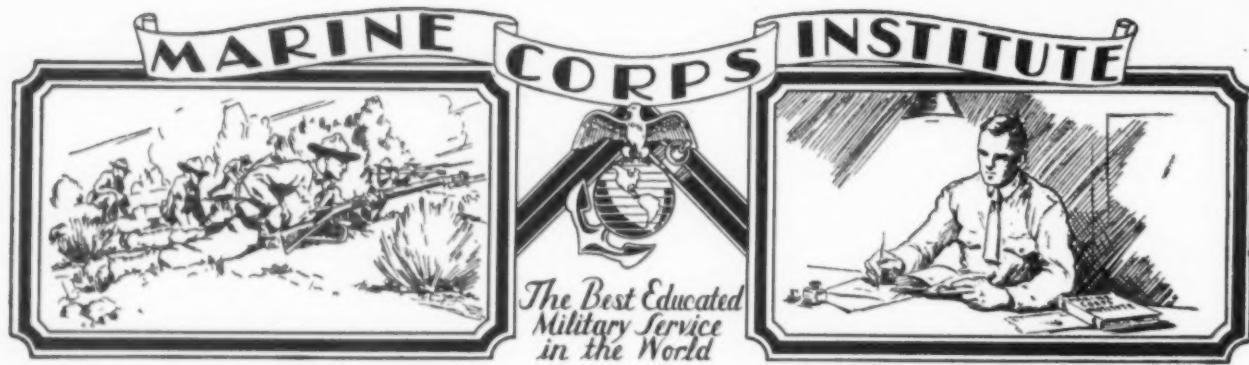
If you have an opinion, don't be afraid to express it. The fact that all of your friends disagree with you makes your ideas that much more valuable.

If you talk about places, furnish maps, and be sure every place mentioned in the article is shown on the map. If you send photographs, have them large—at least 4 x 5 inches, if possible—and don't write on the back with a hard pencil or attach them to the manuscript with paper clips. Marks and creases on photographs will appear on the cuts. If you must point out the details on your photos, paste a flap of transparent paper over the print and make your letters and lines on that; then our artist can do a neat lettering job on a clean surface. If you furnish drawings, do them in black ink. Blue ink can be swiped off the first sergeant's desk easily, but it just won't reproduce.—*Infantry Journal*.

Too Late

TE received some interesting broadcast copy, but like the famous pardon, it came too late. News from the following outfits was not received in time to be included in this issue: Brown Field, Quantico; Tulsa Tabloid; Guam Notes; VO Squadron 8M, Aircraft Two, FMF.; First Signal Company, Quantico, and Argonne Notes. Broadcast copy for August must reach the editors before July 8.

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*AVIATORS**

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For descriptive details in regard to these new courses, read the Marine Corps Institute News in this issue.

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Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.**

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I am interested in the subject before which I have marked an X; please send me full information.
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NUMBER 7

A HOUSEBOAT TRIP IN CHINA

HS something to break the monotony of duty in the city of Shanghai, Chaplain Witherspoon suggested to his committee early in the year that a houseboat trip would be of great interest to the personnel of the Fourth Marines if it could be arranged. The Chaplain immediately set the machinery to working and very shortly permission was granted for a certain number of men to make a trip through China. All his efforts were amply repaid when the trip turned out to be the greatest success so far.

We left Shanghai about 8:30 a.m., Saturday, March 30, 1935. The party was up and aboard very early and were anxious to get started. The flotilla consisted of four houseboats towed by a steam launch. The first three boats were occupied by the Marine party of thirty-eight, and the fourth was provided by Mr. H. P. Murphy, prominent yachtsman of Shanghai, for Mr. and Mrs. Gene Tunney and Dr. and Mrs. J. O. LaGoree. Mr. and Mrs. Tunney are on a pleasure trip around the world and were more than delighted to take part in Marine activities. Dr. LaGoree is vice president of the National Geographic Society and associate editor of its publication and was the companion of the Tunneys on their trip.

The boats were all tied together, thus making the flotilla practically one huge boat and all members of the party could go from one boat to the other. This afforded us the company of our distinguished guests all the way to Soochow.

BY R. LaV. HARRIS

At the start we were kept busy arranging our cabins and stowing stores. Our work was interrupted every few minutes by the yelling of the Chinese woman at the tiller and in command of the boat. We very appropriately named her "Bosun" at the outset. The Chinese yell, scream, and walla walla frequently for apparently no reason. At first, the screams so startled the party that we thought each time was the signal of a major disaster. However, we soon stopped leaping to our feet and looking for life belts, and took the yelling as part of the normal manner of living.

The next puzzle was the preparation of our noon meal. Having been appointed mess sergeant of our boat, I set about to solve the problem. As this was more of a camping trip, I did not bother with elaborate preparations. I put the Chinese cook to work peeling potatoes and getting them on to boil. I then taught the cook how to make coffee American fashion, which is entirely different from the Chinese method. Coffee to them is a medicine, so they do not make it very often, or well.

We finally made our dinner on fried luncheon meat, corn, bread and butter, and coffee. Before we finished getting dinner we found we had another puzzle on our hands. Only two things could be cooked at a time. It was difficult to keep the first dishes warm until the rest were cooked. The Chinese noticed our predicament and produced some crock dishes with covers that served our purpose. The stove burned charcoal and things cooked quickly.



Three Pagodas at Kashin

Shortly after dinner was finished, the Tunneys came over to our boat and the usual round of picture taking commenced. Mr. Tunney very kindly posed with us in a number of pictures. We cruised along all afternoon without many interruptions except for the walla walla of the crew. We took in all the sights and observed the forms of rural life in China. It was very interesting to watch the maneuvering of the river craft as they worked up and down past us. Some of the vessels were under sail, others were poled along, and still others were towed by human beings, ranging in age from ten to fifty years. The towing is done by means of long ropes attached to a high pole on the junk and run ashore. This end is fitted with a harness-like affair which is worn over the shoulders. The towers follow a path on the bank which undoubtedly has been trodden for years.

In the middle of the afternoon we stopped at Hwangpu and were afforded an opportunity to get ashore for a stretch. The village was a small place and few pictures were recorded. Here Mr. Tunney definitely proved that he could not operate a Chinese sampan. We got underway again at about 4:15 P. M., and our thoughts again turned to chow. Most of the party helped themselves to bread and jam so supper was not served until 7 P. M.

The first evening was quietly spent reading magazines and relating yarns. The coffee was good, peanuts plentiful and spirits high. We tied up at Henli for the night at 9:30 P. M. and turned in early, since most of us were rather tired. The cabin was very comfortable and we all had a good night's rest.

Sunday morning found us still tied up at the Rowing Club landing and a beautiful sunrise gave promise of clear weather ahead, even better than the previous day. We had breakfast of bacon and eggs, potatoes and coffee. It was amusing to watch the "Bosun" as she fried the eggs and attended to the steering of the boat at the same time.

About 8 A. M. we started to pass a beautiful pagoda high up on a hill. Upon closer inspection it seemed to be the house of a large Chinese family, as the premises were walled in with houses inside. This scene was well worth photographing and the sun gave us ample aid. We learned later that the place was called Quinsan. At ten o'clock the guests were invited to join the Marines in Sunday dinner. They accepted with alacrity and, with the assistance of Johnny Bobst, a dinner fit for a king was prepared. The menu included ham, mashed potatoes, peas, asparagus, bread, butter, peaches, coffee. All the guests heartily enjoyed the repast and complimented us upon the quality of the food.

After dinner was cleared away the Tunneys made themselves at home in our salon and chatted informally with us for about two hours. It was interesting to listen to Mr. Tunney's views on various subjects, such as Dillinger, sportsmanship, wrestling, boxing, literature, and many others. His tales of his times in the Marine Corps were excellent. The rest of the afternoon were spent in contemplation of what we would do when we arrived at Soochow. We cruised along the fish traps and between

rice paddies, finally reaching Soochow customs house at four o'clock.

Landing at this point caused a little bit of inconvenience, inasmuch as there was no transportation available. We started to hike and find rickshas, but it turned out to be a three mile hike. Finally enough means of transportation was found and we proceeded to the city. At this point we bid farewell to our guests who were going to Peiping from there. The rest of the day was spent in sightseeing in the city where many beautiful temples and monasteries were seen; and we shoved off again that night.

Monday morning was fine and clear but most of the party were tired after their excursion through Soochow and breakfast was delayed until 9 A. M. Most of the gang spent the rest of the time in reading or taking sun baths. We tied up at Kashung at noon and hurriedly ate a light lunch. This city is typical of the old Chinese, with many quaint little canals. As usual the activities of the city were centered on the waterfront, with fish, fowl, pig markets, and tea houses predominating. Going through the city we followed a canal out about three

miles where three pagodas are built close together. It is said that this is the only place in China where this can be found. These pagodas were built in front of a Buddhist temple and the priest posed for a picture in all his glory.

Returning to the boats we passed a place where considerable excavating was going on. Upon closer investigation it was found that the Chinese were moving graves. Although the ancient Chinese look upon this with great disfavor, a recent edict from the National Capital has forced many of them to do this in order that roads and other civic improvements might be built.

As the various crews of workers included women and children as well as men it might be assumed that it was a family party going on.

Returning to Kashung we prowled about the city, observing the every-day life of these people, who seemed to be quite content with their weaving, rope making, and hundreds of other small occupations that gave them their livelihood.

At this point some comment should be made about the difference between the rural Chinese and those found in the large cities. As a whole the rural people are good natured, full of humor, and accommodating; whereas the city Chinese have been buffeted about by the foreigners and have become imbued with foreign ideas of business, which sometimes are not the best methods.

Departing from Kashung at 4 P. M., the supper was prepared and at dark we settled down in our cabins to the usual story telling, reading, and card playing. Morning found us tied up about three and one-half miles from Sunkiang. A vote disclosed that too many were tired out from Monday's hiking and did not care to make the seven-mile hike to General Ward's tomb in the city. It was decided to go to Ming Hong for a stroll ashore. Arriving at Ming Hong we went ashore, walked about the village, took a few pictures, and (*Continued on page 49*)



Major Gene Tunney and His Party Just Before Reaching Hwangpu



Joss Man and His Domain



The Boat Train Turns



Silhouettes Behind Us



Chinese Pagoda



Chaplain Witherspoon Made the Trip Possible



The Ancient Bridge Proves a Good Medium for Modern Advertising



EX-MARINE

BY FRANK H. RENTFROW

(Illustrated by D. L. Dickson)



MOST Marines, except possibly our latest recruits, can recall Josh Benton. He wasn't the kind of man one fails to remember. When you saw him with his muscles straining at the seams of his service shirt, you thought of the advertisements featured by physical directors. His herculean frame towered unforgettable above the marching columns, with his apish arms swinging like pendulums from his broad shoulders. From the shadow of his hat brim burned his splinter eyes, protected by the ramparts of high, weather-beaten cheeks upon which were etched faint cobwebs of fine, purple veins.

I first saw him at the East Wing on Parris Island. I had just finished instructing a platoon of recruits for their three allotted weeks and we were preparing to evacuate to the rifle range to enable a fresh consignment to occupy our quarters. The contingent came marching, or rather, what was interpreted to be marching, up the street leading from the Receiving Barracks. Sergeant Golding, a hard-bitten, third-cruise veteran, was in the van. As they came nearer I could distinguish one head towering above the rest. The sun slashed down on their awkwardly carried rifles. It reflected a silver sheen, creating the impression that a severed head was being borne on the shoulders of the others. It fascinated me.

My recruits watched in derisive silence, although I could have forgiven them for laughing when the new platoon stumbled over one another in the effort to execute a squad movement. At last they struggled into the semblance of a line, self-conscious under the judicious appraisement of my three-week veterans.

Sergeant Golding paced up and down, examining them scornfully. I knew exactly what he was going to say; I had been with him before. He cleared his throat.

"Look here, yu birds," he barked, "y' gotta snap outta yer dope from now on. I'm the big shot in this outfit an' what I says goes, see? The first bozo that talks outta turn gets this cheese knife wrapped aroun' his neck for a collar. Yer in th' M'reine Corps now, an' yer gonna take what yu get—an' like it, see? I'm a tough hombre, get that! I'm a tough hombre, an' if any of yu big hunks think I ain't, just step up an' tell me so."

This harangue was always the same, a worn-out expedient that most instructors reserved for some particularly contumacious recruit. It was a moth eaten system that had gone out of date along with flat canteens and the Krag rifle.

During the sergeant's discourse I had been watching Benton. His face was not one to inspire friendship as he stood rigid as a giant statue, with his campaign hat resting recruit fashion on his ears. His eyes burned straight into the sergeant and his nostrils quivered. There was a sharp, nervous snicker by his side, but I can swear he made no sound. His lips were too tightly

locked for that. Golding's teeth snapped together and he swaggered up to the big recruit.

"Was that you?" he growled out the side of his mouth.

"No."

"No! No what, yu burr-headed buzzard?"

"It wasn't me."

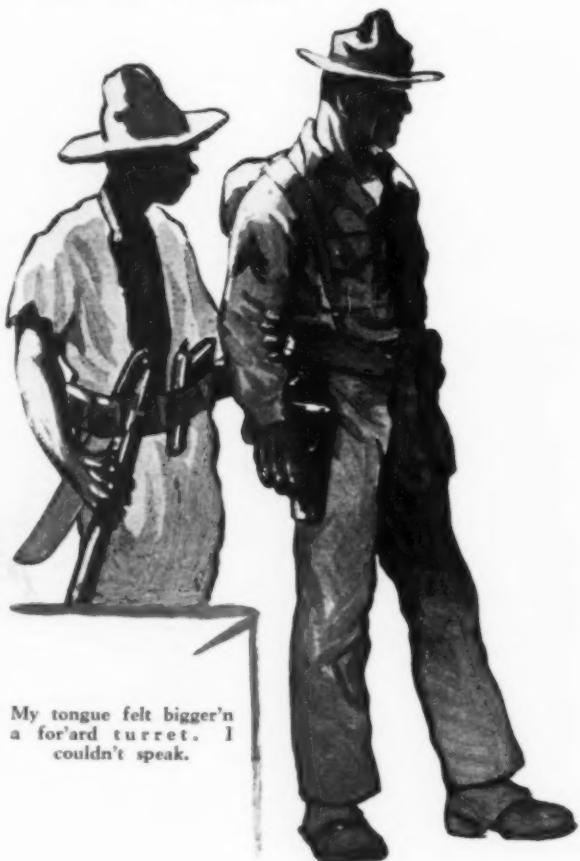
"Oh, so yer a wise guy, eh? Maybe yu done a cruise in some boy scout outfit an' yu think yer a sea lawyer. Well, you'll say 'Sir' to non-commisioned officers while yer in boot trainin'; an' don't forget it. Now, was that you makin' that noise?"

"No . . . Sir."

"That's better, but I think yer lyin'."

A flush swept over Benton's face. His lips became bloodless and huge knots swelled out at his jaws. I could see his left hand clutching his bayonet scabbard.

"Furthermore, I think yer yellow!"



My tongue felt bigger'n a for'ard turret. I couldn't speak.

Benton's color changed from red to white and Golding failed to interpret the significance. "Yer yellow," he gloated, "yellow as hell!" With that he reached up and scuffed the recruit's chin with his open hand. It was not a blow, merely a humiliating gesture.

For a second Benton stood frozen. His lips curled back and he snarled, animal-like, deep in his throat. Then he lashed out, his huge, hairy fist crashing full in the sergeant's leering face. A murmur of apprehension quivered up and down the ranks.

I detailed four men to carry the unconscious instructor into his office and told the rest to fall out and stand by. There was nothing else I could do. Benton was in Golding's platoon, and was his problem, not mine. Just then the truck rolled up and I had to busy myself in getting my charges embarked for the rifle range.

HMONTH passed before I saw Benton again. I learned, however, that no official action had been taken against him. Golding had methods of his own. My platoon had evolved from recruits into full-fledged Marines. They had been split up and transferred to ships and stations all over the world, and I was enjoying a week's rest in the main area. There I saw Benton in front of the guard house. He was pushing a stable broom up and down the street. A club-armed prison-chaser stood close by. I sauntered over to the corporal of the guard on the veranda.

"What's the big bird locked up for?" I asked.

"That's that goofey boot Benton. He got run up for throwin' a plate of slum at the mess sergeant. It was a little burnt, but the rest of us et it. At

office hours he says to the major: 'I s'pose I can stand being called a buzzard, but I'll be damned if I'll eat the food of one!' Can you savvy a guy like that? They only gave him thirty days."

Two years rolled away before I encountered him again. You hear of such people as he, though, for the Corps is small and men being transferred China-side brought me many tales of his escapades. Few of them were not exaggerated, of course; but apparently he did spend the greater part of his time in the brig. Most of his offenses were insubordination, a savage revolt against the tyranny of military discipline.

He had spent those two years in Nicaragua. Apparently he liked the tropics, for when the rest of his outfit had been returned to the States, he requested an extension of foreign duty. He was still serving there, in Ocosta, when I arrived by plane from Managua.

He seemed thinner, and bitterness had hardened his tiny eyes to flint. "Hello, Benton," I greeted.

Naturally, he didn't remember me. Nodding coldly and suspiciously he returned to his task of running a cleaning rod through the bore of his rifle. There was a sinister, furtive expression carved on his face. "They've been riding hell out of that boy," I said to myself.

He didn't mix with the other men. His temper was too violent to withstand the good-natured insults they flung at one another. But now and then in the evenings, when shadows were creeping like sable shrouds over things and the heat

of day abated suddenly, I would find him



"Hello, Sergeant Golding . . . Surprised?

lying in the navy hammock he had stretched between two trees in the park across the street.

He was never garrulous, but his suspicious reticence wore away, especially after the evening I found him reading Napoleon's memoirs and we sat up half the night, with Benton picking logical flaws in the military strategy of the conqueror of Europe. I could sense a subdued enthusiasm, a sort of wistful desire.

I gathered from his fragmentary sketches that he had been expelled from an engineering college for open rebellion in class and had subsequently gone to the lumber camps in Wisconsin. There he became foreman over the gang that handled explosives. Dynamite was his specialty, and I unconsciously likened him to those slender sticks that could explode with such devastating violence. "The stuff's all right if you know how to handle it," he said. His words made me wonder if my analogy continued that far. Would Benton be all right if someone knew how to handle him?

It seems that he had left Wisconsin suddenly. His plea of self-defense had been accepted by the jury and they returned a favorable verdict. The man who had attacked him in a drunken frenzy, and whom he had killed with a blow of his fist, was held in low esteem by the community. His passing was neither mourned nor regretted. The logging company, however, was less tractable than the jury. They wanted no killers among their personnel, so Josh Benton suddenly found himself without means of support. He vented his spleen on the ungrateful corporation by severely beating the superintendent. Then he left on the next freight. What made him seek asylum in the Marine Corps he never divulged.

One evening as we sat talking in the compound I said to him: "Josh, you must like the tropics."

"Like it!" he gritted savagely between his teeth. "I hate it here. It's foul! And this lousy outfit's worse yet. Excepting yourself, maybe, there isn't a man in it that wouldn't cut his own mother's throat for an extra stripe on his arm."

I answered him testily: "Why didn't you go back to the States when the outfit left? You had a chance."

"I still have two years to do on this cruise and I couldn't stand it. I'd take off over the hill sure. As long as I'm here it's not so easy to desert. There aren't many place a man could go; but don't be surprised if I should try it some day, anyhow. It's not Semper Fidelis or sense of duty hokum that makes me stick. I'm fed up. The only reason I fight against it is Golding. I've never hated anyone like I hate him, the loud-mouthed, ignorant rat. He told me I was yellow and didn't have the guts to stick in a he-man outfit. He said they'd drive me over the hill in six months. That's the reason I haven't deserted. I'd hate to give that lousy punk the satisfaction of saying he was right."

After that outburst Benton seemed to withdraw into

a shell of reserve and almost avoided me except when actual duty threw us together.

IF ONE recalls the chronological sequence of aviation history he will remember that shortly after Lindbergh's immortal flight an aviator hopped off from Brazil and crashed down in the jungles half way between Ocotal and the Honduran frontier. Marine planes flying from Managua located the wreck. It was impossible to land in the wild tangle of undergrowth, so they dropped maps and messages and reported in at Ocotal. The C. O. broke out a detail of men to travel overland to aid the flyer, or, as developed, bury him. Benton was one of the men selected. I stopped to say good-bye as he was assembling his pack and equipment.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, observing an unusual agitation and bungling of fingers. "This shouldn't be more than a five-day picnic."

There was a hideous expression on his face; something not quite human. "Haven't you heard?" he asked.

"Heard what?"

"Golding, the dirty rat. He's on his way up here from Matagalpa. Good God! there's a hundred posts in this man's outfit. Why did they have to order him here?"

It was a week before the detail returned. Golding had arrived and was on hand to welcome them back. They came in just after sundown, with their heads lolling from weariness and the pack mules nearly dead on their feet. I watched them shamble up to the guardhouse and form in line while the gunnery sergeant reported to the officer of the day. Suddenly it came to me like a cold shock: Benton was not among them.

The men had little to say in response to my questions. They were tired and irritable. He had simply disappeared the night they had bivouacked by the wrecked plane.

Bandits had probably killed him by now.

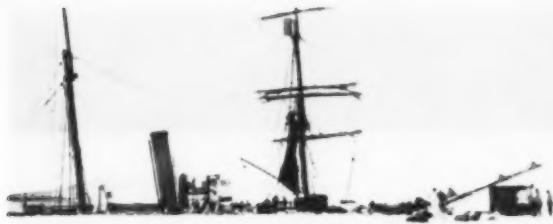
Later that evening a private who had been on the expedition came to me furtively. He held forth a soiled envelope.

"I don't know whether I'll get in wrong or not, sergeant," he said hesitantly, "but Benton asked me to give you this in case anything happened to him on the patrol."

I tore it open. Written in pencil, large scrawly letters pleaded pathetically for me not to think him yellow. He admitted that he'd probably be dead by the time I received it, for few white men could achieve what he was attempting. It ended in a burst of frenzy: "If I came back and found that skunk in the barracks I would kill him. Tell him for me that if I ever live to run across him I'll tear his heart out with my bare hands." The signature was "Ex-Marine."

I folded the note and thrust it in my pocket. "Just shove off and forget this," I cautioned the man. "It's of no concern, but you might get in a jam for bringing it."

Reports were forwarded to (*Continued on page 50*)



Antarctic Scenes

A MARINE IN THE ANTARCTIC

BY CORPORAL ALPHONSE CARBONE, U. S. M. C.

MARINES have gone to many far-away places in the world in the call of duty and on peaceful enterprises. But of all the remote outposts perhaps the most isolated is the camp at Little America which Admiral Byrd established seven years ago, and reoccupied five years later with his second expedition. After living thirteen months on floating ice and snow I can truthfully say that here is one Marine who was eager to land—on any kind of land, provided it boasted a tree or two and some green grass.

The S. S. *Jacob Ruppert*, flagship of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition II, departed from Boston Navy Yard October 12, 1933, and proceeded towards Wellington, N. Z., via Panama, calling en route at Easter Island—the mysterious island of the Southern Pacific. We stayed there for a period of two days visiting the stone images which have puzzled scientists for generations, and are even a mystery to the natives themselves. There was some exciting trading—old clothes, soap, and tobacco, for weird little wooden images, small stone heads, and ancient stone tools.

Then followed a journey of three weeks across the Pacific over a route seldom traveled, during which time we saw no sail. After a week in Wellington the *Ruppert* headed south to the great Antarctic wastes, with all hands ready and eager to see what was down there. Before proceeding to our winter base the *Ruppert* made an extended cruise within the Antarctic circle eastward to 120 degrees west longitude. This area has more icebergs than any other place on earth—huge, tabular masses of ice and snow which are sometimes many miles in length. This place has been called "The Devil's Graveyard," and the *Ruppert* steamed through its waters where no ship has been before.

We arrived at the Bay of Whales, an inlet of the Ross Ice Barrier, on January 17, 1934. The bay was choked with ice floes, and after some difficulty our ship was moored alongside the edge of the old bay ice. It was good to step ashore after being at sea so long.

The dogs were harnessed to the sledges and soon there was a procession of supplies being carried toward Little America. About three miles from the ship a food depot was established at a point where the bay ice joins the barrier. Here the pressure of the moving ice builds up huge ridges and cliffs, so we named the place Pressure Ridge Camp. We erected Army field tents and made ourselves as comfortable as we could with temperatures below zero and an occasional blizzard sweeping over us.

I have cooked for Marines at shore bases and the Neueva Segovia District during the period of active fighting with General Sandino in Nicaragua, but nothing can compare with the Pressure Ridge Camp for sheer discomfort and difficulty of operation.

Slowly the supplies were carried over the trail to Admiral Byrd's old camp, where he wintered in 1928-29. The two old main buildings were restored and a group of new buildings was erected. I breathed a sigh of relief when I found myself established in the galley with a comfortable bunk and a warm fire. I had had enough of cooking over primus stoves and gasoline burners, and sleeping in a tent on cold, hard snow.

With the departure of the ships and the final details of making camp completed we settled down to amuse ourselves as best we could during the long winter night. There wasn't much in the way of relaxation except the movies, books, phonograph, card games, and an occasional walk up on the barrier surface. Our huts were completely buried in snow and were connected by a system of tunnels. It was not very comfortable outside, even though we were well equipped with heavy clothing. The wind cuts like a knife, and when the temperature gets down to 72 below zero the best place for all hands is in the galley, which was most of the time used as a recreation center.

The radio was perhaps our greatest pleasure, with programs and letters from home, and the opportunity it gave us to broadcast our activi- (Continued on page 50)



The Expedition Gets Under Way



THE FAMOUS WALL DEFENDED BY THE MARINES DURING THE SIEGE OF 1900

The Tartar Wall at ramp held by Marines. Looking west toward Chein Men

The south (outside) side of the Tartar Wall

Looking toward Hata Men. It was up this ramp that the Marines ascended the wall in defense of the legations

WITH THE U. S. MARINES ON THE MARCH TO PEKING, CHINA—1900

(Conclusion)

BY JAMES A. BEVAN



ROM the time we left the U.S.S. *Brooklyn* on July 8th, until we arrived on board of her October 9th, we had not seen a piece of bread, nor had we had a cot or bunk on which to sleep. Our bed had been a plank or brick floor, and the ground when we were on the march. Our bread was the old Navy hardtack, which was good to sharpen one's teeth. We began to understand why the recruiting officer had been so particular with our teeth. We got busy and dug latrines (known as the head in sea going language), cleaned up around the place, making everything ship-shape and Bristol fashion. We also filled in the open sewer in front of our quarters.

Things settled down into routine guard mount in the morning, drill in the afternoon and so on. About this time the city was divided into sections. Each nation being given a section to police. After that order went into effect we were not allowed to leave our section without a pass. Neither were soldiers from other nations allowed to visit our section unless they could show a pass. Police patrols were established and guards were supplied for all foreign missions, Baptist, Methodist, etc. There were a lot of young Chinese boys and girls at these missions who had become Christians and must be protected. The people of the town came drifting back, opening their houses and shops and business was resumed under the protection of the Allied Forces. About this time we began to realize that there was a dearth of food stuff and not only Peking, but all surrounding country had been stripped of things to eat, such as cattle, sheep, hogs, chickens, ducks, geese, vegetables and so on. We were back on the old Navy ra-

Last month we learned of the fall of Tientsin and the gathering of the Allied Troops for the long, thirsty march to Peking to relieve the beleaguered legations. The author recounted the bloody battle on the old wall, and the eventual fall of the city. Now go on with the story.

tion. The dogs traveled in packs like wolves through the streets and in order to protect themselves the patrols found it necessary to kill some of them every day. The people, too, suffered from the scarcity of food. Hundreds of beggars were out asking for alms. We would toss a few coins with a hole in the center and they would scramble for them like dogs. Small Chinese boys followed us, turning hand springs and cart-wheels, never stopping until we threw them a few coins.

It was near the end of September and the nights were growing cold. In order to fortify ourselves against the cold the N. C. O.'s of D Company would chip in and buy a gallon of Sam-Shu. Sam-Shu was a native drink that had a kick like a six-inch gun. We used brown sugar and hot water to make ourselves a hot toddy. The smell and taste of this stuff wasn't so hot, but the effect was wonderful. We congregated in Gunnery Sergeant Fogg's "orderly room." Fogg was our top kick. This room was an opening in the wall. He called it his "orderly room," but we dubbed it "the little chamber of horrors." Nearly every night we would have a session with Fogg, Delvin, Amos, Hunt, Hajek and myself. After one of these sessions we had no trouble getting to sleep and the cold didn't bother us. Fogg is a retired Captain of Marines and lives at Quantico, Virginia.

About this time we began to hear rumors that we were going to enter the Forbidden City. According to all authentic reports, no white man had ever been inside the Forbidden City. The Chinese thought if the white devils entered that sacred place some terrible calamity would befall them. The high command of the allied forces thought

differently. Word was passed that there would be eight men picked from each Company, Battery or troop, of all the nations that were in Peking at that time. For instance, if we had eight companies of Marines, we would have eight squads representing the Marines. The same applied to all other units. I was fortunate enough to be selected as the Corporal of the squad from D Company. On the morning of October 3rd, 1900, we marched to the south entrance of the Forbidden City. The home of the Chinese Emperors for hundreds of years was about to be invaded. We lined up in parade formation with the Japanese on the right, then the British, with the Americans in third position. The street was packed on both sides with Chinese. They were crazed with fear. A twenty-one gun salute was fired to the Chinese nation, the band began to play, commands were shouted, the parade broke into column squads and the long column started. As soon as the first squad of the Japanese contingent entered the first gate, the wails of terror that came from the Chinese massed in the street might have been heard in America.

The Forbidden City is composed of many compounds, each covering a space of about four or five acres and each compound surrounded by a wall with one entrance and exit. Although we marched at attention, every one was excited and all eyes were trying to see everything that was to be seen. We marched across the first compound and reached the entrance of the second. We went up some steps and through a wonderful room with great massive chairs grouped on a dias raised five or six steps from the floor. Evidently this was a council chamber or meeting room with a pagoda above it. The next compound was composed of small ponds and artificial streams. The walks and small bridges were made of marble carved in intricate designs. The sacred lotus were growing in the ponds, but I don't recall any blossoms. There were small buildings scattered here and

there and there was the Palace of the Dowager Empress. The eunuchs were standing with pointing hands directing us whenever we had to make a turn. It took about an hour to march through the entire grounds. My memory of the Forbidden City is a beautiful picture of small lagoons, gardens, bridges and walks, with exquisite small buildings. The opportunity of seeing a place of such magnificence and beauty more than repaid us for all the hardships we had passed through and today, I hear, the Forbidden City is open to tourists. Ten cents is the price of admission. Shades of the Manchus! What a sacrilege! On reaching the last gate at the north end of the grounds, the Japanese lined up in company front and gave the English the present arms, while the band played the British National anthem. As we came through, the bands were playing our National anthem and we were saluted by the Japanese and English. The same courtesy was accorded each nation in turn, until the entire column had passed through.

When we were all lined up in company front, the massed bands began to play the Japanese National Air. The Japanese troops, who were on the left of the line, broke into column of squads and marched past the entire command, followed by the English, then the Americans; each nation again received the present arms as the formation broke up. Then all the different units were marched back to quarters. In that manner the entering of the Forbidden City was brought to a close.

It is said that as a result of the demonstration that the Allies put on that day the Chinese cut off their queues and stopped binding the women's feet. At that time practically all Chinese women had their feet bound. Some of them were hardly able to walk, but hobbled along, taking mincing steps. The reason for binding women's feet, it is said, was because a war broke out one time between the men and women which ended with victory for the (Continued on page 50)



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA



CONTEMPORARY MARINES ARE ALWAYS PREPARED FOR ANY EMERGENCY

ERROR IN APPRAISAL

BY JOHN T. KIERAN

GHERE was only one hitch in Stratman's neatly performed job. That was his coming face to face with Bryee as he sauntered down the steps of the splendid home he had borrowed for a few hours. He bowed to Bryee, ironic courtesy in his gesture. Bryee bowed back.

"Good afternoon, Stratman. I thought I'd meet you here; or rather hoped I would."

"Yes? But then, of course, you know I come to a good many such homes," Stratman replied with deliberate meaning. He brushed a speck from his sleeve, glancing up sideways at the detective, the youngest but also the shrewdest one on the force, almost as shrewd, he had been forced to admit, as he himself.

"You stepped right into it this time," Bryee said. "I really thought better of you." Stratman shrugged. There was mockery in his expression. Bryee missed nothing in the words or manner of this faultlessly attired crook who looked like anything but one. The fellow would deliberately bait him, would even vaunt his cleverness out of sheer confidence in himself. "You had the whole thing planned out nicely," Bryee conceded. "You must pay close attention to the society columns to know who's home and who isn't. But how did you happen to get into the house so that you could ensconce yourself as Mr. Heffernon?"

"Why, my dear detective, you don't mean to say that I have been in this house, do you? I merely mistook the address. I'm sure you'll find the doors locked."

"They probably are—now. It would take you to pull a job like this. You'd have gotten away with it if Britz' detective hadn't become suspicious. He called up a friend of the Heffernon's and found out they were away for the weekend. So he knew that it wasn't Mr. Heffernon who had phoned in and asked that a pearl necklace be sent out for his wife's birthday present."

"And I suppose Britz howled for little Bryee to get it back for him?"

"One of his clerks did. And for once, Stratman, I've got you with the goods."

"Pooh, I can't be bothered. Good day!"

"Just a minute. We'll go together."

Stratman's face darkened. For a moment he looked the other man over. Then, easily: "Oh, all right." He laughed. "You won't get a thing on me."

And he was correct. When Bryee brought him into the station, nothing of the pearl necklace could be found. And no amount of questioning could break down Stratman's easy manner or trick him into making contradictory statements. In trying to find an address he had gone to the wrong

house. As he turned away he ran into Bryee. Couldn't a man make a move without having some blunderhead trying to fasten something on him?

And the messenger was not quite sure that Stratman was the man who had signed for the package. He looked something like him, yet Mr. Heffernon had worn a dressing gown and had a mustache.

Stratman kept poking fun at Bryee. The whole force knew that he had done job after job and that Bryee, usually detailed to them, had never been quite able to catch him. This was the same old story.

"All right," Bryee said finally. "You win. But you win just because I placed your cleverness too high. Someone really smart got that necklace."

Stratman smiled. "So you're convinced I never got it."

"I picked you up immediately and you didn't have it?"

Stratman's smile deepened. He laughed.

"Oh you aren't so funny," Bryee retorted. "In fact you just escaped pulling a joke on yourself. . . . Tell him about it, Mr. Britz."

Britz, the stout, florid little Swiss, cleared his throat. "Keller, my store detective was suspicious when he saw the package being done up for Heffernon. So he called a friend and found they weren't in town. We wanted to catch the thief, so I told a clerk to unwrap the package and substitute an imitation pearl necklace. The detectives were to follow the messenger and get the person who received the package, as he left the house, so he wouldn't get suspicious before he took it. Then they could get him with the goods."

Stratman flushed hotly at the laugh that arose. Pearls—of course, the easiest thing in jewelry to imitate—

"I'd like to have caught him," Bryee said, "even if it was only for stealing a fake. But he wasn't smart enough to get even fakes!"

Stratman's smile was sour now. "Oh, don't be too sure," he retorted. "And because they're fakes don't lessen the fact that I outwitted you!" He turned to Britz. "How much are those fakes worth?"

"T'ree dollars," wonderingly.

"Three dollars? Not enough to stick me for! . . . I'll just show how far ahead of you I was. . . . Look into the hanging fern on the porch. I meant to return for them, but you can have the privilege."

"Thanks, Stratman. Britz doesn't know it, but when his clerk called us she said that when she went to make the substitution the messenger had already started off with the package!"



"Why, my dear detective, you don't mean to say that I have been in this house, do you?"



P. I. to Fight Sand Fleas

Parris Island, S. C., April 24.—Every Marine who has gone through Parris Island's famous "Boot" Camp recalls the nuisance of sand fleas, mosquitoes, and other winged pests. They were particularly annoying during a formation when the recruit was forced to stand immobile while sand fleas tickled his nose and crawled in his ears. Of course the drill sergeant was always considerate enough to remove the insects, or to kill them by slapping them mightily abaft the left ear. But this method of eradication left much to be desired.

Believe it or not, Parris Island is singularly free from these pests, as far as breeding goes. The medical department sees to that. But mosquitoes and other insects, breeding in near-by places, travel to Parris Island for the sole purpose of biting recruits' ears. Therefore, Parris Island is asking South Carolina authorities, and the Director of the C.C.C., to make some provision for the extermination of these annoyances.

Navy Yard Fire

Washington, D. C., June 5.—A three-bagger fire alarm brought all available fire apparatus racing to the Navy Yard to assist the station fire fighters in combating a stubborn blaze that menaced a hundred thousand tons of coal. The fire was discovered at 2:30 a. m., and all Marines on the station were turned out as guards, aided by forty of the local police. The coal-bunker blaze could not be controlled until the following morning.

Shrine Convention

Washington, D. C., June 13.—Ten thousand Nobles of the Mystic Shrine swept into Washington for their annual convention, turning the entire District into a playground. On Wednesday morning the Shriners visited the Navy Yard, were conducted through the various gun factories and other places of interest. A squadron of planes maneuvered for them; and a detachment from the Marine Barracks, commanded by Major L. C. Shepherd, entertained the visitors with a formal guard mounting, accompanied by the Marine Band.

The following day the Shriners visited Quantico, where they were greeted by the Post Band and a group of officers who

conducted them to the auditorium. Shortly after their arrival, "chow lines" were formed and the Shriners ate lunch. After the meal, the FMF turned out for a military demonstration, and the flyers gave an excellent exhibition of stunting.



Marine to Academy

Norfolk, Virginia, May 13.—Orders were received here to transfer Pvt. Carter B. Simpson to the M. D. *Reina Mercedes*, Naval Academy, Annapolis, to enable him to take the physical examination for entrance to the Academy.

To Be Retired

Washington, D. C., June 7.—The Naval Retiring Board today adjudged the following officers as permanently incapacitated as results of incidents of the service: Major Alfred A. Cunningham, Captain Thomas E. Kendrick, and 1st Lieutenant Albert L. Gardner. They will be retired from active service and placed on the retired list August 1, 1935.

Movie Stars

Annapolis, Maryland, June 11.—A detachment of Marines, commanded by 1st Lieutenant R. H. Ridgely, Jr., arrived here from the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., to participate in the filming of "Annapolis Farewell." During the past week naval officers and midshipmen were "shot" by the grinding cameras, and all the June Week ceremonies were recorded in sound and film, to be incorporated into the finished picture.

Destroyers Named

Washington, D. C., June 15.—Secretary of the Navy Swanson recently announced the names of fourteen destroyers now under construction. Ten of the ships will bear names previously used by destroyers now out of commission; but four will carry names which appear for the first time in the Navy list. The *Dunlap* is named in honor of Brigadier General Ralph H. Dunlap, USMC, who lost his life in an attempt to save a French woman during a landslide in France. The *Talbot* honors Lt. Ralph Talbot, USMC, Medal of Honor flyer, killed in an air crash in 1918. The *Blue*,

named for Rear Admiral Victor Blue, and the *Helm*, named in honor of Rear Admiral James M. Helm, complete the list of new destroyers.

Sub Rescue Device a Success

The Navy's submarine rescue experts seem to have solved the problem upon which they have been working for years. The answer is a very elaborate diving bell which may be lowered over the submarine's rescue escape hatches and secured above them in such a manner that the personnel or disabled submarines, lying on the bottom, may escape without so much as getting their feet wet. On April 4th, an actual test was carried out off Coronado Roads, in which seven men of the crew of the U. S. S. *Barracuda*, lying in 100 feet of water, were successfully "rescued" and brought to the surface perfectly dry in the Navy's own "bathysphere."

Navy Assembles in San Diego Harbor

San Francisco, Calif., June 10.—One hundred and thirty-three warships and auxiliaries and 375 fighting, bombing, scouting and observation planes, symbolic of America's power on the high seas and in the skies, passed in review here today.

Under the command of Admiral Joseph Mason Reeves, Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet, this magnificent armada, returning from six weeks of intensive maneuvers in the Pacific, is concentrating here in honor of the California Pacific International Exposition.

On the 20 flagships and on active duty ashore here are 24 admirals, the greatest group of flag officers ever assembled at a Western seaport. In addition the fleet brings 5,000 officers and 55,000 enlisted men.

Middies Hurt in Truck Crash

Baltimore, Md., June 11.—Eleven midshipmen, one Navy officer and a soldier were injured yesterday when a truck in which they were riding collided with a street car.

The injured were Lieut. Comdr. L. B. Austin, Midshipmen W. C. Elk, K. E. Hanson, W. L. Phales, F. E. Kriekenbaum, J. F. O'Rourke, B. V. Otter, W. S. Reed, F. E. de Colian, J. P. Currie, A. C. Robertson and W. J. Hammard, and Private Ziegler, U. S. A.



CORRESPONDENCE COURSES THROUGH THE MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS

1. The Correspondence Courses as previously conducted by the Marine Corps Schools are in the process of revision to make these courses more applicable to the professional needs of Marine Corps personnel. Previously, most of the texts and lesson assignments were obtained from the Army as part of their Extension Courses, and as such, issued by the Marine Corps Schools. Instruction in the new courses will consist of text, lessons and map problems prepared by and printed at the Marine Corps Schools. This naturally has resulted in the temporary suspension of the work of students already enrolled in courses and the holding up of new enrollments, since it was not desirable that students continue with the old courses.

2. As revised, the Correspondence Class, Marine Corps Schools will contain three (3) courses, namely: The Basic Course, The Junior Course, and The Senior Course. These correspondence courses parallel the **resident** school classes of the Marine Corps Schools, thus creating a progressive system of education for both regulars and reservists. These courses are not specific for any particular branch, but are general for the line officer.

3. **THE BASIC COURSE**—(a) This course is primarily for newly appointed officers and noncommissioned officers. Normally a noncommissioned officer will not be permitted to enroll in any subcourse of the **JUNIOR COURSE** unless a very definite reason for such request is submitted with his application, with the approval of his immediate commanding officer. In the last analysis the Marine Corps Schools will be the judge as to the applicant's ability to undertake this special instruction. This **BASIC COURSE** is divided into subcourses as follows:

BASIC COURSE

For all noncommissioned officers (regular and reserve), and all newly-commissioned second lieutenants (regular and reserve); second lieutenants (regular) probationary, will have subjects from the Junior Course added to complete their original Basic School (Philadelphia) Course.

SUBCOURSE NO. 1—THE MARINE CORPS AS A COMPONENT PART OF THE U. S. NAVY

- (a) Short History of the Marine Corps;
- (b) Mission of the Marine Corps as per general board, U. S. Navy;
- (c) Administrative organization of the Marine Corps;
- (d) The Fleet Marine Force.

One Lesson.

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SUBCOURSE NO. 2—ADMINISTRATION, MARINE CORPS

- (a) Military Correspondence;
- (b) Daily Company Reports;
- (c) Property Responsibility;
- (d) Property, Personal Effects and Clothing—Enlisted Men;
- (e) Muster Rolls;
- (f) Pay Rolls.
- (g) Service Record Books.

Thirteen Lessons and an Examination.

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SUBCOURSE NO. 3—MAP READING (In Three Parts)

PART ONE—TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP READING:

- (a) Conventional Signs and Symbols;
- (b) Distance, Direction, Location and Orientation;
- (c) Elevation, Slope and Visibility.

Three Lessons.

PART TWO—HYDROGRAPHIC CHARTS:

- (a) Hydrographic Chart Reading;

- (b) Landing Intelligence from Hydrographic Charts.

One Lesson.

PART THREE—INTERPRETATION AND RESTITUTION OF AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS:

- (a) TR 190-5, Map and Aerial Photograph Reading.

One Lesson and One Problem.

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SUBCOURSE NO. 4—WEAPONS AND MUSKETRY

- (a) Employment of the Squad Weapons (including the Thompson Sub-machine Gun);
- (b) Employment of Machine Guns;
- (c) Howitzer Platoon Weapons;
- (d) Employment of the Infantry Battalion Weapons.

Four Lessons (each lesson consisting of an examination on the Text and a Map Problem).

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SUBCOURSE NO. 5—CHEMICAL WARFARE—I: (CHEMICAL AGENTS AND WEAPONS)

- (a) Identification and Use of Chemical Agents and Weapons;
- (b) Protection Against Chemical Warfare.

One Lesson.

—

SUBCOURSE NO. 6—SCOUTING AND PATROLLING

- (a) Scouting by Day;
- (b) Choosing a Concealed Route from the Map and Taking up an Observation Position;
- (c) Organization and Conduct of Night Patrol;
- (d) Scouts with an Assault Platoon;
- (e) Scouts with Reserve Company.

Five Lessons.

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SUBCOURSE NO. 7—ORGANIZATION OF THE MARINE INFANTRY REGIMENT

Organization, Armament, and Duties of:

- (a) Marine Rifle Company;
- (b) Howitzer Platoon;
- (c) Machine Gun and Howitzer Company;
- (d) Communication Platoon;
- (e) Battalion Headquarters Company;
- (f) Marine Infantry Battalion;
- (g) Supply Platoon;
- (h) Transportation Platoon;
- (i) Headquarters Platoon, Service Company;
- (j) Service Company;
- (k) Communication Platoon, Headquarters Company;
- (l) Headquarters Company, Infantry Regiment;
- (m) Headquarters, Infantry Regiment;
- (n) Marine Infantry Regiment.

Five Lessons.

—

SUBCOURSE NO. 8—OFFENSIVE COMBAT OF SMALL INFANTRY UNITS

- (a) The Rifle Squad and Section;
- (b) Rifle Platoon in Attack;
- (c) Machine Gun Section in Attack;
- (d) Machine Gun Platoon in Attack.

Five Lessons.

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SUBCOURSE NO. 9—SIGNAL COMMUNICATION—I

- (a) Signal Communication for all Arms;

- (b) Military Codes and Ciphers; Dropped and Pick-Up Airplane Messages;
- (c) Communication Instructions;
- (d) Organization of Communication Units.

Five Lessons.

SUBCOURSE NO. 10—SMALL WARS

- (a) Infantry Patrols—Organization, Composition and Armament;
- (b) Infantry Patrols in Combat Formation and Tactics;
- (c) Defense of Small Towns;
- (d) Peace Tables, U.S.M.C., the Company to the Battalion (Fleet Marine Force).

Three Problems.

SUBCOURSE NO. 11—OVERSEAS OPERATIONS

- (a) Ship to Shore;
- (b) Main and Subsidiary Landings;
- (c) Beach Heads;
- (d) Scheme of Maneuver;
- (e) Boats;
- (f) Beach Defense.

Five Lessons on Text and Two Problems.

SUBCOURSE NO. 12—FIELD SANITATION

The plan of this text is a handbook on First Aid and Field Sanitation for use by small commands in Small Wars Operations.

Three Lessons.

SUBCOURSE NO. 13—DEFENSIVE COMBAT OF SMALL INFANTRY UNITS

- (a) Field Fortification;
- (b) Infantry Units in Defensive Combat.

Three Problems and an Examination on the Text.

SUBCOURSE NO. 14—FIELD FORTIFICATION

- (a) Camouflage;
- (b) Standard Types of Field Works;
- (c) The Demolition Project.

Four Lessons.

(b) Enrollment in this Basic Course will begin on 1 June, 1935. All applicants whose requests are on file on that date will be enrolled, and lessons will be forwarded to them without re-application. Students whose work in any course has been suspended will be credited with the subcourses they have completed, and the additional subcourses in the New Basic Course will be forwarded to them, as determined by the Marine Corps Schools.

(c) The old Noncommissioned Officers' Course is discontinued, and the new Basic Course issued in place of it. Noncommissioned officers who are graduates of the old Noncommissioned Officers' Course should apply for the subcourses of the Basic Course which were not included in the old Noncommissioned Officers' Course.

4. THE JUNIOR COURSE—(a) This course is primarily for those officers who have completed the Basic Course (or its equivalent). Its purpose is to give all the technique and tactics necessary to prepare the student professionally for the execution of the map problems contained in the Senior Course, as well as to prepare the student professionally in all the subjects deemed necessary for his ground work in tactics and technique. It will be ready for issue about 1 July, 1935.

(b) Students who have completed any of the subcourses included in the New Junior Course, either in prior courses or in resident schools, will be exempted from and given credit for these subcourses, and the additional subcourses in the new Junior Course will be forwarded to them, as determined by the Marine Corps Schools.

(c) This Junior Course is divided into subcourses as follows:

JUNIOR COURSE

SUBCOURSE NO. 1—TACTICAL PRINCIPLES

One Lesson.

SUBCOURSE NO. 2—ESTIMATE OF THE SITUATION AND SOLUTION OF MAP PROBLEMS

Two Problems and an Examination on the Text.

SUBCOURSE NO. 3—OPERATIONS ORDERS

Two Problems on the Preparation of Operations Orders, and an Examination on the Text.

SUBCOURSE NO. 4—ARTILLERY (In Two Parts)

PART I—FOR JUNIOR COURSE:

- Section I Object and Scope of Course;
- Section II Historical Review;
- Section III General Fundamentals;
- Section IV Organization;
- Section V Description of Weapons;
- Section VI Ammunition;
- Section VII Marches and Shelter;
- Section VIII Reconnaissance, Selection, Occupations and Organization of Position;
- Section IX Tactical Employment of Marine Corps Artillery;
- Section X Artillery in Landing Operations;
- Section XI Field Artillery in Base Defense;
- Section XII Antiaircraft Artillery in Base Defense;
- Section XIII Artillery in Small Wars;
- Section XIV Orders.

Eight Lessons and Three Problems.

PART II—SPECIAL SECTION FOR ARTILLERY OFFICERS (TECHNICAL):

- Section I The Firing Battery;
- Section II Preparation of Fire;
- Section III Conduct of Fire;
- Section IV Field Artillery Firing;
- Section V Transfers of Fire and Schedule Fires;
- Section VI Reconnaissance, Selection and Occupation of Position—Motorized;
- Section VII Fire Direction and the Tactical Employment of Artillery Fire.

Seven Lessons.

SUBCOURSE NO. 5—TANKS

- (a) Characteristics of Tanks;
- (b) Tank Tactics;
- (c) Antitank Defense;
- (d) Tanks in Landing Operations;
- (e) U. S. Marine Corps Tables of Organization (44w), The Light Tank Company.

Three Lessons and Four Problems.

SUBCOURSE NO. 6—CHEMICAL WARFARE—II.

- (a) Tactical Use of Chemical Agents in Landings and in Defense of a Base;
- (b) Chemicals in Small Wars.

Two Lessons.

SUBCOURSE NO. 7—SIGNAL COMMUNICATION—II

- (a) Cylindrical Cipher Device, Type M-94;
- (b) Communication in the Attack of a Base;
- (c) Communication in the Defense of a Base;
- (d) Communication in Small Wars.

Four Lessons.

SUBCOURSE NO. 8—AVIATION

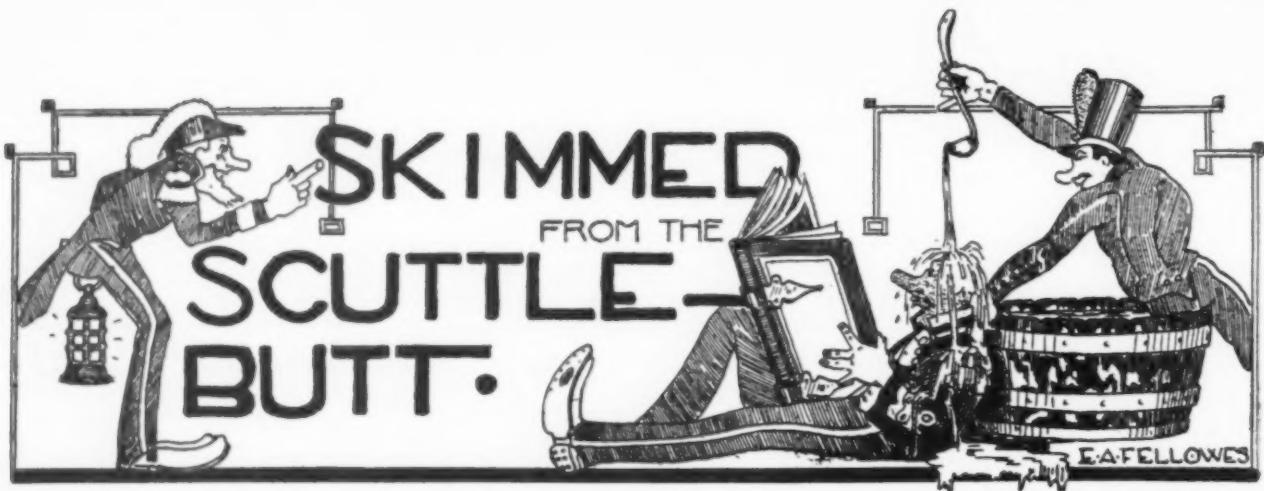
- (a) Employment of Marine Corps Aviation (using text of same name, with Correspondence Class Addenda);
- (b) Aviation in Small Wars.

Four Lessons.

SUBCOURSE NO. 9—LAW

- (a) Naval Law (Naval Courts and Boards);
- (b) Military Government;

(Continued on page 48)



MISTAKEN IDENTITY

At a banquet once there was no clergyman present, so the toastmaster singled out a pious-looking old gentleman in a black coat and tie and asked him to pronounce a blessing.

The old boy put his hand to his ear and replied, "I see you are addressing me, sir, but I'm so damned deaf that if hell froze over I couldn't hear the ice cracking."

—*Earth Moves.*

"Probably the greatest man that ever lived was Skinner—broad-minded, big-hearted, and brilliant—yet he died with all his talents unsuspected."

"How did you come to find out about him?"

"I married his widow."—*Family Circle.*

A real executive is a man who can hand back a letter for a third re-typing to a red-headed stenographer.—*Texas Ranger.*

First:—"What caused her death?"

Second:—"You remember that cave of echoes in Kentucky, don't you? Well, she stayed there trying to get in the last word."—*Tennessee Tar.*

Otto: "I hear that Thoelucks was shot by his wife."

Conker: "Then there must be powder marks on his coat."

Otto: "Yes, that's why she shot him."—*Keystone.*

Two small boys were out hunting in the woods, and one of them stooped and picked up a chestnut burr. "Buddy!" he called excitedly. "Come here! I've found a porcupine egg!"—*Walla Walla.*

Sunday School Teacher—"Can you tell something about Good Friday, James?"

James—"Yes'm; he was the fellow that did the housework for Robinson Crusoe."—*Pathfinder.*

Usher: "How far down do you want to sit, madam?"

She: "Why, all the way, of course!"—*W. Va. Mountaineer.*

Big he-man: I developed these big muscles by working in a boiler factory.

Innocent young thing: Oh, you great big wonderful man! And what did you boil?—*California Pelican.*

MUST HAVE BEEN HIGHBALLS!

A stranger was standing at the bar watching another fellow across the room down a large drink. "Strike one!" exclaimed the bartender when the last drop had disappeared. The drinker quickly ordered another and downed it in thirsty gulps. "Strike two!" said the barkeep. Turning, the stranger asked. "Why do you say that?" The barkeep replied: "One more drink and he'll be out!"—*Legation Guard News.*



"My picture was in all the home-town papers last week."

"How much reward do they offer?"

A certain banker was being called upon by a delegation from a charitable institution. He instructed his secretary to make up some excuse for not seeing them.

"I'm sorry," she informed the delegate, "but Mr. Smith can't see you. He has a sprained back."

"Well," said the delegate, "go back and tell Mr. Smith that I didn't come here to wrestle with him, but to speak with him."—*New York Sun.*

AW, LET 'EM LIVE

It happened in Melbourne. The sweet young thing came aboard, glanced around helplessly until her eyes came to rest upon the upright carriage of the Officer of the Deck, resplended in red striped trousers and telescope. With a happy sigh of relief she walked up to his presence and solicited his aid in her search for a lad in blue.

"Would you find Mr. So-and-So for me?" she asked sweetly.

"Why, yes, I would be glad to. What division is he in?"

"I'm afraid that I don't know that, but he has black hair and the most gorgeous blue eyes."

"That isn't much help. But do you know what his rate is?"

"I don't know that either. I'm so sorry, but here is his liberty card if that would help."—*Augusta Cracker.*

Barber (whispering to new helper)—"Here comes a man for a shave."

Helper—"Let me practice on him."

Barber—"All right, but be careful and not cut yourself!"—*Santa Fe Magazine.*

A New Yorker met a Scotsman just returned from Florida golf courses, dragging an alligator up Broadway.

"What are you doing with that alligator?" he asked.

"The son of a gun has my ball," the Scotsman replied.—*Earth Mover.*

An English tourist was on his first visit to Niagara Falls, and a guide was trying to impress him with their magnitude.

"Grand!" suggested the guide.

The visitor did not seem impressed.

"Millions of gallons a minute!" explained the guide.

"How many in a day?" asked the tourist.

"Oh, billions and billions!" answered the guide.

The visitor looked across and down and up, as if gauging the flow. Then he turned away, apparently unimpressed.

"Runs all night too, I suppose!" he remarked.—*Answers.*

Author (proudly)—What did you think when you read that latest book of mine on the art of love-making?

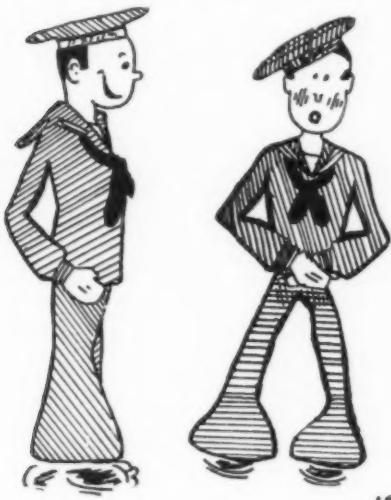
Girl—Who wrote it for you?

—*Walla Walla.*

WE WOULD SAY SO, TOO

A very nervous lady on a Union Pacific train was getting rather fidgety. When the conductor came through the train to collect the tickets, she rather nervously inquired: "Conductor, are you sure this train stops at San Francisco?"

He replied: "Well, lady, if it doesn't, there is going to be one gosh awful splash."—*Legation Guard News*.



16

"I've been wondering where Noah kept the bees in the ark."

"In the archives, of course."

Lady (shopping): "Where can I get some silk covering for my settee?"

Floor-walker: "Next aisle and to your left for the lingerie department."—*Air Station News*.

He—Where is your husband?

She—On the road.

He—Can't he get away from his work and visit you?

She—Oh, no! There are men with rifles watching him.—*Jokes*.

Blood will tell. Heredity is a proven fact. Take, for instink, the case of Dream o' Dawn, that great mare that won the Willy-Wally Handicap some years ago. Bang! At the start Dream o' Dawn, all class and breeding, takes the bit in her teeth and jumps away from the field. At the first quarter she's got the race in the bag. At the half way mark she's so far ahead you couldn't have reached her with a .30 calibre rifle. At the three-quarter pole she stops and has a colt and still comes on in to win the race. What became of the colt? Boy, they stuck the little so-and-so in as an added starter and he finishes for second money.—"Heinie" Miller, U. S. Coast Guard Magazine.

Traveler—You claim your hotel is the best in this town!

Landlord—It certainly is.

Traveler—Well, that may be a good boost for the hotel but it's a terrible knock for the town.—*Pathfinder*.

Burglar Bill: "And after yez got away from de cop, where did yez hide?"

Burglar Jake: "Oh, I just ducked into de city hall, flopped down in a chair and put me feet on a desk."—*Earth Mover*.

CUTTING DOWN THE EXPANSE

His manly physique wasn't what it used to be. There was no mistaking him for Adonis. He was fat where he should be thin and thin where he should be fat. Exercise—that's what he needed. And plenty of it!

It wasn't long before he joined an athletic club. He'd reduce. He'd spend the evening in the gymnasium, doing all kinds of exercises and then top it off with a nice alcohol rubdown. That'd put him in the pink of condition.

He spent at least two hours exercising in the gymnasium. By that time he was so tired out he had to quit. The only thing that kept him up was the thought of the good old alcohol rub and how quickly it'd revive him and make him feel like a new man.

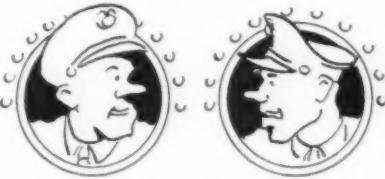
Into the locker room he went and called to an attendant.

"One alcohol rub, buddy, and make it snappy."

"Wouldja jusht as shoon have a rubdown with shome good liniment, shir?" inquired the attendant, "I can't find our rubbin' alcohol any plashe!"—*Jokes*.

She: "Goodness, George, this isn't our baby! This is the wrong carriage!"

He: "Shut up! This is a better carriage."—*Contributed*.



Jim: "That Alex McDougal is a clean looking chap, isn't he?"

Jam: "He ought to be. He goes around sponging all day."

Inquiring Motorist (in remote section of Ozarks): How far is it to the next village?

Native: Wa-al, I don't rightly know, but I'll call Eph. Eph'll know. He traveled all over. He's got shoes.—*Walla Walla*.

The Perfect Gentleman—So sorry I bumped into you—I didn't see you.

Stylish Stout—Flatterer!—*Family Circle*.

"So your brother lost the glass blowing contest because he had halitosis?"

"Yes, they disqualified him for a foul blow."—*Radio*.

Sam, walking in the woods late one afternoon, was surprised by a wildebeest which proceeded to chase him to the top limbs of a large oak on the edge of a deep canyon.

The wildebeest had soon forced him perilously near the decaying end of a long limb extending beyond the edge of the precipice. Sam decided it was time to remonstrate.

"Wilecat," he said impressively, "wilecat, if yo' make me go one inch furdah, yo' is gwine to have to jump a long ways fo' yo' supnah!"—*Tit-Bits*.

A fire broke out in a railway station waiting-room. This was due, we understand, to a young and inexperienced porter putting on a lump of coal.—*Punch*.

HE COULDN'T

An Englishman had just arrived in New York and boarded a train for San Francisco. When the train arrived at Pittsburgh he started to get off, thinking he had arrived at his destination, but was restrained. At Chicago, he started to follow the crowd out but someone told him he wasn't at Frisco yet. When the train stopped at Denver, he was again restrained and told that he only had about another thousand miles to go. Finally the train arrived at San Francisco and everyone got off except the Englishman who remained sitting in the car until the conductor came to him and said, "Here—this is where you get off. This is San Francisco."

The Englishman was rather bewildered and said to the conductor: "Say, conductor, what was the name of the bloke that came over to this country first?"

"Do you mean Columbus, the man that discovered it?" asked the conductor.

"What, discovered it?" ejaculated the Englishman.—*Legation Guard News*.

An enthusiastic amateur motocyclist was given a trial at a race-track meeting. He was plucky but inexperienced, and in the first race (over four laps), though he was an easy last, he went on innocently to complete a fifth. The feat was greeted with ironical applause. The rider drew up at the judge's stand.

"Have I won?" he inquired.

"Well, no," replied the judge, kindly. "As a matter of fact you were last in that race, but you're a lap ahead in the next."

—*Kablegram*.

The football soared through the air and fell into the barnyard, right at the rooster's feet. A look of wonder came into his eyes as he surveyed it from all sides. Then he bravely pushed the ball into the henhouse and faced his harem. "I'm not complaining, Ladies," he said, with an all-inclusive bow, "but I just want you to see for yourself the work that is being done in the other yard."—*Earth Mover*.



What model is your car?

It's not a model; it's a horrible example.



SAID I TO MYSELF—

By Edna Valentine Trapnell

Said I to myself: I'll not marry a sailor,
Oh, never a sailor, said I to myself;
For rather than fret through long days and
wild nighttimes

I'll stay an old maid and be laid on the
shelf!
For Peg walks in fear of the rain and the
storm wind
And what they may do to her man out at
sea;

And on fair days she's crying or else
prophesying:
"Some dark foreign lady he's loving,
maybe!"

Said I to myself: I'll not marry a soldier,
Oh, never a soldier, said I to myself.
For rather than worry with wars and pro-
motions

I'll stay an old maid and be laid on the
shelf!
For there's Poll reads the orders and fears
foreign service
And looks for a war to begin every day,
And maids, wives and widows, in camp or
cantonment,
She fancies are loving him while she's
away.

Said I to myself—how my grandmother
laughed, then,
"It's many a day since I said that my-
self!
Sure, maids make such vows for a lover to
break them,
There's never a one would be laid on the
shelf!
Just give me your tea cup—a tall man is
near you,
A sword and an ear are plain to be seen—
Get on with you, girl, there's but one ex-
planation:
It's there in the tea leaves—you'll wed
a Marine!"

THEY CANNOT DIE

By Dorothy Doane

Brave men who ride the sky-trails cannot
die,
For they have known a broader life than
I
Who walk the crowded traffic-lanes of
earth.
Tho they may leave this life, death is
rebirth.

Tho they may crash to earth in lurid
flame,
Back to the skies they go, from whence
they came.
Tho blackened, broken, crushed, their
bodies lie,
They still live on, for flyers cannot die.

They live forever in sweet winds that
blow
From off the mountains capped with glis-
tening snow;
Forever live in far horizons blue;
Forever in the sunbeam's golden hue.

Borne high aloft on gleaming, silvery
wings,
Apart from earth where star to planet
sings,
They live as one with wind, and sun, and
sky;
They are not dead, for flyers cannot die.

THE KIND OF MAN

By Edgar A. Guest

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag
could boast about;
I'd like to be the sort of man it cannot
live without,
I'd like to be the type of man
That really is American:
The head-erect and shoulder-square,
Clean-minded fellow, just and fair,
That all men picture when they see
The glorious banner of the free.

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag now
typifies,
The kind of man we really want the flag
to symbolize;
The loyal brother to a trust,
The big, unselfish soul and just,
The friend of every man oppressed,
The strong support of all that's best,
The sturdy chap the banner's meant,
Where're it flies, to represent.

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag's
supposed to mean,
The man that all in fancy see wherever it
is seen,
The chap that's ready for a fight
Wherever there's a wrong to right,
The friend in every time of need,
The doer of the daring deed,
The clean and generous handed man—
That is a real American.

IN THE NAME OF PEACE

By Lavinia V. Whitney

(After Kipling)

When the last of the soldiers has fallen,
and the cannons lie twisted aside,
When the last of all homes has been ruined,
and the heart of the youngest girl
bride,
We shall wake from our terrible madness,
and pause for an eon or two,
Till the Master of all the good soldiers
shall call us to battle anew.

Then those that were brave shall be braver
—they shall love with a love more fair;

They shall hear, o'er a worldwide battle-
field, the Voice of their God in the air;
They shall have the real saints as their
comrades—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall fight unembittered, and never
again shall be weary at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, for
only the Master shall lead;
And no one shall fight for his country,
and none for his honor and creed;
But each for the Master Who loves him,
and Teuton and Briton and all
Shall fight, each the cause of the other, for
the God of the Love of us All!

RE-ENLISTED

By TenEyck Van Deusen

I had put my time in the Service
Each long and draggin' year.
With some of it in a heat struck land
And some of it back here.
I cursed the Service I followed
As my back was chafed by my pack
I dreamed of the day of my discharge
It came. Then I came back!

It wasn't the need o' rations
I had money and friends and a bed.
And it wasn't the Reeruitin' Sergeant
I knew better than what he said.
It wasn't the fancy posters
That tells a man not to slack.
There's somethin' about the Army,
I dunno, but I came back.

I thought I was through with the Army
With its calls and sweats and drill
I thought I was quits of the squadroom
And the Sergeant's whistle shrill,
I thought I was through with the Service
An' I swore that I'd give it the sack
I swore that I hated the discipline
I cursed it. Then I came back!

SEA BREEZE

By A. R. Bosworth

There's a lazy wind, a vagrant wind, that
down the street comes straying.
And brings with it a spicy smell that
wakens memories;
For it wanders past the harbor where the
freighting ships are lying.
The sailing ships, the roving ships, from
far-off sundown seas.

There are roses in my garden, when the
little wind comes blowing
And the air is honey laden, for their
smell is, oh! so sweet;
But the vagrant wind reminds me that I
must be up and going,
With a steady trade behind me and a
staunch deck 'neath my feet.

Oh, it lingers but a moment, and the smell
is brief and fleeting,
Then it's gone, and only roses waft their
perfume on the air,
But a dozen distant seaports in that instant
hail me greeting,
And my life ashore is all at once turned
strangely drab and bare.

There are men tonight who dream of home,
and long for their returning—
But the smack of salt and smell of tar
is borne upon the breeze—
And my heart leaps up in answer, and the
soul of me is yearning.
For a sailing ship, a roving ship, to roam
the seven seas!

THE LEATHERNECK

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE MARNE. By Sewell Tyng (Longmans Green). Operations of the first weeks of the Great War and the Sixteenth Decisive Battle of the World. \$3.75

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY. By William Addleman Ganoe, Major of Infantry (Appleton). The story of the Army through each succeeding war. \$5.00

TRAIL OF THE MACAW. By Eugene Cunningham (Houghton Mifflin). An American soldier of fortune gets mixed up in a Central American revolution. Plenty of action and blood-tingling fights. \$2.00

WINTER IN MAINE. By Charles G. Wilson (Knowlton & McCleary). A collection of poetry by one whose work has frequently appeared in this magazine. \$1.75

THE CASE FOR MANCHOUKUO. By George Bronson Rea (Appleton-Century). Mr. Rea, who has for some years lived in China, where he edited a magazine, presents the exact conditions that exist in the Far East. \$3.50

DESTINATION UNKNOWN. By Fred Walker (Lippincott). A soldier of fortune fights his way around the world. Walker, a one-time lieutenant under Sandino, experienced about as many adventures as any living man. \$2.50

DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE. By Paul L. Wellman (Macmillan). A true story of the winning of the west, where the white man was not always the victor in his fights against the red. \$3.00

OLD DEADWOOD DAYS. By Estelline Bennett (Scribner's). A glamorous story of frontier days; Indians, road agents, and gamblers. All the characters who peopled the town of Deadwood are present. \$2.50

LOOSE AMONG THE DEVILS. By Gordon Sinclair (Farrar and Rinehart). An adventure-travel book of the better sort. Reporter Sinclair visits Devil's Island, Voodoo Haiti, and Black Africa, experiencing no few remarkable adventures, which he recounts in a pleasing and interesting manner. \$2.50

BEYOND THE SEAS. By W. J. Stamer, Lt., USMC (Privately Printed). A collection of sixteen short stories about Marines in their far-flung stations. You can probably get a copy of this at your P. X. If not, order through THE LEATHERNECK. 75c

IN TIME OF PEACE. By Thomas Boyd (Minton, Balch). A novel wherein a demobilized war-time Marine discovers that peace time has its battles too. A sequel to "Through the Wheat." \$2.50

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND. By Charles Nordhoff and James Hall (Little, Brown). The third volume of the "Mutiny of the Bounty" stories. This relates the experiences of the Mutineers. \$2.50

ESCAPE FROM THE SOVIETS. By Tatiana Tchernavin (Dutton). The bitter fight waged by one family of the educated class against the oppression of the Soviet police. \$2.50

THE AMERICAN. By Louis Dodge (Julian Messner). The story of one of America's pioneers fighting to reclaim the west. A "thriller" of the better type. \$2.50

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

LITTLE BROWN BROTHERS

THE PHILIPPINES, PAST AND PRESENT. By Dean C. Worcester; Revised and enlarged by Ralston Hayden (Macmillan). \$6.00

To the many Marines who have served in the Philippines, and to the others who will one day serve in them, this work should be of especial interest. Although not a new book, it embraces a subject that is always fresh and always interesting.

If one recalls the situation, he will remember that a misunderstanding between the Filipinos and the Americans precipitated a long and bloody warfare. Cooperation was lacking between the two allies, and at the fall of Manila, the President of the United States declared "That there must be no joint occupation with the Insurgents." Aguinaldo, leader of the Philippine patriots, demanded, and was refused a share in the occupation.

The trouble grew deeper. "The Insurgents grew surer and surer that the Americans were cowards, and openly boasted that when the attack began they would drive them into the sea."

The Insurgents grew more and more insulting until finally the open clash came. The Insurgents provoked an American sentry into opening fire, "in order to justify in some way their premeditated attack."

But carefully planned as the attack was, it failed because the Americans didn't throw down their rifles and run, as was expected. Aguinaldo immediately insisted that his men had been wantonly attacked.

Troops were rushed at once to the Islands, although most of them were concentrated in Luzon. At Samar, "A detachment of United States Marines under the command of Major Waller, while attempting to cross the island, were lost for nearly two weeks, going without food for days and enduring terrible hardships. . . . Troops have never attempted a campaign in a country more difficult than the interior of Samar."

Dean C. Worcester, as Secretary of the Interior of the Philippine Islands, 1901-13, and Member of the Philippine Commission, learned his subject from experience and actual contact.

GOOSE STEPS HIGH

ROAD TO WAR. By Walter Millis (Houghton Mifflin). \$3.00

Literally goose stepping its Anglophobic way into public recognition, this work has evoked more comment and controversy than has any publication for some time. All over the country have editorial writers sprung to arms to assail or defend Mr. Millis' exposition. Whether you agree or disagree with the author is a matter of personal individualism.

The study begins in the ante-bellum days of 1914. The black clouds of war were gathering. But so had they been gathering for many a year without the storm breaking. "What shall we say of the Great War of Europe?" asks Dr. David Starr Jordan, "ever threatening, ever impending, and which never comes? We shall say that it will never come. Humanly speaking, it is impossible."

Austria's ultimatum to Serbia causes but little alarm; and even the black headlines screaming from newspapers: "Europe at Point of War," was discounted.

But, "By the evening of August 4 the immense catastrophe had become complete and irretrievable; and on Wednesday morning, August 5, the great banner heads went marching like fate across every American breakfast table."

The problem of American neutrality began. The British ripped up the German cables and thereafter the American at breakfast read only such news as it suited the British to release.

As the war developed our "amateur statesmen" became more and more involved in the intricate diplomacy, and Mr. Millis characterizes Ambassador Page's efforts as "Singularly treasonable."

Deftly the British moulded our policies, twisted the meaning of International Law and insisted on a modification of neutral rights. The British blockade was draining the life of Germany. She struck back with her one great weapon, the submarine. Neutral shipping was sunk and American lives were lost. Protests were made, and the Germans pointed out that their method differed but little from that employed by Britain.

Interesting and enlightening is Mr. Millis' tracing the evolution of our belligerency. Step by step he carries his reader, sparing no one and praising few.

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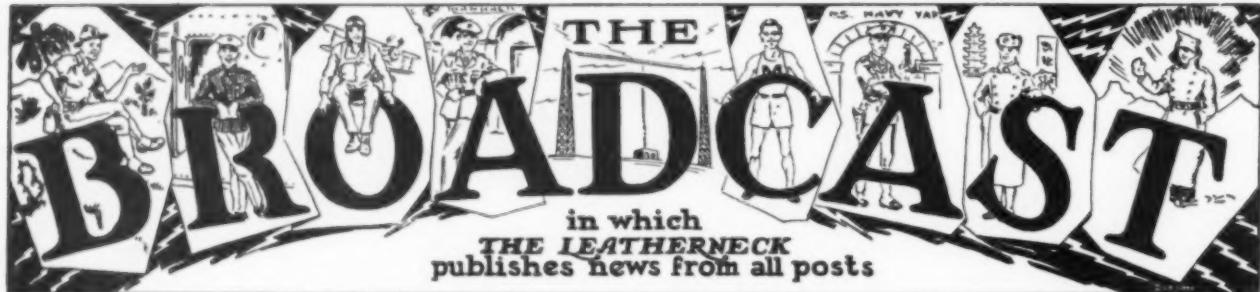
1935

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Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

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PLAINLY



Detachments

BEAUTIFUL CHARLESTON, S. C.

By J. B. King

Now that summer is here, the entire command is looking forward to new fields of conquest, and our able first sergeant, John P. Hickey, is helping along nicely. Some of the men do not take kindly to the help Sergeant Hickey volunteers and have been heard to remark "I don't see why we have to cut that grass again when we just cut it last week." Hickey contends a well-groomed soldier should have his hair cut at least once every ten days, and the same applies to grass around the barracks. We all growl once in a while but the grass is cut just the same.

"Red Snag" Lewis, our outstanding representative from the state of Georgia, has turned out to be quite a philosopher. He was heard speaking these words of wisdom the other day while in the act of holding up the Post Exchange bar: "The average person's brain contains alcohol and, this being a fact, it thoroughly explodes the theory that alcohol is stimulating." "Chink" Caeter, who has traveled the seven seas, was heard asking Lewis if he didn't think the world was flat. Lewis answered that he didn't think himself foolish enough to think it was on the level.

Well, men, Cpl. "Babe" Adams took

unto himself a helpmate and in so doing has the well wishes of the entire command, I am sure. Shortly after the "Babe" had paid his barber bill to Arbulle Kennerty he rented a little bungalow outside the Navy Yard gate and was heard to ask the landlord to erect a fence around the place. We presume that the Adamses are going into the poultry business and we wish them lots of luck.

With all due respect to our old mess sergeant, we cannot help but admire the efficient way Cpl. "Gimmick" Hemingway has taken the bull by the horns in his new line of endeavor—THE CHOW IS GOOD! Hemingway is ably assisted by such stellar men as Pfc. "Bugeye" Avrett, Pfc. "Cohwheat" Sharpe and Pvt. "Millionbucks" Fare, acting in the capacity of cooks, and Pts. "Chawlie" Weedle and "Engineer" Cadier take very good care to see that we have clean pots, pans and dishes. The three Speed Kings, namely, Private First Class Campsen and Privates Sparrow and Covington, take care of the tables in a most courteous manner.

We mentioned in our last writing about the snappy and aggressive baseball team we have here in Charleston, and at the present writing are more proud, if that is possible. In the last twenty games played, our team has come out on top sixteen times, and the early defeats have

been avenged. The pitching staff, composed of Glover, Lindsey and Murray, assisted by the splendid catching of "Babe" Adams, is one that any post would be proud to have. In the infield we have Banister on first, May on second, Harris at short and Horne covering third. This is a combination of excellent fielders and men who really hit the ball, making it easier for a pitcher to let up once in awhile. The outfield is taken care of in notable fashion by two sons of Georgia, "Smack" Clark and "Red" Walker. The remaining outfield post is patrolled by either of the dashing luminaries, Wells, Salley and Pierce. Sergeant McGowan has taken over the manager's reins and is doing a nice job.

Having in mind that old saying, "Give unto Caesar what is Caesar's," the post is indebted to, and owe many thanks to, our Commanding Officer, Major White, and Quartermaster Sergeant Massey. Major White arranged for Sergeant Massey to travel about two hundred miles in order that we might receive our pay on the first of June. This made it possible for all of us to have an exceptionally good time at our dance that evening.

Private First Class Martin, the new clerk in the post quartermaster's office, has been keeping away from the city here lately and seems worried. Never mind, Martin, she won't be gone long! Pfc. Blake McIntyre, the "Tarzan Man," has been quite a bit in the company of blondes. Maybe they fall for his pretty "curls" when he goes over to play with a bar of soap in the surf. Herman Kennerty, our post barber and dispenser of sunshine to the weary souls that wander into his shop to hear him tell of the time when he handled four hundred men only to be disgraced by one whose name is "Tony," is the proud owner of a new lavatory for his barber shop. We hope this will act as an incentive for him to put out better hair cuts.

In bringing this bit of news to a close, we wish to state that Colonel Gardener severed active relationship with the Marine Corps on June 5 and was tendered a last farewell by the entire command. Mrs. Gardener was presented with a bouquet of red roses and the Colonel made a short farewell address, and in so doing, extended an invitation to all the men to visit him at any time in their new home located in Summerville, S. C. Characteristic of the Colonel, he said he would do all he possibly could at any time for any of his men. We sincerely wish and hope that the Colonel and Mrs. Gardener may enjoy their remaining years, and they can rest assured that the name of "Gardener" will be tucked away close to the hearts of the men of Charleston.



Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C.

HINGHAM SALVOS

By Goose

It sure looks like Hingham has become the latest addition to the nudist colonies since Manning and Childers and Why-naught are to be seen sunning themselves on the lawn any day of the week. Since they already resemble a lot of Haitians, what will they resemble late this summer? They probably are looking for that schoolgirl complexion.

We are about to bid farewell to our commanding officer, Maj. Geo. F. Adams, who is due to leave us after the 15th of June. I am sure the gang will miss him and hope he will find his new post and duties very pleasant. Major Adams goes to the Paymaster School in Washington. Our loss will surely be Washington's gain in every sense of the word.

Among those being discharged during the past month was Private Trobasso, who went out to twist the outside world by the tail. I hope he gets a good hold before he starts twisting. Pfc. W. F. Lersch also went out via the discharge route, and after digging clams for a while found it unprofitable. He is now working as a mechanic in one of our local garages.

From all reports, Sergeant Ziegler finally made his way into San Diego after burning out a bearing in the Arizona Desert. Corporal Isdell has been transferred to the School Detachment in Philadelphia where he is to be educated in the intricacies of clerical duty. Best of luck, Izzie.

Private Vickers is back from the hills of Tennessee. He decided that he would rather wear shoes than go barefooted. How about it, Vick?

Sgt. G. M. Gifford was transferred to Portsmouth, N. H., early this month. Cpl. Morton Silverman was also transferred on the first of this month. Silverman went to the Post Corral in order to study horses. Best of luck, Morton.

I've been wondering what was the matter with that fatal 500-yard range out at Wakefield. This range was the downfall of our sharpshooters who have just returned from Wakefield. The alibies are the usual ones but Corporal Conge just says "there just ain't no Santa Claus at Wakefield." Better luck next year, Schnitzel.

Here is some sense and nonsense about Hingham: Our one and only Simon Legree tells the girls at the beach to just call him Al. What was Therrien doing down on Hersey St. at 2 a.m. one day last week? It must have been the moon, but don't tell that to the Marines. I wonder what power Wallace has over the police sergeant's dog "Blackie." I should think you ought to pick on something small, Wally. Smith, who is our local nasal crooner, has recently entered into friendly competition with Trumpeter Childers. Childers, who is known far and wide as a trumpeter, is sure to find plenty of competition from Smith's hornpipe. Champagne just won't pay his bills. The firms are only wasting paper and stamps on that puddlejumper. "Footsie" Garnett and "Baltimore" Zang are hiring themselves out to the town as steamrollers. Can you fancy a size 13 shoe? They're not shoes, they're pontoons. Well, folks, seeing as I've made myself plain as mud for a change, I'll just make myself scarce and sign off till next month.



SEMPER FIDELIS RIFLE CLUB OF PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD

In foreground holding Charter—Bob Alexander. Front row, left to right—Georgie Phillips, Catherine Henley, Margaret Higgins, Marjorie Damon, Norma Phillips, Betty Hodsdon, Mary Bennett, Dorothy Hodsdon. Middle row, left to right—Stuart Murray, Robert Delpino, Charles Savage, John Bennett, Charles W. Styer, Elbridge Brown, Clarence Baker, William Fowler, Jr. Rear row, left to right—Col. Chandler Campbell, Chief Pay Clerk C. A. Phillips, Virginia Henley, Jane Snyder, Rear Admiral Charles P. Snyder, Caroline Neilson, Mary Neilson, Chief Boatswain's Mate Robert Alexander, Frank Campbell, assistant coach.

PORSCMOUTH POTSHOTS

By Jeffrey Cardin

With the final scores in from the Elliott Trophy matches it brings to light the possibilities of new men representing the Marine Corps at Perry and Wakefield this year by at least one of our command. First Lieutenant Stamm made enough of a showing to be detailed to Wakefield as a tryout for the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team. Pvt. John G. Jones also of this command made the enviable score of 517 which brought him in fourth place.

The discharge of Gilmore this month and Hadley in March brings to an end the famous sea-going team which served as orderly to the Commandant of the Yard. Now that these experts of anti-aircraft gunnery are gone it is wondered what is the topic of discussion during the last hour at building 113.

With the passing of time we are continuously losing either by transfer or discharge the men who joined this post from the U. S. Electoral Mission to Nicaragua. This also terminates the little Spanish that was spoken occasionally. Only Murchison and Wisnewski are left. But new fields have their attention and little is now heard of the happy days of Nicaragua.

The coming of new faces brings new names to be called for the telephone. "Little" Little is now running a close race with McNeal in popularity for phone calls.

The aim of the Marine Corps Institute is bearing fruit in our fire department. The old Marines might be astounded and pleased to see the way that some of the new Marines take to studying the textbooks of the ICS. Fraser is all shorthand and typing, while Campbell is reviewing. Even Martin intends to enroll in shorthand.

Our recreation room sports three new pool tables and a new billiard table. With the piano and fresh paint it gives us a cozy place in which to play bridge, argue and what not.

Kittery has lost a popular resident by

the transfer of Rosy Barker. To us he has been the "Mayor of Kittery." Many a Marine has ridden with Barker to Portsmouth. Now the bus company will again pay dividends.

And Trumpeter Pidinkowski is worrying over his enormous task of caring for two musics. Linke is joining from furlough the tenth. Harris' reveille can now be understood and not mistaken for "Call to Arms."

JUNIOR MARKSMEN

In the Semper Fidelis Rifle Club the Portsmouth Navy Yard has the distinction of being the only Navy Yard in the country to have a rifle club made up of children residing in the local yard.

The club, which has only been in existence a year, is affiliated with the junior division of the National Rifle Association. Col. Chandler Campbell, U.S.M.C., commanding officer of the Marine Barracks, is sponsor of the club, with Chief Pay Clerk C. A. Phillips as range officer and manager.

Wilkes Styer is president of the club, with Robert Trowell, vice president; Miss Betty Hodsdon, secretary, and Hobart Corwin, treasurer. Young Styer is the first of the club to become an expert rifleman by completing the exacting qualifications of the junior division of the National Rifle Association.

It required two months of practice for Styer, who is the son of Lieut. Commander C. W. Styer, commanding officer of the new submarine *Cuttlefish*, to attain the required score of 80 out of 100 in the off-hand shooting.

The club has a membership of 25 children whose ages range from 10 to 19. Robert Alexander, Jr., 10, son of Chief Boatswain's Mate Robert Alexander, who has acted as coach of the future admirals and colonels and also the young misses, is the youngest member.

Since being granted a charter a year ago practices of two-hour periods have been held twice a week to develop marksmanship and sportsmanship. A number of volunteer members of the Marine Corps have served as coaches of the juvenile shooters.

**MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S.
NAVAL HOSPITAL
Chelsea, Massachusetts**

By Joe Harris

Now that warmer weather is nearly here, the men in this detachment are looking forward to spring cleaning, for, without a doubt, we have one of the best barracks in the Corps. Everything possible has been done to make our quarters homelike and comfortable. All walls and decks are scrubbed and are freshly painted; windows polished and free from the every day coal dust of Mystic Coal Yards. No untidiness is allowed!

We are proud of our detachment barracks, but oh, boy! those Cover Steps, three or more times a day up and down—good for the old legs, you know!

Beginning April 1st we're out in the old baseball diamond for snappin' in and it won't be long before we'll be in Wakefield Rifle Range again. Hold 'em and squeeze 'em, fellows! Three hundred or better is the score! How about those "knee-pads," Frisone?

Where is that new car, First Sergeant Colsky? Come on dig in the old sock and get it. Nice warm days are coming and Revere Beach isn't very far. Besides that, we'll be bummin' you for a ride once in a while.

No bonus—no cottage! Eh, Sergeant Ganzel? How about these SPOOKS on number 4 sentry booth, Pvt. "Stinky" Davis? We have with us again Privates Oxford and Tilley after a long vacation in the hospital.

There has been an increased amount of going ashore lately, maybe the Chelsea gals have been taken in by pleas of these lone-some Marines. Anyhow, Privates Droz, Oxford and Tilley as well as Private First Class McGregor and Corporal Kerr, are all getting a lot of telephone calls. The Navy "Y" is also proving to be quite popular. When are the announcements coming off, Private Burlinson and Private First Class

Frisone? We'll be losing Pvt. "Bob" Fletcher soon. He is due for the USS *Outside*. We'd like to know why Private First Class Mullally and Private Bard are so quiet lately.

Most of the men are taking courses from M.C.I. It is commendable to note the interest of these men. We know that their time is not being wasted. What they learn will help them in the future whether it be in the service or in civilian life.

Private Caldwell and Private First Class Lee must be good A-1 bridge players. Is Lee a good partner Caldwell?

The Medical Officer of 1st Naval District had his annual inspection in the hospital. He also visited our quarters and we were highly praised for our appearance. We also had the old "stand-by," You should have seen those Marines take off during Fire Call. We beat the inspecting party out to the Areaway. Fire carts, hoses and nozzles were all hooked up in no time at all. Our C. O. Capt. R. A. Warner (MC), U. S. Navy, and our Executive Officer, Capt. G. F. Clark (MC), U. S. Navy, are fine officers and we are proud to serve with them. The pleasure is all ours!

And now because this space is limited, we want to give some other detachment a chance, so we'll have more the next time. Shove Off!

them the best of luck in what ever they do. Our social hounds are at it again and thus you will see daily the following when liberty call goes, heading in all directions in a great hurry: Pts. "Dopey" Ryan, "Dizzy" Newcomer, "Goo, Goo" Harmon, "Bill" Pohlig, "Jim" Norfolk, "Big Nose" Cady, "Lanky" Fulton, "Bulldog" Krohn, "Ambush" Johnson, "Bing" Costello, "Doty" Frederiksen, Cpl. "Firechief" Ewing (who, by the way, is still waiting for a fire call).

We have also a few newcomers here who came to us from the Naval Torpedo Station, Pts. McAuliffe, "Red" Chandler, reckon that is about all; we hope they enjoy their stay with us. Cpl. Stacy has returned from a ninety-day leave and he seems full of ideas to keep the fellows out of mischief, in fact he always has something for the boys to do.

Before returning to the front lines, here are our commanding officers: Sgt. Beckley, NCO in Charge of the detachment and Sgt. "Pop" Seyler (who knows where all his boys are while they are on liberty), second in command.

Must return before the enemy spots me, so if any of our outfit escapes again you shall hear from us. "The Lost Detachment."

RATTLES FROM THE SNAKE RANCH

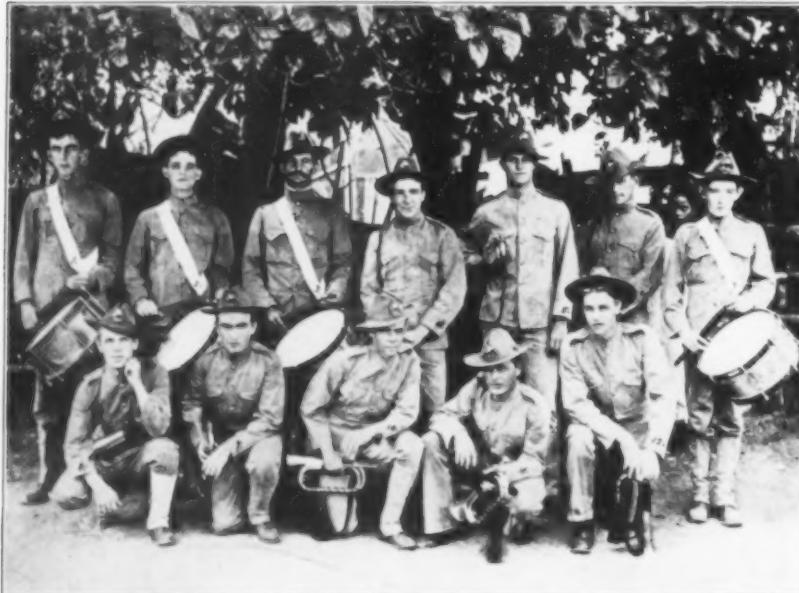
By "Tui"

Here we are, the Snake Ranchers on the air. The detachment is comprised of approximately forty men. 1st Sgt. Francis L. White is the non-commissioned officer in charge of the organization. And, incidentally, the Top can find some very crude explanations for his week-end excursions to San Francisco. Stick around, Chief, and I'll give you the dope.

A very interesting member of the detachment is Sgt. John Duveene, better known as the "Duke of Vladivostok." "Duke" first saw the light on the morning of April 29, 1900, at Boston, Mass. Prior to launching his naval or military career he followed the circus; worked as a bouncer in Butte, Montana; as a waiter in Minnesota, Minnesota, and as a policeman in Boston, Mass. "Duke" first enlisted in the Marine Corps on June 23, 1922, and during his service has served in every place throughout the entire Marine Corps, included in which are several imaginary stations. He is well known on the "Saw Dust Trail" in Shanghai, as well as in the "plains" of South Carolina. In other words, it's a case of Marine sophistication. Not only is "Duke" a member of the old guard, but he is a qualified animal trainer as per manifested in his understudy, "Pancho." Summarizing notes, Duke has a mean line and you may be assured that not one moment of your life will be prostate while in his presence.

Sgt. John H. Griffin, better known as Johnsky, needs no introduction to readers of THE LEATHERNECK. Johnsky, despite the fact that the sergeants are doing a day on and a day off here at the Depot, still retains his marking as the barracks gigolo. However, Private Yewdall is running him a close second, with Schultz bringing in a third.

Corporal Kossick is the Paul Bunyan of the barracks. He may be espied chasing around the dikes and docks with an array of fishing equipment at most any hour of the day or night. Of course, the big ones always get away, but so



TRUMPETERS AND DRUMMERS, CAVITE, P. I., 1899-1900

1, Joseph Halleron; 2, John Stewart; 3, W. Vogt; 4, M. Hewitt; 5, Russell S. Garland; 6, W. Bartlett; 7, B. Goodwin; 8, R. Lloyd; 9, F. Winterbottom; 10, A. Burgess; 11, A. Tansel; 12, H. Pollard.

THE LEATHERNECK

long as we receive the contributions to the Friday chow, all is well.

"Pop" Carroll is our competent chief and only cook. "Pop's" biggest worry is getting the coal bin filled. But his resourcefulness asserted him in that he has developed a line which works on Gleason to the extent that he keeps the coal bin looking prosperous. Incidentally, "Pop" has a habit of resigning his position bi-monthly. "Johny" Johnson is another member of the galley force. "Johny's" major assignment is to keep the bicycle in working order and to see that the radio is tuned in on the kind-to-the-ear music.

Cpl. Thomas T. Allen was promoted to the grade of two stripe on May 16th. Allen is an old timer in the service and the entire detachment extends its congratulations. May he continue to smite forth with the mighty arm of ambition.

The name Snake Ranch is rather appropriate, inasmuch as the prevalence of rattlesnakes require the sentinels to wear cowboy boots as a precautionary measure. All they need is spurs to be aviators.

Cpl. Ray W. Johnson, the "Gunner," late of this organization, was recently discharged, immediately reenlisting, and taking a furlough of three months with permission to report at the expiration thereof to the barracks at Hawthorne, Nevada, for duty. The complicated part of this thing is, just why is Gunner spending a furlough in Vallejo, California? Here's hoping he has a most enjoyable vacation, that is, if you consider having to cook chow for the old Depot clique a vacation.

We haven't started firing the small arms course yet; however, school is being held daily in the amusement room under the auspices of Edward Frank, as it is desired to break forth with some original alibis when confronted with the "galloping Fours."

DOVER DONATIONS

By Richards

Never let it be said that this column ever contained false statements—because I am going to check on a few of them right now. It was only scuttlebutt-talk that was passed around, that we were not having any more dances, 'cause we just had one the past week and was it a hum-dinger! The best we have had yet and I think everyone will agree with me on that.

A few more things I want to straighten out are: Private First Class Mangum can't help being the way he is because he has been in Nicaragua, Dover and he misses two meals a day and he is in love. Wouldn't that drive anybody nertz? Corporal Hopkins has forged ahead of Private Martin when it comes to eating. He thinks he increased his capacity for eating when they gave him that other stripe a few weeks ago. And he is not the only one who thinks so—we all suffer. "Spike" Boldt does not sleep in the park every night he stays out—he has a home down in Dover now.

Swimming has been in full swing for the past couple of weeks and there are many who are taking advantage of it—but of course there is not the crowd hanging around as one would find on the Riviera or at Palm Beach or any of those big "dumps" so-o-o—that still makes some stay away from strutting their stuff. But you can always find Trumpeter Arthur out



E. I. duPont de Nemours Discussing the Location of the First duPont Powder Mill with Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, His Friend and Customer.

there with his bottle of olive oil or Private Nelson paddlin' around in the "skiff." Hi, Nellie, how we doin'?

We will be sorry to see "Nute" Stainbrook leave this month. He is one of the old "plank-owners" and there has been many a man come, gone and come again while Nute has been here. Privates Bartuck and Martin have decided they want to find out if those posters in front of every postoffice you see are correct (join the Marines and travel) so they have asked to go sea-going. Better watch your step, pals, I was there once and it sure is —.

This is not much—but maybe enough to let the readers of THE LEATHERNECK know that we are still kickin' and alive. You know if we didn't get in touch with Washington some way they wouldn't even know we were up here, would they?

RIPPLES FROM THE LAKES

By Wall

After spending a few months here at the Lakes we have no doubt whatsoever that the lug who told us about the fine weather they have here in the middle west was just giving out a sea story. Here it is June and the command still in greens. Unless there is a radical change in the weather we will remain in winter service the year 'round. Years ago a famous poet wrote, "What is so rare as a day in June. Then if ever come perfect days." Nuts. When we go ashore tonight we are wearing a top-coat, providing we can borrow one.

June, the weather good or bad, has always been a month of romance. This year two members of this detachment are center ailing it with girls from Chicago and Waukegan. It is with the greatest of pleasure that we announce the coming weddings of Sgt. John Kozoi and Pfc. William Wytrykus. In behalf of the members of this command we pass along our best wishes for a happy future.

The past month has seen the detachment fire the range under the able direction of Chief Marine Gunner Buck-

ley and Captain Luce. The results go to show what a few weeks of snapping-in will do. It is of course the usual thing to growl like hell when the snapping-in sessions come around, but no one can doubt their worth.

Last month we made mention of "Is Paul there" Smith buying a watch for one of the local members of the fair sex. At that time we were unable to learn of the results of the purchase and even at this date we are still in a fog. Smith comes off watch, sleeps all day and is out 'till the wee, small hours of the morning. He must be getting places.

"Red" Garrison, known to his admirers as "Soochow," seems to be losing his grip since the advent of the mustache. It seems that he can no longer hold his end in the pursuit and capture of that elusive creature, the Waukegan gal. Where "Soochow" formerly held the critters in the hollow of his hand, Wall, Berry and Olszewski have nosed him out. Car and all, the boy from the creek just can't get to first base. Reports are coming in that his failure in the hunt is slowly driving him mad (who said that he would not have to be driven far?).

Perhaps the most amusing event of the month took place at a Polish wedding. Attending with Olszewski, Wall and Berry were introduced as a couple of deaf mutes, and by the names of Wallski and Berryovitch. Though they could not speak, nothing hindered them in their consumption of food and drink. Perhaps it is to their credit that they consumed more than anyone else. Such chow hounds could come from no other place than the Marine Corps.

Hill, the hero of the main gate, has at last fallen to the charms of a passerby. It seems that this gal was driving by one day and seeing the mighty Hill on watch just had to stop. The results, Hill has received five special delivery letters in the past three days and five visits—the girl driving all the way up from Evanston.

There are times when we are at a loss, trying to understand life in the raw, even though we have been told about the bees and the flowers and all the rest of that sort. The gang is astounded, no less. When a recruit like Anderson, from Washington Navy Yard, noses out Brent in the race for the favors of a North Chicago girl—we just don't know what to think.

NEWS FLASHES OF THE DAY

Several members of this post to blessed event it in the near future. Cigars will be on hand for all and sundry. One father to be is quoted, "If it ever steps off with its left foot I'll drown the squalling devil."

Challenging Dan Cupid to do his best, Limpek refuses to go near the Main Gate. Sixty-five days to settle the question. To do or not to do, what will it be?

Snapping in for the coming walkathon, A. A. Kayser drags weary dogs from heart of loop to Naval Station in record time of six hours flat. Entire paydays to go on him when "walky" takes place.

Suffering from a strange malady, "Duke" Mau falls asleep on rifle while at drill. Company marches off leaving the "Duke" standing. Gunner Buckley comes to rescue and only after a battle of mind against matter is Mau saved.

"Pappy" Emurick begins to show ravishing work of time. The hero of the recruiting stands makes fatal slip, finds rifle to be hindrance rather than asset. "I'm stuck now, what do I do next?" Jam it, "Pappy," jam it!

The "Keep Smiling" boys, Purell and Gimber, take vacation in the Hotel Crasper by the Lake. After a five-day sojourn it is hoped that they will rejoin the detachment completely rested. They just can't take it. "Keep smiling, ha ha."

After years of bucking, banging ears and what have you, E. L. Peck finally makes corporal. Congratulations pour in from all points of the globe while cigars burn in an ever thickening screen of smoke not unlike that of burning rubber.

Short timers find fool-proof plan to beat depression. Wall to be adopted by Burt Skibby and wife, all three to go on relief. It is wondered whether or not "Pop" will buy little Willy ice cream cones in place of beer. The results of this plan will be published at a later date.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Charles S. Adams, Jr.

Everybody concerned had no end of fun out of those soft-ball games. As suddenly as the interest flared so did it die. Might have been due to the crack team that the cohorts of Gunnery Sergeant Anderson put up. Those Academic Schoolers trounced everybody that came along. Even Anderson dropped his awe-inspiring dignity and played a game at second base. He showed promise, both afield and at bat. Too bad he deemed it best to cease such exercising before fulfilling some of that promise. The same with Gusack and Kapanke, of the Industrial and Registrar teams respectively. Gusack aspired to be another Home Run Baker. The only thing that kept him from approaching that famous hitter's record was the fact that where Baker hit, Gusack hit at. Kapanke was after Mickey Cochrane's record. His handling of "Chef" Pike in one game was nothing short of remarkable. The Chef, who left his honors of correspondence school cooking at home, came out to dish a wicked assortment of curves, slow ones and fast ones up to the sluggers of the Anderson horde. Kapanke had a perfect fielding record and was the only Gunnery Sergeant to connect at bat.

I may be wrong, not having been around much, but it seems to me that this billet is over-endowed with legal minds. First comes Parker, or rather, first came Parker. Crouch, whose major interests center about the fireroom and a washing machine, strolled into the office one day seeking advice relative to something at which a Philadelphia lawyer might wince. Not having ever been subjected to any such instruction I referred him to Parker, whom I had heard shortly before addressing an open-mouthed audience in number five on the Scottsboro Case. Well, methought that would be the end of it. Proved wrong from the first for he returned shortly and proceeded to tell me that not only did he not get any help but that Parker had so jumbled him up that he didn't know what it was he wanted to know. The thought returning, I referred him to another whom I thought might know. The party did, so now Crouch is back at his furnace and washing machine, strolling about the barracks in those characteristic hip boots, never growling, always ready to hear a good joke and tell two.

John Fohner, of the Business School, won't bore you to tears with any extemporaneous legal discussions. He can give

you some good pointers on civil law. M. Piercy gives real straight-from-the-Tennessee-Hills philosophy, which, in the long run, sometimes overwhelms the silver tongued orators of the better courts. The pay-off was the decision of the Supreme Court regarding the NRA. That brought to light more minds versed on the constitution than would have been thought.

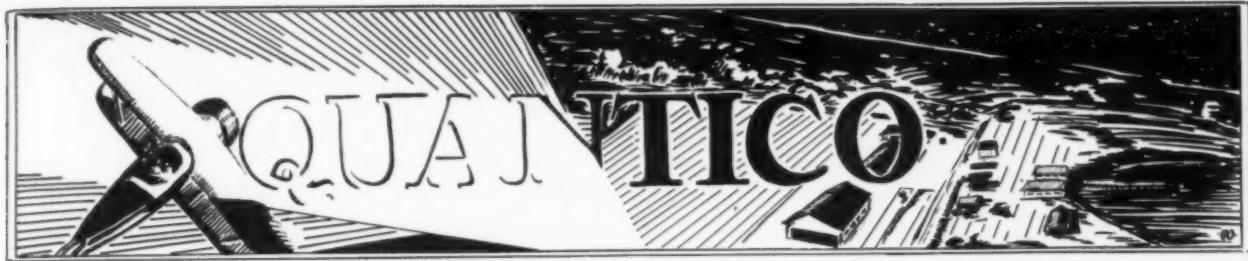
While on the subject of lawyers, politices and things I might quote a few passages from an article by 1st Lt. James Snedeker, "Can a Marine Vote?" which appeared in the May, 1934, issue of the *Marine Corps Gazette*. It should interest all, for if you're not from Texas, and I'm not, you can in all probability exercise your right of suffrage. The article is very interesting and I have a copy of it in its entirety. Should you want more information than I have space to give will be glad to let you read it. The article is concluded by four summarizations, which are as follows: . . . "from a consideration of the laws of the various states and the decisions of their courts of last resort, we may reasonably draw these conclusions: (1) A Marine is not deprived of his right to vote by reason of his being in the service, Texas excepted. (2) The domicile of a Marine generally remains unchanged by his being stationed in line of duty at a particular place, even for years; and he generally does not acquire a new residence in consequence of being stationed on duty away from his domicile of citizenship. (3) A Marine otherwise qualified may therefore vote from the place of his permanent home, but not from a federal area where he is stationed for duty. (4) If the state in which the Marine has his fixed habitation has provided for absentee voting, he has the right to vote by absentee ballot."

The rifle team, minus one member, has returned from Quantico. Lieutenant McCaffery, Sergeant Reichel, Sergeant Thompson, Sergeant Smith, Corporal Orr and Corporal Hanger, who composed the team, may not have been burdened with medals but their record was one not to be ashamed of. Orr went on to Wakefield, for the Camp Perry try-outs. The only medal from Quantico was brought by Hanger, who won the last bronze in the EDIC rifle match with 533 x 600. A 99 x 100 at 1,000 yards just put him over. Lieutenant McCaffery, Sergeant Thompson, Corporal Orr and Corporal Hanger entered as the four-man Elliott Trophy Team, finishing eleventh in a field of seventeen.

(Continued on page 45)



Marine Air Squadrons at Managua, Nicaragua, 1930



THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE MARINE CORPS

By The Earl of Quantico

"Man is wonderful but he is not a masterpiece."

If our foresight was as good as our hindsight we would do a lot of things different (such as that article about "Parris Island, the Garden Spot of the Universe" I once wrote, or the speech I once made before the Ladies' Club in Beaufort, about which the Parris Island correspondent likes to rave). To have such foresight would probably make man nearer a masterpiece but it would have its disadvantages as well as its advantages to a degree even as great as would be the case if man had a pair of eyes in the back of his head. It would enable us to see the beads of each day on the chain of Time before it arrived and thus do away with the greatest thrill of all things—wondering what is going to happen next. In other words, it would take the veil from the Unreal and make it seemingly Real but it would also take the veil from the Real and make it seemingly Unreal. It is something like the purchase of a Pullman ticket. If you purchase a lower it is higher than an upper because it is lower; whereas if you purchase an upper it is lower because it is higher. So we see that the upper is lower than a lower because it is higher and that a lower is higher than an upper because it is lower. Huh, let's get off the subject.

The Quantico "Brain Trust" that sits regularly three times a day around the coffee table in the Hostess House for the discussion and settlement of all national and international problems met its Waterloo during the past month. The problem before it was "What became of the Vice-President's Hat?" For days the discussion raged and on each vote the Brain Trustees were divided. Each passing meeting brought a wider breach between the "blocks" and in the end we found, as lots of Brain Trustees do, that we had failed in our objective—that of determining what became of the hat.

Perhaps I should explain the loss of the hat. On the 25th of May the National Press Club, with their distinguished guests, came to Quantico by a river boat for an outing. After a well-executed parade and review by the Fleet Marine Force and a number of thrilling weapon demonstrations and an aerial show by Aircraft One, everybody collected around the baseball diamond to watch the greatest event in history since Nero burned Rome—the baseball game between the Congressional Press Gallery and the House of Representatives of our national Congress. The game started with Congressman Kelly of Illinois at bat, Vice-President Garner as umpire behind home plate and General Hugh Johnson, foster father of that famous bird, the Blue Eagle, which defied all the gun-

ning sportsmen of Congress and Big Business until the Supreme Court recently declared "open season" on it, as base umpire. In donning all the regal equipment that goes with the umpiring job, the Vice-President found it inconvenient to wear that Texas hat of his and handed it to a Marine who has been identified as Staff Sergeant Justus. A short time later, but not until after Congressman Kelly had knocked a home run and many other events transpired, the Vice-President decided that umpiring the debates in our august Senate was buying fame at bargain rates as compared to umpiring this particular ball game, so he turned the task over to another. He then called for his hat and it was then discovered that it had disappeared. Staff Sergeant Justus has been

Saturday the 1st of June was an open date for the Marines of Quantico and they took advantage of it for week-end liberty. 'Tis said over cups of coffee that Saturday the 1st of June was an open date because the Union Station Porters could not get away on that day.

Referring again to that baseball game between the Press Gallery and Congress on the 25th, I forgot to say that the Congressmen won as they do in almost everything except their contests with the Supreme Court. They should have won though because, although some of 'em looked as if it had been many years since they had played on the town sandlot, there was plenty of evidence in their poise and swagger to indicate that they knew more about the real arts of the American game than the younger men of the Press who, in more recent years, have had so much to distract them from this particular type of sport.

Then there is the case of Gunnery Sergeant Brooks museling in on my racket of getting black eyes. He came in one night with a beautiful shiner. I have heard it said that Brooks now concedes the point to Brisbane and Hearst that aviation is one of the strongest arms of defense or offense—especially the aviation unit stationed at Brown Field here.

On Memorial Day, Sergeant Perry, Sergeant Ambrose and I decided to drive down to Wakefield, Virginia, to see the birthplace of George Washington. We found a very interesting spot there, with the old home rebuilt and including many interesting and ancient objects of and before Washington's time. However, we again failed in our objective which was to find the stump of that Cherry Tree. Before leaving Quantico, Perry suggested that we drive over to the barracks occupied by the 10th Marines and get "Ski" to go with us. I asked which "Ski" and he said "wait and see." When we arrived in front of the barracks and sounded the horn and yelled "Ski" I counted fourteen heads at the windows. Perry said "take your choice for they are all 'Ski'."

And of course we had the Rifle and Pistol competitions on the range under Lt. Col. S. S. Lee as Executive Officer. Some fine shooting was demonstrated. The Elliott Trophy Match was won by a team from the Post Service Battalion of this Post composed of Captain Davidson, Lieutenant Bethel and Corporals McMahill and Williby, with Chief Marine Gunner Lloyd as Coach. The Lauchheimer Trophy was won by Gunnery Sergeant Blakely of the Rifle Range Detachment.

Corporal Bowser of motion picture fame who also works behind the cash register in the Hostess House says "You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink; all that glitters is not gold; and Chesterfields satisfy." However, I contend that this is all beside the point. The only research work I ever did was in the arts

(Continued on page 45)

BROADCAST FOR THE AUGUST LEATHERNECK SHOULD REACH EDITORS BEFORE JULY 8

featured in newspapers by pictures showing him with the famous hat clutched grimly in his hands, but upon questioning he informs all concerned that he turned it over to a civilian who claimed to be the Vice-President's secretary.

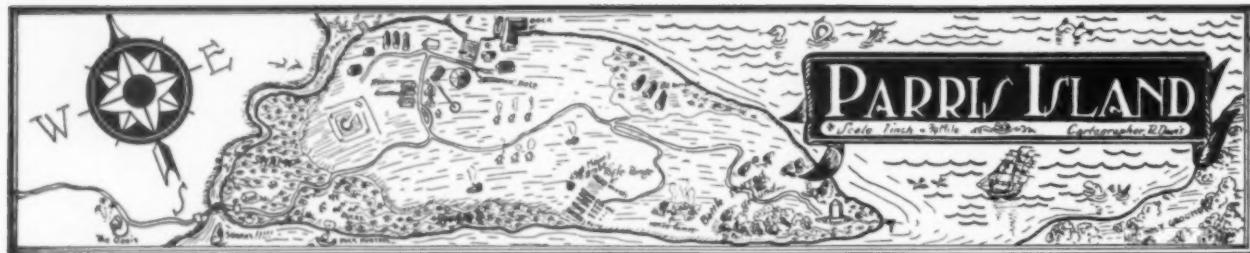
While the disappearance of the hat is still as mysterious as the disappearance of the USS. *Cyclops* during the World War, all this goes to prove one thing. If Justus' foresight had been as good as his hindsight is, he probably would be still holding onto that hat.

And we have had other distinguished visitors during the month of May. On the 11th (Saturday, of course) we had a group of Congressmen to look over our Post. The Fleet Marine Force put on their usual high grade parade and review and demonstrations and the Congressmen then looked over the Post and proposed sites for improvements.

On the 18th of May (Saturday again) the Washington Board of Trade (about 1,000 strong) had an outing at our Post with the usual parades, reviews, demonstrations, boxing and other entertainments.

On the 30th of May the Potomac Sailing Association (about twenty sailing craft) arrived at Quantico as the end of a race from Washington. They spent the nights of 30th and 31st May in our basin and ran races on the Potomac just off our Base on the 31st.

All these visiting parties called for lots of color, which all Marines have as a background; plenty of music and we are fortunate to have two bands; and oodles of good will and good cheer which we always have in abundance. We are always glad to see visitors as one of our mottoes is "Populum Servimus" or "We Serve the People."



Doctor Stork has been away on his vacation during the past month and we have no births to record. However, he is expected back soon, and then—!

Not changing the subject—carpenters are working, double-shift, on a two-room annex to the Post School Building, intended to accommodate the first and second grades, heretofore located in the Lutheran Building.

Business is booming over in Recruit Area. Our quota of recruits for June is 275 and they are coming in by bus and by train. Sergeant Tommy Burns, permanent Sergeant of the Guard in Recruit Area, is kept busy meeting them. He teaches them to right face and left face, and to step off with the left foot and then marches them over to their barracks where they are promptly issued their blue uniforms. Not the blues with the brass buttons and the red piping, however.

The corps of drill instructors has been augmented by the addition of quite a few non-commissioned officers who have been transferred here from other posts. Some of them have drilled recruits here, before. Without exception they appear to be well-seasoned non-coms, whose records show years of creditable service and valuable experience. Together with the well-qualified drill instructors who have been here for some time, they make a team that is turning out some mighty fine material.

Among these new arrivals are Sgt. "Four-Cigar" Rubenstein from San Diego; and also Cpl. Alton J. Moore. From the Philadelphia Navy Yard we received Sergeants Verna Dickey, Jessie R. Glover and Bruce Wilson; from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Sergeant John P. Sheridan (who will have been transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve with over twenty years honorable service by the time this appears in print), and Cpl. George Raymond; from Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.; Sgts. Albert P. Maltz and George H. Simmons; from Marine Barracks, Quantico, Sgt. Albert Gordon; from Marine Barracks, Pensacola, Corporals Charles R. Christenot and Millard L. Nicholson; from Marine Detachment, Receiving Ship, New York, Corporals John H. Rice and William W. Smith; from Fort Lafayette, New York, Corporal Willie B. Clanton; from South Charleston, West Virginia, Cpl. William H. Groves; from Great Lakes, Illinois, Cpl. Charles J. Maxey; and from Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Cpl. Joseph F. Patrick. Another new corporal in Recruit

Depot Detachment is Carl L. Propst, by virtue of promotion on May 13. Welcome to our city, and congratulations.

Two men in Service Company received their corporal warrants on June 1st: William Chiamar and John H. Wilson. And three men in Hq. and Hq. Company were appointed privates first class: John W. Dole, Herman L. McDavitt and Cecil F. Wagner. Pfc. John E. Jennings was appointed Pfc. on May 26th. Congratulations.

1st Sgt. Frank M. Hanrahan, who had been our Patrol Sergeant here for some little time, received a short-notice transfer to the Marine Detachment of the USS *Chaumont* on May 13th and was just able to catch his ship before she started on her trip to the West Coast. "Hole-in-one" Hanrahan is a first class First Sergeant and we were sorry to see him go. The men used to say of him, "He's hell on regulation, but then, you always know what to expect." Our loss is the *Chaumont*'s gain and we wish the "Top" all the luck there is on his new assignment of duty.

Pvt. Nick Stinnett, one of the chefs of the Rifle Range galley, has been granted a thirty-day furlough with permission to report for duty at Marine Barracks, Pensacola, Florida, on the expiration of his furlough.

We have just been reliably informed that, way back in 1926, one of the corporals recently transferred to Recruit Depot was selected by the movie stars, Ida Lupino and Lois Moran, as the handsomest Marine in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Willie B. popular at the Post dances here! Oh, boy!

The Major General Commandant has officially designated our new aviation landing field as "Page Field" in honor of the late Captain Arthur Hallett Page, who served in Marine Corps Aviation from January 16, 1918, to September 1, 1930, when he lost his life while competing in the National Air Races at Chicago, Illinois. Capt. Page was posthumously awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his pioneering work in instrument flying, and developing the message pick-up system now in use by military aviation of all nations. The field that has been named in his honor is, in the opinion of many, the best landing field that the Marine Corps has, today.

A Post Order recently promulgated under the heading of Portable Incinerators caused considerable consternation among our pipe-smokers. All pipes, it seemed,

were to be used under the supervision of the Post Police Officer, only. Unfortunately, however, the order applied only to portable trash incinerators.

On Memorial Day, May 30, a Military Field Mass for deceased members of the Marine Corps was conducted at the Civic Center, at the conclusion of which our (temporary) Post Commander, Col. Jesse F. Dyer, laid a wreath at the Monument. On Sunday, June 2, the Post joined the City of Beaufort in holding Memorial Day Exercises in the National Cemetery at that place. As usual, it started pouring down, raining, before the ceremonies were over. Something should be done about that.

1st Lt. Jesse S. Cook, Jr., a well-known figure at the Rifle Range, has been transferred to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston. Capt. Brady L. Vogt, popular Detachment Commander of the Recruit Depot Detachment, is slated for transfer to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, on or about July 15.

Sgt. Lawrence S. Demanche and his cane are being transferred to South Charleston, W. Va. He'd better be careful where he pokes that cane when he gets up there where all that ammunition is stored or he will find himself looking extinguished instead of distinguished.

Information has been received to the effect that Cpl. Henry B. Cain, Jr., until recently a Drill Instructor over in Recruit Area, has successfully passed all of his examinations and is to be commissioned a second Lieutenant in the Marine Corps early in June. Congratulations, Mr. Cain!

Have you ever heard of anyone having a father older than his grandfather? This Ripleyism may become a fact here on Parris Island one of these days. Cpl. Lloyd O. Williams of the Recruit Depot Detachment, recently became the proud step-father of Cpl. Jay W. McLaren, also of Recruit Depot, a fellow Drill Instructor, several years his senior in age and rank. Mack can tell Lloyd "where to get off" on the drill field but Papa Lloyd can certainly exert his parental authority and discipline at home.

Some of the old-timers who came through Receiving Barracks may be interested in learning that the old Recreation Hall, once the quarters of the late Hon. Edwin Denby, has been transformed into an ideal summer cottage for the Girl Scouts. The interior is used for a galley and mess-hall and a large screened-in porch, built along the entire length of the building, facing



the river, serves excellently as sleeping quarters.

The appearance of the Post Lyceum has been greatly enhanced by the installation of a beautiful theatre curtain that matches the color effect of the stage, and completely hides and shields the delicate and expensive movie screen, while the screen is not in use. It is ornamental—and useful, too.

The standings of the teams in the Interpost Soft Ball League (on June 8th) are as follows:

Teams	Won	Lost
Recruit Depot Detachment	4	1
Service Co.	3	2
Hq. and Hq. Co.	3	3
Island Patrol	2	3
Post Band	0	3

PLATOON NUMBER SEVEN

By J. F. Byers

It was on the morning of March 14, 1935, that this soon-to-be-forgotten platoon began its career as Marines. At 5:50 A. M., Sergeant Lee gave the whistle blast which caused 57 recruits to fall in formation for limbering up muscle and bone. This platoon of fresh meat was commanded by Sgt. W. H. Lee to start off with, but was under the command of several non-commissioned officers before the completion of training. The men having charge of this platoon were Sergeant Lee, who stood up for us at all times, Sergeant Slusser, the fellow with the best endurance count on Parris Island; Sergeant Clark, who received a fine reputation as a Marine while stationed in Nicaragua for five years; Corporal Kravitz, the distinguished pistol and rifle shot, and last but not least, Corporal Walker, who knows as much about military as any man of higher rank.

Three weeks of hard work were spent in the drill training of this platoon, Sergeant Lee giving us our instructions, assisted by Sergeant Clark on rifle positions and Corporal Kravitz on lining sights. After three weeks of drill instruction we packed heavies and moved to the rifle range for rifle training, also to study all types of firearms, which lasted about five weeks. This platoon had a higher percentage of men qualifying than any platoon to pass through Parris Island in many a day. We had two experts and nine sharpshooters.

After returning to the Main Station Recruit Area, we spent three days on the bayonet course, which was thought by many of the fellows to be the toughest part of the Marine training (maybe it was because they had to double-time so much).

When the whole platoon qualified on the bayonet course, we were given the privilege of doing one week of mess and guard duty. After this grudge was over with we went back on schedule for brush warfare, also scouting and patrolling. With this our Marine training was finished and at the time this article is being written we are packing our sea-bags for a journey to the Fleet Marine Force. (Or at least the majority of us are.)

Since our platoon subscribed to THE LEATHERNECK over 100 per cent strong, some of the boys wish to be in the lime-light, so I shall proceed to put them there. First is our famous Joseph W. Martin, Jr., the man with the biggest feet in the Marine Corps. After Martin I guess I'd better mention the squad from the hospital, which joined our platoon after re-

turning to the Main Station Recruit Area. This eight-ball squad was led by a sheep-herder from Texas known as "Tex" Wise. Next is "Slim" Robson, who won the reputation of being the best soldier in the platoon. Then there's Charlie Weidt, who claims to be a hash slinger from Noo Yawk. Of course, we can't forget Aikman and Roy, who caused much grief for many of the fellows. And Connolly, the Marine Corps Reserve Sergeant from Boston (but buck private to us), Freeman and Glass tried the get-rich-

quick idea by doing the other fellows' work for them. And now we'll never forget Waverly Elmo Yowell, better known as Baltimore to us, who was considered, in the platoon, to be an expert pistol shot, oysterman, sharpshooter with the rifle and nobody could name in public the platoon's thoughts for this Marine from Baltimore.

When this is published, platoon seven will be disbanded and scattered over Parris Island and the Fleet Marine Force, learning to be true Leathernecks.

Tropical Topics

PEARLS FROM PEARL HARBOR

By Lay

The Fleet's visit to Pearl Harbor during this year's maneuvers has been a source of both pleasure and plenty of extra work for the Marines of this post. Many have been the reunions of former buddies who made use of the pause that refreshes and the glass that cheers in the well known garden of the Post Exchange. When the fleet was in the harbor there was almost a continuous run of entertainment both here and in Honolulu; but there was plenty of work before the fun. Some of the men came off an early morning working party to go on guard and when relieved from guard the next morning found themselves snapping into some fresh clothing to stand an honor guard.

One of the most successful entertainments given here, an exhibit of Samoan and Hawaiian dancing, threatened, at first, to be a wash-out. However, like many things which get away to a poor start, it ended with a bang before an enthusiastic crowd. When the appointed evening arrived it was raining. The open-air boxing arena, remodeled by Jerry Cole to resemble a cut-a-way grass shack, was surrounded by wet seats. For some unknown reason the troupe of Hawaiian girls, which furnished the last half of the program, was introduced as a glee club. The singing was excellent. Their voices blended as well as any group of natives ever assembled, but their singing was as nothing compared to their dancing.

In fact, it must have served to stimulate interest in the native dances, because the next evening several men of this post were seen at Lalani Hawaiian Village.

Each day the Fleet was in the harbor, thousands of sailors went ashore and to keep the unending lines of traffic moving through the Yard, a special patrol was formed. Cpl. M. C. Smith, C. E. Johnsen, and J. Mihaylo, were placed in charge of the reliefs and Cpl. Billingsley, regularly acting patrol sergeant, supervised the whole. Lieutenant Thompson acted as patrol officer for the entire fleet.

Short-timer, Pfc. "Moose" Byers, big and long and for many months past the Colonel's chauffeur has been somewhat of a flutter lately. His conscientious concern for the efficient transportation of the Colonel and other high-ranking officials has been especially keen of late. In addition to that, there has been no let up to his social obligations. Not the least of his worries, according to his hurried rambles, is the fact that some woman is gunning for the LEATHERNECK correspondent because of some reference to Breezy, Osie, Byers, and 1443. It is all too complicated. Sympathetically, the correspondent hopes that Moose will be able to get to the bottom of whatever is troubling him before he leaves in July.

Many men who have made news for this article will be leaving in July with the largest detail of the year. One of them is Sergeant Konesky. His solos on the xylophone, his drumming in the band, and his leading of dance orchestras have been notable. As a parting gesture he has written a snappy and well balanced march which is named "Col. F. E. Evans" and dedicated to the Moroccan division of the French Foreign Legion. One of the features of the march is the effective use of a theme in the minor key. Colonel Evans,



Huskies Aboard Admiral Byrd's Flagship Jacob Ruppert



COCO SOLO MARINES ABOARD ADMIRAL BYRD'S FLAGSHIP JACOB RUPPERT,
AT CRISTOBAL, C. Z.

Left to right: Pvt. Doherty, Pvt. Peel, Dr. Perkins of Rutgers College (member of expedition), unidentified member of crew, Cpl. Carbone (Marine member of Expedition), unidentified member of crew, and Pvt. Anthony.

who has often demonstrated his appreciation of good music, is a leader much admired and respected by the members of his command; therefore Konesky's march has received marked applause whenever it has been played, not only for its merit as a march, but also as approval of its title.

The command welcomed two new officers on the 25th of May, 1st Lt. St. Julien R. Marshall and 1st Lt. John H. Coffman. This will be their first tour of duty in this post and it is hoped that it will be a thoroughly enjoyable one.

On the 25th Corporal Brunelle returned from the rifle matches and a furlough in the States. It was a gala day for him, because the cordial greetings of his friends was supplemented by the presentation of a sergeant's warrant. He has returned to his former duty of coach at the rifle range at Puuloa Point.

Speaking of First Sergeant Bissinger means thinking, as soon as the cogs can turn again, of his unflagging interest in the post's baseball team. His keen analysis of the game has played no small part in winning a large percentage of the games scheduled by the Post's Athletic Director, First Lieutenant Thompson. The games played against various ships have been won without exception. The result of the league games has been a different story, but persistent work by Coach Bissinger, Captain Billingsley, and Scorer O. B. Nettle, in ferreting out the weaknesses of the team seems to result in a steady strengthening and presages a victorious season.

"Yemassee" Carpenter is doing excellent work as leader of the pitching battery. Rumors of his regular work ashore and examples of his work on the field cause him to be known as a man of quality in any position. Drummer Kirkeby, supporting Carpenter as pitcher, is said to be working on a new musical number, "Under the Banyan Tree."

Last Sunday Agee's All Stars, a barracks pick-up team, came to the fore again by nosing out the Westloch horseshoe beaters. Although it must be admitted that some of the players had broken training by staying up all night they provided a game packed with much fun and plenty of

excitement. Even the consistent brow-beating by Westloch's Sergeant Hopper failed to bring his team to a par which could stand the onslaught of a team composed of such members as Corporal Duffy, new chief messman, pegger; Corporal Gross, chief baker and temporary "Y" soda jerker, catcher; "Snuffy" Martin, of the Q.M. Office, second base; Plumber Leady, who played somewhere between field and first base; and several others of no less fame and fortune.

To prove anything can happen—Damon made history by returning to the barracks at seven p. m. with money in his pocket, sober, and in his right mind. Not that he has acquired the habit of imbibing, but long evenings of dancing leave him a bit groggy the following morning.

The personnel of the Post Exchange is due for a turn over soon. Sergeant Jones is a short-timer along with beer baron Haygood, Oscar Barton, and Prevo. The present force has been efficient and popular and its breaking up is regretted by many members of this post.

First Sergeant Knowles is another who is near the end of his foreign shore service. The band, under his leadership, has played at many memorable functions, always with a finesse which might well be envied by any other organization of its size.

Inside dope: Prive First Class Rusk, most silent of men ordinarily, is the most talkative in the beer garden. . . . Osie has been seen making faces at the monkeys in Kapiolani Park in order to entertain his girl friend. . . . C. Mann and A. A. Dunnick are often seen down Waikiki Way. . . . O. D. Miller is clever in conversation especially in front of the bar. . . . Creyer and Healy are back from the hospital. . . . Ingle is doing duty at the Fleet Air Base. . . . Charette, Heinrich, and Pinky Wells are doing straight duty after spending some time at the Main Gate. . . . Tiny Reed has broken the spell and is going ashore regularly. . . . Logan Loposar is dreaming again. . . . Dave Morgan is back from the F. A. B. . . . There are nine new corporals in the making. . . . Private Bowman is assisting lifeguard Strand at the "Y" swimming pool. . . . Private First Class Kelly is working with McClellan at the Yard Communication Office during the stay of the Fleet. . . . Corporal Cretz has been placed in charge of the telephone Orderlies. . . . Fanny Brice and Volney McKelvy are returning to the States on the *New Mexico*; Brice to be paid off due to expiration of enlistment and McKelvy to be discharged for his own convenience to permit him to attend Penn State. . . . Billy Dousa has at last learned what Colonel Randall means by a "thingamabob" (a pick-up truck). Aloha Nui.

PANAMARINES

By The Sniper

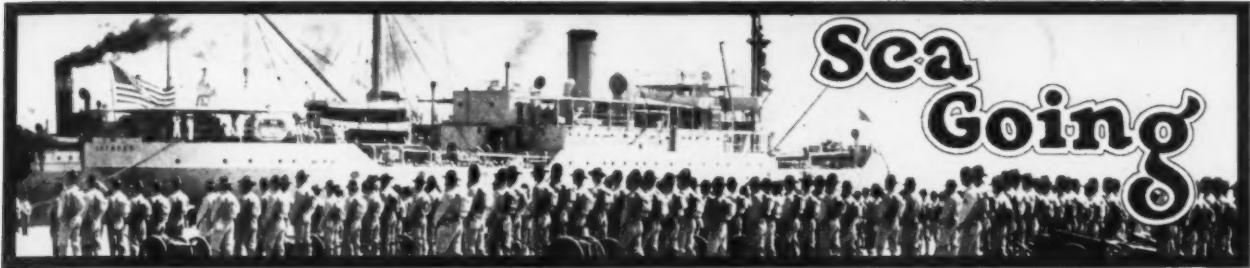
The rainy season is here and with it all the microscopic insects of the tropics. Flying ants, gnats, sand flies, cockroaches, mosquitoes, and other minute insects fill the air continuously, making the watches, especially at the Main Gate of the Base, miserable in general. But in spite of these few inconveniences everyone remains in the best of spirits.

We have recreation for all those who are athletic minded: a swimming pool is considered the best on the Isthmus, a

(Continued on page 47)



Bear of Oakland, Admiral Byrd Expedition Ship, Ties Up at Cristobal, C. Z., April 25, 1935



WITH THE AT 'EM MARINES

By P. T. Kavanaugh

To Sgt. Lamar Hathorn goes the orchid of the week. We feel that the *Pennsylvania* Marines will appreciate the various and heterogeneous outfits left on the dry dock at Hunters Point. Hathorn suggested that those paint-stained clothes would aid the boys from the Pennsy in carrying on the scraping and varnishing job on their ship. Arms akimbo our police sergeant Ingersoll stood and viewed his domain. Hats on lockers. Belts and bayonets hanging improperly pegged. A below and there to his side rushed those arrogant aids known as compartment cleaners. Those cleaners are persons to be abhorred for if in a lax moment one should chance to drop his blouse on the deck or his trousers where they fell or carelessly throw his field-scarf across a rack out of seemingly nowhere they pounce; charges fly thick and fast and the poor unfortunate caught in the act has to do the work of the compartment cleaner while that ghoulish person grins in the usual ghoulish manner. The performance is practically a daily one and worth watching. We have to admit that the compartment shows the effect of all this vigilance. We are, nevertheless, agin it.

Some people cut paper dolls others talk to themselves while still others roll on well rounded heels. Rice, our top bugler, shows his touch of genius by continuously dialing different stations on our new radio. Stop it.

Poor old Clark is losing his hair again. His excuse this time is that the ice they serve in cocktails in California is terrible and goes right to the head.

If the doors leading into the Marine compartment were big enough we could look forward to stretching a hammock alongside number one motor boat. The minute the ship gets underway everything loose on the quarterdeck is piled in heaps in our igloo.

The sudden starboard list . . . "Woppo" Murphy is with us again after a fifteen-day leave. Corporal Jones says Herbie Hauck is going to realize what the boys are saying to him and then watch the fireworks. Some wit remarked that in two more months Corporal Morton will have broken Jughead Pearson's record at clinging to a battleship. Even now the lad is stanchion dizzy.

Notes the home folks will enjoy: McAnulty and Ball in the New Nudist movement. The movement consisted of a trip from the fo'e'sle to the Master-at-arms.

Blue water and star-lit nights awakens something in all of us. Gracefully on Piazza's shoulders is draped the poet's mantle. Broadside Poet Laureate "Sally."

One of life's tender moments: McCrory, our miles ahead candidate for honors in the Lon Chaney colony, deeply studying a prospectus from a cosmetic concern on the value of physical beauty. And filling out the return blank.

Short Shaving: Sergeant Ingersoll's heard-around-the-world remark: You're never overleaved when you come back in the patrol boat. O yea! Levko teaching Taylor the Russian Ballet. Clark rendering that touching little ditty, "Grand-Pop." Stockinger hunting for a kernel of garlic; keep to windward of him after he makes a liberty. Boland trying to hock his watch. Private Dickerson, our gift from Texas, saw a friend of his with a ten dollar bill; his speech on the brotherly love involved in Huey Long's share-the-wealth-plan was a masterpiece in art but netted exactly nothing.

Around the radio surcharged tension grew. Stringed instruments wailed in typically Hawaiian fashion. The Island . . . hula girls and glorious leis . . . that's the stuff . . . only the Island can put out music like that. Stand by for station announcements. The time exactly 809% this KCL, Salt Lake City. Phooey.

The Army has mules and the Navy is burdened with brayers too . . . barbers. Those holes in the quarterdeck? Why that's where the Marines have been snapping in, they make holes for their elbows to fire in the prone position.

Heaven help the heavy fighting ships if Arthur Brisbane ever hears of the prominent part played by a destroyer in the recent "War-games." Piazza prododded for amusing events in his early youth by the lads in condition watches told how the proudest day in da old man's

life was when the family got together and put bicycle wheels and tires on the fish wagon. "My father, you bet, had the fastest fish wagon on the street," added this dusky son of Italy.

MARYLAND MURMURS

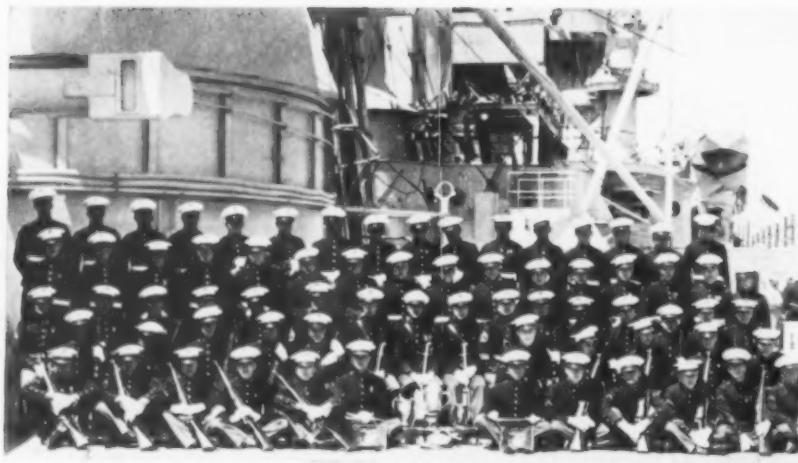
By Bill

The "Big Mary's" Marine whaleboat crew won the battleship trophy with little effort. They took the lead at the beginning of the race, and continued to widen the gap with each successive stroke. And now comes the day when the best crews of the fleet compete for all fleet champs. They are lined up, each coxswain holding up his hand. The one pounder roars and they are off, with the *Maryland* Marines not getting any too good a start. The Arizonians took the lead and their stroke made it look bad for their competitors, but before they reached the half-way mark, the "Big Mary's" crew had climbed into the lead. The Arizonians' stroke faltered and almost broke, but with grim determination they hung on, although their strength was gone. The *Salt Lake City*'s Marine crew passed the *Arizona* boys and the battle was on between the *Salt Lake City* and *Maryland* crews. The gap was widened and shortened spasmodically, but the *Maryland* Guard's crew was unsurpassable and crossed the finish line about three boat lengths to the good. This is the third consecutive year for the guard to hold the Battle Force Trophy and the second year for the All Fleet Championship.

The *Maryland* Marines are not only honored for their unsurpassed record in whaleboating, but the guard measures in most every activity. They were awarded the



Arizona Marines



MARYLAND MARINES

Top row, left to right: Pts. L. W. Radloff, L. J. Russo, P. Webb, H. C. Hall, E. L. Martin; Pfc. A. P. Ayers, G. M. Bessent, Pts. W. T. Deck, A. Dumont, C. W. Huff, R. E. Knight, C. L. Giese, B. G. Goodknight; Pfc. A. O. Nelson; Pts. J. H. Harris, I. R. Schatte. Fourth row: Pvt. M. "J." Rowell, Pfc. G. E. Wilcox, Pts. G. L. Balthore, W. E. Marke, S. E. Vanzant, J. L. Dorsey, A. J. Desmond, V. T. Hicks, J. R. Koller; Pfc. M. A. Ballinger; Pts. H. S. Teklinski, L. C. Smith, Jr.; Pfc. H. H. Humm; Pts. W. A. Frain, W. F. Welter, P. W. Bert. Third row: Cpl. C. R. Hoag, G. De Celis, H. E. Smalley, D. Ellington; Sgt. H. E. Barieau; Gy-Sgt. J. N. Olmsted; 1st Lt. J. T. Wilbut; Capt. P. S. Geer; 2nd Lt. P. E. Wallace; 1st Sgt. C. Larsen; Sgts. J. J. Whittington, M. J. Gerschoffer; Cpl. H. G. Feagan, C. N. Hunt, K. B. Hicks, C. B. Kjorlien. Second row: Pvt. J. P. Gillette; Pfc. J. P. Jacobs; Pvt. H. M. Thue; Pfc. V. C. Golden; Pvt. G. L. Morey; Pfc. C. W. Crumly; Pts. L. W. Martin, W. S. Shirk, R. A. Fleagle, I. R. Brown. Sitting: Pfc. E. A. Wright, F. H. Cole, D. L. Robertson, R. F. Poche, R. B. Maley; Tprs. S. J. Potts, E. M. Hess; Pfc. S. G. Northern, J. A. Deane, J. T. Sorey, F. E. Pick, E. T. Dorr. List of names of the cups in the first row, from left to right: All Fleet Marine Whale-boat Trophy, Sons of the Revolution Cup, and the Battle Force Marine Whale-boat Trophy.

Sons of the Revolution Cup for the year 1934 and are doing their best to live up to the high standards set during that year. This cup is given to the best all around detachment in the fleet and it is a great honor to be presented with this trophy.

The Franklin Wharton Cup for excellence in Rifle Practice was formally presented to the "Big Mary's" detachment by Captain D. C. Bingham, U.S.N. This cup was won by the *Maryland* Guard in 1933 but was not presented until lately, because it had, for some unknown reason, been delayed in its trip from the Philippines. It is a great honor for a ship's detachment to win this cup, and the *Maryland* Detachment is the third in the fleet to be so honored.

The following is a list of the organizations who have won this trophy between the years 1918 and 1933.

Figure of
Merit

1918	114th Company, U. S. Marines	817
1919	94th Company, U. S. Marines	858
1920	114th Company, U. S. Marines	7214
1921	187th Company, U. S. Marines	741
1922	39th Company U. S. Marines	801
1923	59th Company, U. S. Marines	800
1924	117th Company, U. S. Marines	771
1925	41st Company, U. S. Marines	787
1926	92nd Company, U. S. Marines	775
1927	Marine Barracks, Lakehurst, New Jersey	4613
1928	Marine Barracks, Annapolis, Maryland	4605
1929	Marine Barracks, Annapolis, Maryland	4440
1930	Marine Detachment, U.S.S. <i>Florida</i>	4577
1931	Marine Detachment, U.S.S. <i>Texas</i>	4520

1932	Marine Barracks, Olongapo, Philippine Islands	4662
1933	Marine Detachment, U.S.S. <i>Maryland</i>	4324

The *Maryland* was awarded the Short Range Trophy for the highest score obtained at short range and of course the Marines did their share by holding down six of the 12 five inch guns which took part in this firing.

MINNIE'S MINNOWS

By Joseph York

Today is Mothers' day. The Marine Detachment observed this day up here in Alaska by every member, who has a mother still living, writing her a few lines from this desolate waste. Way up here on the rim of nowhere is a chain of islands named "Aleutian," extending in the western direction from the peninsula of Alaska. There are one hundred and fifty of these islands, of which the islands Unimak and Unalaska are the largest. The inhabitants are nearly all Aleuts, people allied with the Eskimos. These islands were discovered by Bering, in 1728, and the entire population does not number over fifteen hundred. The women are not hard to look at, but the men tend to be heavy and tow headed, probably due to lack of exercise while young. The small village of Iliuliuk, on the island of Unalaska, and within sight of where this ship is anchored, has a population of between three and four hundred and is the largest settlement up in these parts.

The Naval Radio Station is situated at Dutch Harbor, which is separated from Iliuliuk by a narrow channel. Many years

ago, during the gold rush days of the Yukon, it was impracticable for the prospectors going north from the States to make the entire trip in one season. It was necessary to have a half-way place to stop over during the winter and continue on in the spring as soon as the thaw came along. This half-way place was found in Dutch Harbor and Iliuliuk—which I name the twin-villages of Unalaska. In 1918 the good ship U. S. S. *Saturn*, visited here and the officers and crew took upon themselves to place a brass chest containing a book on top of "Ballyhoo" mountain, which boasts a height of 1,600 feet in a climb of less than three mountains and rises in a steady slope from Dutch Harbor. Mt. Ballyhoo overlooks Dutch Harbor and Iliuliuk, taking into view Captains Bay and most of the harbor where we now await further orders. This book is signed by every person who climbs the mountain; the original book has been filled and the second book is half-way of being filled. The top of this baby mountain is nearly always fog-bound. The surrounding country is barren of trees, but the rock formations are very interesting. They are of different shades, strata going in all directions, no doubt caused by volcanoes. There are one or two still active volcanoes on some of the Aleutian islands (or Catherine Archipelago), sometimes called the Fox Islands. There are no cattle here; I have not seen a chicken; and the only living animals are dogs and foxes.

It is a strange country, and one must be rugged to brave the climate. We leave here for Tropical climes, which we will welcome.

On the 19th of May, 1935, the U.S.S. *Minneapolis* will be one year old (since date of commissioning). During this time she has left a wake from the still Baltic waters of Finland, to the foggy banks of Alaska. The seven seas have caressed her bow; the four winds have kissed her shrouds. She is a full fledged daughter of Neptune, and a member of the great U. S. Navy.

Advance orders have been received for the detachment of 1st Lieutenant Frederick L. Wieseman, who is to be replaced by Second Lieutenant Weber, some time in June. Good luck to you, Mr. Wieseman; sorry to see you go. We have finally won our contention that Marines should man (with complete crews) Anti-Aircraft Guns Nos. 1 & 2, also full crews for the forward machine-guns. Mr. Snedeker, our Detachment Commander, in addition to his many duties aboard, is now editor of the ship's newspaper—and the way he does things means that it will be a success or something will bust. We are all with him and will cooperate in every way.

Gentlemen—adios.

CHICAGO RACKETEERS

By Good Lookin' 'n Wilson

After almost a year's absence from THE LEATHERNECK the Gyrenes on the *Chicago* return to the fold. Many ports we have visited and many of the old salts have been transferred, but the cruise most recent in our minds is the execution of Fleet Problem 16.

Of course the fellows enjoyed the pleasure trip to Honolulu and the Midway Islands. Such things as general quarters and conditions too did not feaze the Chi' Leathernecks at all. The old G. Q. gong seemed to be a cue to many to turn over in their bunks. Grunts, groans and growls were many but it was noted that the fifth division was one of the first divisions to man their stations. Now the battle is over

and the *Chicago* devil-dogs are taking Honolulu into camp.

Our detachment is commanded by 1st Lt. H. J. Withers, with 1st Lt. R. E. Fojt second in command. The senior non-coms are 1st Sgt. Albert S. Borek and Gunnery Sergeant Stagg. Sergeant Rush cracks the whip in the Marine compartment as the police sergeant, assisted by Cpl. Jack (Eveready) Jordan. Sgt. F. W. Moeller controls the property department; his one ambition is to prevent Pfc. "Hank" Dittman from getting a field cot. (Private First Class Dittman threatens to get an injunction from the Vallego Police-court demanding one.)

Pfcs. Kurtz, "Minnie" Mansfield, "Prince Alex" Veneski and Cpl. "Starving Armenian" Nahory have left us for San Diego and will be missed by all. We thought we saw a tear in Pvt. Joe Blankenburg's eye as Nahory left, as they were real buddies and shipmates.

The latest sensation occurred when Pfc. "Gong" Groshong turned into his bunk (which was full of sand), and upon rising the next morn declared that he never had a better night's sleep.

Here's some of the jabber overheard by your reporter in the Marine compartment.

Pvt. Bowen:—It won't be like this on the beach.

Sgt. Moeller:—“Shine all buckets” “When I was in Tientsin.”

Sgt. Rush:—“You're a gentleman and a scholar” (if you buy the gedunks).

Cpl. Jordan:—“Ever Ready for action, dat's me.”

Cpl. Kennedy:—“Just a lonesome yodeling cowboy.”

Pfc. Groshong:—“FOUR no trump.”

Pvt. Woods:—“DOUBLE!”

Cpl. Howell:—“Redoubled.”

Note:—To Cpl. Howell's dismay the "Goon" bid seven spades and was set five doubled and redoubled.

Pfcs. Sapp and Lanier:—“We're from Georgia.”

Pvt. “What country is that in?”

Pvt. J. A. Smith:—“When I won on the Nevada.”

Q. “Why did Pfc. Rose buy a pair of aviation goggles?”

A. by Pfc. Sobieraj:—“To wear on a twelve-to-four condition watch on the after machine guns.”

WYOMING'S ROAMINGS

By "Cliff"

Fellows, when this copy gets to D. C. the Marines aboard the *Wyoming* will be on the weary way across the stormy Atlantic; and when you see same in print we will have been ashore in the lovely land where the "White Horse" comes from.

As for the news of the past month there is but little to say, but I will try to make it readable. Of course, since just leaving dry-dock, there was considerable work to be done in preparation for Admiral's Inspection, which occurred on May 17th. After taking the inspecting party aboard we put out to sea so that emergency drills could be carried out while underway. As usual the Marine Detachment was commended on its excellent appearance. First Lieutenant Mahoney of the Flagship Arkansas inspected the guard. On May 13th our junior Marine officer, 2nd Lt. E. C. Best, was detached from the ship and went to Quantico in order to fire in the Elliot Trophy matches. Thence he will proceed to the naval air station at Pensacola where he will undergo training in the

(Continued on page 46)

West Coast News

RECRUIT DEPOT, MARINE BASE

By W. C. H.

Join the Marine Corps and see the world's exposition. That should be a good selling-point, for now we have that attraction at our very door.

The boys are taking Greeley's advice and going west, via the luxury-liner, *Chaumont*. Recruit Depot has been enhanced by the arrival of 118 rated musics and recruits from Parris Island, headed by Drummer-Sergeant Cox and Trumpeter-Sergeant Greene.

The musics will have an excellent opportunity to see the exposition, for Gunner Talbot has snipped off everyone with a trumpet for the field music section of the band. The gunner has composed a stirring march, dedicated to the exposition, another example of the Marines' all-around ability.

Gunnery-Sergeant Cruikshank, Sergeant Hackman and Corporal Riggs are on special temporary duty at the Federal



Sgt. Major P. V. Devine

Building, while Sergeant Karynske may be seen strolling down the Midway wearing a big juicy MP badge on his arm. Not bad jobs, with subsistence pay and all.

Most important of the month's news has to do with the retirement of Sgt-Maj. Philip V. (Paddy) Devine. Paddy has completed thirty years, two months and thirteen days' honest and faithful service in the U. S. Marine Corps and retired Friday, May 31. A parade was held in his honor—a full battalion of Recruit Depot personnel, most of whom have answered fewer chow calls than Devine has pay calls.

REPORT THE NEWS OF
YOUR STATION

Sergeant-Major Devine first enlisted April 22, 1905. In 1906, he was on expeditionary duty in Panama. His first sea duty was aboard the old U.S.S. *Tennessee* in the years 1908-09. He was next on expeditionary duty in Nicaragua, 1909-10; and in the 1st and 2nd Provisional Regiments in Cuba during the years 1911 to 1913. Devine was then transferred back to Nicaragua in 1914, but not for long, next turning up at Vera Cruz in the same year.

The years 1917 and 1918 were spent in Nicaragua, and then he got a break, spending the years 1920-22 at Headquarters, Washington, D. C. From there, he went to Peking, China, 1922-24; and next was back in the tropics, Haiti, this time, from 1926 to 1928.

Paddy Devine joined the Recruit Depot Detachment October 16, 1929, and remained here until his retirement, being promoted to Sergeant Major, May 1, 1935. During his long and honorable career, Sergeant-Major Devine has received many citations for valor and efficiency, and numbers among his medals the following: Victory Medal, Mexican Expeditionary Medal, Panama Expedition (numerical 3), Second Nicaraguan, Good Conduct Medal with four bars, and others.

His many friends here, and throughout the Marine Corps join in wishing him a long and happy cruise on the outside.

We also lose another good soldier, Cpl. E. T. Gray, who also answers to the name of Tommy. Gray is a mere recruit, compared with Sergeant-Major Devine, but has distinguished himself in action in Nicaragua.

While serving as 2nd Lieutenant in the Nicaraguan Guardia, Gray, in command of an outpost, had several contacts with Sandino's men. Most noted of these were four hard fights near the Neptune mine, where Gray, with a handful of men, routed over 200 of the enemy, capturing \$7,000 worth of supplies and ammunition. For these and other contacts, Gray was awarded the Navy Cross and the 2nd Nicaraguan Expeditionary Medal. The Nicaraguan Government presented him with the Cross of Valor in recognition of his services.

Corporal Gray obtained his discharge from the Marine Corps in order to join the U. S. Customs Border Patrol. We are sorry to lose him, but glad he has the opportunity to better himself. Good luck, Tommy.

We now have as our new Top Kick, First Sergeant Stone, who joined from Samoa, where he was in command of the Fita-Fita Guard, and chief of police of the island. Gunnery Sergeant Nixon is with us again. He has been in charge at Camp Kearney for several months, but on receiving his promotion to gunnery-sergeant was relieved by Sgt. Nels Blunck, also of Recruit Depot, and has now relieved Gunnery-Sergeant Cruikshank as field sergeant major.

During the month of May, Recruit Depot has received about ninety recruits, and has sent approximately the same number of MARINES to Mare Island, Bremerton, Sunnyvale, and other land stations. The presence of the *Chaumont* in the stream causes us to predict a long, long journey for many of those recruits who are nearly through training.



MARINE DETACHMENT, NAVAL AMMUNITION DEPOT, MARE ISLAND, CALIF.

Left to right: 1st row—Cpls. Scott, Allen, Burleson; Sgt. Griffin; 1st. Sgt. White, NCO in Charge; Sgt. Duveene; Cpls. Clegg and McManus, and Pvt. White, S. 2nd row—Pvt. Floyd, Vrana, Dubicki, Johnson, Berge, Ray, "Pop" Carroll, Jura, Isola, Reibold, Enders, and Rhodes. 3rd row—Pvts. Ditlevson, Schultz, Dohr, Yewdall, Smith, N. "OK," Glass, White, J. V., Wright and Plantz.

RIFLE RANGE DETACHMENT, MCB, SAN DIEGO

By L. Walker

Sweet springtime is rolling merrily along with the San Diego (La Jolla) rifle range carrying a full guest house. Re-qualification men from North Island Aviation (Aircraft Two, FMP) and Co. H, 2nd Battalion, Sixth Marines, FMF from the Base are up for a week or two. Sgt. John Kuhar and a platoon of brand new Marines are having a week of intensive school range activity before going on the Springfield firing squad.

Biggest single piece of news concerning a member of the range detachment at present is that in regards to promotion of James H. Nelson from gunnery sergeant to sergeant-major. Maj. John A. Gray, Commanding Officer, delivered official notice of promotion to Sergeant-Major Nelson on the morning of May 3rd, with congratulations. And congratulations of all range hands go with it. Sergeant-Major. Sergeant-Major Nelson first entered the military service in 1904, enlisting in the Coast Artillery Corps. His Marine Corps service began just before the entry of the United States into the World War and has continued to date. He will retire June 1, 1935, on 30 years.

Since the departure of the medal shooters for the East Coast some new faces from many points north, south, east and west have made their appearance. Gy-Sgt. Geo. B. Connolly arrived recently from California. Cpl. J. W. Dorsey, W. N. Krebsbach, R. D. Ludgate, R. E. McKinney, W. N. McLin, LeR. Turner and A. J. Walla, Pvts. H. E. Reed and L. A. Walker are late arrivals. Sgt. E. C. Harris and Cpl. L. W. Brunelle and R. D. Henderson have returned from furlough.

Our ace mess sergeant, John Bambalere,

has been overwhelmed on several occasions by offerings from the salt water fishermen belonging to the permanent detachment. Seems these lads go out on the week-ends and always come back with the big, big catch. One of the stories going about the range is that Chief Marine Gunner William Liske got a bite last Saturday near the Coronado Islands but in the action that followed Mr. Yellowtail, not desiring to decorate the mess table with his presence later on, simply got away. There'll be another bite later on, maybe. The haul for two Saturdays now has been sufficient to give all hands a fish dinner, ably cooked by Messrs. Eickelberry and Mendoza, of the Bambalere staff. Orchids to the fishermen!

One of the shacks along permanent detachment row now houses a new soft drink and peanuts stand and Cpl. Johnny Jennings, our post exchange salesman, has moved his entire stock of merchandise in the rear of same. Quite a few of the boys get around to the post exchange now and then. Business is in no slump at this corner.

1st Sgt. Cecil C. Paquette has gone to the Idaho, leaving matters temporarily with Cpl. H. D. Foster, our detachment clerk, until 1st Sgt. Barton W. Stone, formerly of Tutuila, Samoa, reports from furlough.

There have been chain letter invasions hereabouts, too. Cpl. Ray Hoenk reports he has received three; ten, twenty-five and dollar ones. But the chain stopped right there, Ray said. Willoughby, our range clerk, also received a couple of the "prosperity" messages. From all indications, this locality has not been a fertile field for the craze.

Allow us to close, Mr. Broadcaster, with these few words of greeting. Will try and see you another time. Best wishes, RRDet, MCB, San Diego.

BASE NEWS

By D.S.C.

DELTENY of excitement and a chain of events has driven Old Man Ennui into hiding here on the West Coast. We don't suppose any of you are going to make the same mistake that Gracie Allen made about our local exposition. You may recall that she told her stooge she was going to visit the Chicago Century of Progress. "Why, Gracie," he said patiently, "you know the Century of Progress is over." "No it isn't," she contradicted, "they've moved it out to San Diego."

Anyway, the San Diego Fair opened with a bang, seventeen of them, to be correct, fired from saluting guns. A detachment of Marines escorted Secretary Roper; William Phillips, undersecretary of state; President Belcher, and other members of the official party to the Federal Building. Fifty thousand people jammed into the grounds the first day.

A few days before the opening of the Fair, officially termed The California Pacific International Exposition, which is too long unless one is getting paid two-bits a word for turning out copy, Colonel Henry L. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, arrived at the Base. Colonel Roosevelt, who is the fourth of that illustrious name to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was on an inspection tour of shore establishments prior to his departure for Hawaii.

The Assistant Secretary was guest at a dinner party at Augua Caliente, given by Colonel Ira C. Copley. Among the guests were General McDougal; Major John W. Thomason, Jr.; Captain B. C. Allen; Captain W. P. Scott, and others of importance in the military circles.

Major Thomason, Marine Aide to the Assistant Secretary, is reported to be writing another classic of the Civil War to follow the highly successful "Jeb Stuart." For the past ten years the major's literary and art work has created a favorable impression on the reading public.

Well, the great sea war is over. After six weeks of intensive duty in the far Pacific, the most intensive maneuvers in the peace time history of the U. S. Navy, San Diego is alive with liberty parties.

Everyone who could went ashore, to make the most of the ten-day respite, before the fleet starts breaking into smaller units to depart for various Pacific ports for Fourth of July celebrations.

By the way, stand by for a special WEST COAST issue of THE LEATHERNECK in September. Sergeant Douglas S. Catchim has been sent from THE LEATHERNECK office in Washington, D. C., to the San Diego Base for the purpose of representing the magazine at that post. For this special issue we should like all available news of West Coast activities. Let the rest of the Marine Corps know what is happening out here.

For a special feature we shall publish WHO RAISED THE AMERICAN FLAG IN OLD SAN DIEGO? By Winifred Davidson. History tells us that the first flag of the United States raised in California was by Colonel John C. Fremont, July 29, 1846. Miss Davidson reveals evidence that "the tribute paid to Colonel John C. Fremont (who had he been alive would have disclaimed the honor) was due Lieutenant Stephen Clegg Rowan, USN, commanding a Marine guard and a few sailors."

We intend, in the WEST COAST issue, to tell you about the Marines regularly on duty at the San Diego Exposition, publish photographs of the Exposition and the Ma-

(Continued on page 48)

SPORTS

SLANTS ON SHANGHAI SPORTS

The Peiping Legation Guard basketball team visited Shanghai for a series of games with the Fourth Marines in which the Fourth was victorious in three straight games. The score of the first game was 53-34, the feature of which was the excellent exhibition of all-round play by "Red" Murphy who seemed to have really found himself at the close of the season. It was the first season of basketball for Murphy with the Fourth and great things are expected of him in the future.

With the close of the basketball season it is quite fitting that the credit for the successful season enjoyed by the Fourth Marines belong to Frank Berecz, team captain, who has played an inspired game throughout the past season. Berecz was one of the two veterans left when the season opened and faced a double charge—that of continuing his own fine play of last year and that of leading a team of newcomers who had never played in Shanghai before. That he was able to discharge both duties very well is shown by the records. The team's play in both leagues was excellent, and Berecz individually, enjoyed the best season of his career.

With the wholesale transfer of officers and enlisted men to the States, we have lost our number one baseball arbiter in the person of Marine Gunner Murphy. Before Mr. Murphy left for the States, he was presented with a fine statuette of a baseball player by the Motor Transport Company, of which he was an officer. The Fourth Marines will no doubt feel the loss of such a fine and conscientious sportsman.

With the coming of spring, the Marines have turned to track and with this turn Adams of the Fourth has jumped into prominence over night by winning a cross country trial run sponsored by the Shanghai Athletic Club. Menard also finished well up in the running, so the prospects for another Hazeltine are beginning to look bright.

Everything getting springy; the Second Battalion is now in the midst of an Indoor Beer League and at the present time Headquarters Company seems to have the better of the going.

Now what do we find! The rough-riding bronco busters of "E" Company have won the Low Down Polo league and with it the World's Low Down Polo Championship. This classic event of the year was played at the Navy Y.M.C.A., and "E" defeated "H" in a game replete with thrills throughout. After win-

ning the championship the "E" aggregation was requested to play an All Star team selected from the other teams of the league. They also won this game by a two point margin.

The Inter-Company swimming competition finds "H" Company of the Second Battalion leading by one-half point at the present writing, closely followed by

"A" and Service Company. It is a very close race with several swimmers developing fast.

The Second Battalion has successfully retained the Inter-Battalion track and field championship, beating the First Battalion for the new Gande Challenge Shield 95 to 47. From all indications the Fourth will not be as short in track material as was first thought. Several of the new men showed up surprisingly well for the earliness of the season and it is expected that they will be able to win the spring meet again this year.

BIG SPORTS PROGRAM BEING ARRANGED FOR BROOKLYN RESERVE MARINE BATTALION



THE most ambitious athletic program ever undertaken by a Marine Corps Reserve organization is in process of completion at the Third Fleet Battalion, stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Basketball, football, track events and boxing will be among the things listed for the Fall and Winter months. The Battalion basketball team last season made an enviable record, losing but five games out of twenty-five played.

The new season will see a fine addition to the basketball squad in Lt. Van Vechten Veeder, who is a former Harvard athlete, and is six feet four inches tall. He will fill the vacancy at the center position vacated by Pvt. Jean Edelstein who will not be available this Fall. Several new candidates for the squad will report to Coach O'Connell (Captain FMCR) early in September in preparation for a long schedule.

The Battalion may be represented by a good football squad on local gridirons this Fall, as many of the Battalion members played football in college or on professional teams, and a summer call for candidates was issued at the camp at Sea Girt in June, with a large squad reporting. No football coach has been assigned as yet.

With many former track stars among the Battalion personnel a team is to be developed and entered in local meets this winter. In addition it is hoped to have a boxing team to enter amateur contests in and around New York City, while a deck tennis outfit was presented to the Battalion by Maj. B. S. Barron, FMCR, the commanding officer. A series of intra-battalion contests in basketball, handball, tennis and boxing has been under consideration.

There is also a possibility of an officers' basketball team for the Third Battalion, as in addition to Lieutenant Veeder, Major Barron, Captain Dolan, Captain O'Connell, Captain Carey, Lieutenant Lindlaw, Lieutenant Persky have all had school or college basketball experience, and if they are able to get into playing condition may represent the Battalion with an all-officer squad. The Reserve building has a fine court which has been the scene of more than two score exciting contests during the past eighteen months.

Company D leads in athletics, inasmuch as virtually all its commissioned and enlisted personnel were former college or high school athletes and will be well represented in all phases of sports this year again. Free hours at summer camp were filled with sporting activity in preparation for Fall and Winter competition. An invitation is issued to all other Reserve battalions having athletic teams, and near enough to New York for convenient travel, to communicate with the Battalion with a view to arranging competition between various outfits in different sports.



The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

THIRD FLEET RESERVE BATTALION COMPLETES CAMP DUTY; PLANS LAND-SEA-AIR MANEUVERS

ITS first summer camp duty completed June 30th, the new Third Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, returned to its base at the Brooklyn Navy Yard with renewed enthusiasm in their work and plans for an unusually active late summer and winter drill and maneuver season. Commanded by Maj. Bernard S. Barron, FMCR., the organization presented a splendid appearance at Sea Girt, where it was encamped with the 1st, 4th and 6th Reserve Battalions. (At the time this was written details of the Battalion's work at Sea Girt were not available, and will be told in subsequent issues of *THE LEATHERNECK*.)

Created on February 1st of this year, and with the necessity of recruiting a complete new company (Company "A"—Capt. John J. Dolan commanding) and filling up several other companies to strength, the Third Battalion arrived at Sea Girt with its full complement of four companies, headquarters unit, and its own Battalion band which participated in all ceremonies during the two weeks of encampment. Regular Marine Corps officers came from Quantico to act as special inspector-instructors with each company of the four battalions and aided materially in the work of bringing the Reserve troops to a peak of efficiency.

Prior to going to Sea Girt, the Third Battalion had been most active. On Monday night, May 20th, the entire Battalion was inspected by Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, USN, commandant of the New York Navy Yard and of the Third Naval District. This marked the first time the entire Battalion had ever been assembled on the drill floor of the Reserve Building, and in their summer field uniforms, guidons and colors, they made a fine appearance. The Battalion band played for the

inspection, and at its conclusion Admiral Stirling congratulated the officers and men for their fine appearance, and told them he was proud to have them under his command. He promised them that in the event the heavy Naval building program necessitated taking over the Reserve building, that he would make every effort to have a new building of their own constructed from the Federal funds available for such public works. Prior to the inspection the Admiral entertained Major Barron at dinner at the former's home in the Yard.

On Memorial Day the Battalion, minus its band which had been assigned prior to the Battalion's creation to another parade, made a fine showing in the Brooklyn parade, and with the Civil War veterans, received the greatest ovation as they passed in review, in their blue uniforms, white caps and belts. Companies B, C and D participated and followed the main parade. Companies B and C participated in other parades in the afternoon in different parts of Long Island.

The night following Memorial Day, the entire battalion again assembled in the Reserve Building and were inspected by Maj. Dean Kalbfleisch, USMC., the inspector-instructor of the area, and again were commended by the inspecting officer for the appearance and efficiency. Major Kalbfleisch spoke to the men of the coming camp duty and urged them to their best efforts there. Rev. John H. Clifford, honorary chaplain of the Marine Corps, also was present at the inspection. Following the battalion inspection, Company D, commanded by Capt. Milton V. O'Connell, performed a formal guard mount, using the Battalion band for this ceremony for the first time.

Immediately upon its return from Sea

Girt, the Battalion began preparations for the largest Marine Corps Reserve land-sea-air maneuvers ever held. The locale of the maneuvers, which will be overnight on a week-end in August, will be either the north or south shore of Long Island. A fleet of civilian cruisers is being mobilized to provide the sea transportation and participation in the "enemy attacks" from the sea, while the defending troops will be transported by trucks. Aircraft from the VO-6 Squadron, FMCR, commanded by Maj. Stephen McClellan, FMCR, will participate in both the offensive and defensive movements, coming over sea from Floyd Bennett Field. Company D of the Third Battalion, has bought two special field radio telephone sets, a new model perfected by Andrew Buttelman, a licensed radio operator, and a member of that Company, and presented them to the Battalion for use in field problems. These sets are as small as a workman's tool kit and receive and send by radio telephone over a radius of fifty or sixty miles. Constant radio telephone communication between the forces on land, sea and in the air will be maintained during the maneuvers. Still and movie shots of the various phases of the maneuvers will be made by a photographic detail of the Battalion. Prints of these films will be available for lending to other Reserve units which may care to see them during the Winter drill months.

In recognition of, and appreciation of the splendid co-operation and interest in the Reserve shown by Lt-Col. Frank Whitehead during his years of duty at the Yard, the officers and men of the Third Battalion presented him with a gold wrist watch upon his departure for his new post in Washington. Colonel Whitehead, as post quartermaster at the Navy Yard, was of inestimable aid to the Reserve there in its formative stages and was affectionately regarded by every officer and man of the Reserve. He will be sorely missed by the organization at the Navy Yard.

Keen competition in .22 calibre range work for the Maj. Percy Crosby Trophy was evidenced in the Battalion, with several teams and a battalion team competing for high honors. During the winter months it is expected that both rifle and pistol teams will represent the Battalion and its various units in matches with leading military and civilian teams in the New York-New Jersey area.

A well-merited promotion was made in Company D, when Tpr. Julius C. Goldsmith, a veteran of nearly nineteen years' regular and reserve service in the Corps, was promoted to trumpeter-corporal, and became senior music in the Battalion. He was one of the organizers, with Major Barron and Captain O'Connell of the Navy Yard Guard Company (now Company D) four years ago and has a long and splendid record of service including regular Corps campaigns in the tropics, being wounded in San Domingo.



Assembly of Original Personnel of the 20th Reserve Marines, June 8, 1930



Officers and enlisted men of Fighting Squadron 6 MR. and Service Squadron 5 MR., Squantum, Massachusetts, commanded by Lieuts. Robert H. Kerr and Theodore C. Brewster, respectively

The members of the Battalion performed a big job in completely repainting and redecorating the interior of the big Reserve building during the month prior to going to camp. Construction of a Battalion quartermaster stores room was completed, a company room built for A Company, and various other interior changes made. All officers as well as enlisted personnel took active part in the cleaning and painting work—reminding many of the old timers of wartime days and work, and Fleet Marines of the ship-painting activities on the battle fleet.

Officers of the new Battalion were received by Col. Gerard M. Kineade, USMC, post commander at the Yard, at an informal reception at his home, during the month of May. The creation of a Battalion officers' club was arranged for in one of the Yard buildings which had a vacant apartment, by authorization from Washington and with the approval of Colonel Kineade. Several social events are being planned for the winter season.

High officers of the Marine Corps and Navy will be invited to attend and observe the August maneuvers which are planned to demonstrate the use of civilian craft working in cooperation with Federal troops in defense of the Long Island shore.

Details of the Battalion's Sea Girt activities will be given in the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK.

COMPANY A, 2ND BATTALION, F.M.C.R., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

By O. J. Person

Greetings from Boston, folks. By the time you will be reading this write-up we will be at Portsmouth, N. H., on tour of duty. We were certainly kept on the jump getting ready for Camp; we had locker boxes to paint, packs to be blanched, leggings and clothing to be cleaned and all the details that go with it. Every one was in the best of spirits before leaving for Camp. There was quite a crowd to see us off and many a girl won't know what to do for two weeks until her boy friend gets back from camp. I certainly am glad that we are going to New Hampshire as I have quite a few friends up there. As this is my first camp with the Marines, I hope that it will

be as good as the ones I have attended with the 110th Cavalry M. N. G. at East Greenwich, R. I. The boys all seem to think that this Camp will be the best that the Company ever had. We have most all the men we had last year back with us again and with the best of uniforms and one of the best drilled organizations, we are ready to go. If there are any cups to be awarded for the best company I believe that we will win our quota of them. So with the slogan, "So long Boston; here we come New Hampshire!" I will sign off until after we get back. And won't I have some dirt to spill them to the readers of THE LEATHERNECK!

COMPANY D, 13TH BATTALION, F.M.R., INGLEWOOD, CALIF.

The past month has found four new men on D Company's roll, Privates Erb, Alvarado, Carrington and Koetters.

Private Hamilton who has been on inactive duty for some time has been transferred back into the company.

Memorial Day found a firing squad from D Company taking part in a ceremony at the Inglewood Park Cemetery, while the rest of the company took part in a parade at Pasadena.

A combined rifle and pistol match will be held at D Company's range on June 23.

We are all looking forward to Camp which has been set for July 7.

FIGHTING SQUADRON 6 MR. SERVICE SQUADRON 5 MR.

Squantum, Massachusetts

By R. D. Robinson

Hi-Ho, everybody! This is Squantum, Massachusetts, back in the news after a lapse of many months!

On Saturday, May 4, Fighting Squadron 6 MR., in command of Robert H. Kerr, and Service Squadron 5 MR., in command of Theodore O. Brewster, were inspected by Capt. Harold C. Major and Capt. Thomas J. Cushman from Headquarters, Washington, D. C. The inspection of personnel under arms started promptly at two o'clock. Upon completion of the inspection of personnel, the Fighting Squadron was drilled as a platoon in infantry drill by Lt. Nathaniel S. Clifford,

and the Service Squadron was drilled in like manner by its commanding officer, Lt. Theodore O. Brewster. The two organizations were then drilled in company drill by Lt. Robert H. Kerr. Both squadrons were then turned over to the writer for a short drill in the manual of arms. Captain Major, the inspecting officer, then spoke to the enlisted personnel and complimented them upon their appearance and military efficiency.

The second phase of the inspection consisted of flying and was carried out under the following headings:

1. Radio-directed tactical formation.
2. Dive bombing tactics.
3. Communication tactics (message pick-up and drops).
4. Gunnery tactics—firing fixed guns on towed sleeve.
5. Three-plane formation flying in aerial attack on ground forces.

The third phase covered inspection of personnel at work in shops (rigging, engine overhaul, carpenter shop, paint shop, machine shop and ignition).

From the shops the inspecting party proceeded to an inspection of the new small bore rifle range which has recently been constructed in the loft of the hangar by E. R. A. men under the supervision of Lt. Warren E. Sweetser who is in command of all Marine activities at the Base.

The inspection was well attended by friends of both officers and enlisted personnel and we feel sure that all who attended went away well satisfied with the exhibition of both military and flying efficiency.

Lt. Joseph Lyman is to be personally commended for his untiring efforts in bringing to a successful completion the two-way radio apparatus which was used to direct the planes in the radio-directed tactical formation flying.

Both officers and men are deserving of commendation for their part in making the inspection a success.

We are now looking forward to our annual tour of duty which will take place during the last two weeks of August and hope that this tour will be as successful as the one which was held last year.

P. S. Congratulations, Messrs. Brewster and Clifford, on your recent promotion to the rank of First Lieutenant!



HOTEL RIVIERA SELECTED FOR NATIONAL CONVENTION

HOTEL Riviera, Newark, N. J., has been chosen as headquarters for the Thirteenth National Convention of the Marine Corps League, to be held in that city on August 23rd, 24th and 25th, 1935, with the Captain Burwell H. Clarke Detachment acting as hosts.

The tentative plans announced by Charles W. Mayaux, Adjutant of the detachment and General Chairman of the Convention Committee, are:

Friday, Aug. 23—Registration.

Saturday, Aug. 24—Parade, entertainment, dinner dance in evening.

Sunday, August 25—Convention business session.

The special rates for delegates and visitors to the convention who register at the Riviera are: Single rooms, \$2.50 per day; Double rooms, \$4.00 per day.

The Hotel Riviera has every modern convenience for the comfort of guests including ample parking space for autos.

Complete convention plans will be announced in the next issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*.

FRANK X. LAMBERT,
Asst. National Chief of Staff.

STATE DEPARTMENT

New Jersey

On May 14 a state meeting was held at the home of our State Adjutant Paymaster in Paterson where plans were discussed for the formation of new detachments in our area. On May 27, our State Department went to Elizabeth, N. J., to install the newly elected officers of Union County Detachment. This detachment is very active and great things are expected of them. Our State Department staff is going to Dover on June 6 to form the Morris County Detachment.

EDWARD LLOYD,
State Chief of Staff.

CHARLES H. RUDDICK DETACHMENT

Elmira, N. Y.

At our May meeting we decided to have a little outing for the detachment and friends so we set the date for June 22 and

selected a committee. We also nominated our delegates to the State Convention at Albany.

The detachment went to Odessa for Memorial Day exercises, acting as a firing squad. The town residents gave us a fine reception and we were generously entertained. The detachment will journey to Watkins on Sunday, June 16 to attend a big outing sponsored by the American Legion. There will be all kinds of sports and plenty to eat and drink. Cirulli declares he is going to get all the clams he can eat.

Our new Commandant has a new buzz wagon and believe you me he is some class. "Rubber" Ryan has a broken wrist. MacCaskell gashed his hand while cutting wood, was taken to a hospital and may lose his thumb.

WILLIAM LANGGUTH,
Chief of Staff.

CAPE COD DETACHMENT

Quincy, Mass.

Well, Leathernecks, here we are again. A little shift in the infield but we certainly have a lineup that will go out and win. A few new faces, and deadwood dropped, all clean pieces of wood to work with and boy how they fit, and incidentally eat.

We feel sure that we have laid the foundation of an outfit that will strive to do its best for the interest of the League. Present plans call for a tract of land and a building of our own. A little ambitious, perhaps, but rest assured we have both feet on the ground.

Our April meeting was held at the home of our efficient Paymaster, Ray Rowlee. Refreshments and whist were enjoyed. Awards for whist went to Mrs. E. Hedin and Chris Finlay. Award for eating went to our famed fire-fighting Jim Thomas of Brockton, Mass. We had as our honored guests National Commandant John F. Manning and Mrs. Manning. The "Boot Top" was in high spirits and full of plans and enthusiasm. He installed our new officers and presented the League button to our new member, Charles Buckingham, who was host at our May meeting at North Eastern.

Mrs. Buckingham as our hostess left nothing to be desired and we had a very enjoyable evening. Whist awards went to Mrs. Rowlee and Charlie Lunetta. Chris Finlay was there as usual with his lady friend and dressed in the customary tuxedo. We have a new prospect in Fred Karl who promises to be with us soon.

D. CHARLES LUNETTA,
Chief of Staff.

HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT

Albany-Troy-Schenectady, N. Y.

Well, here's the old "Music" sounding off again to tell you of the doings of our outfit for the past month. Our May meeting was held in Schenectady with the largest attendance in quite some time. It must have been the nomination of officers that brought them out. Next month will be election and then we will know who will guide us for the coming year.

I see by *THE LEATHERNECK* that a membership campaign is on and we head the list. Believe it or not we are there to stay. Chalk us up with four more, Frank, two new members and two old ones back in the fold. How are we doing? O. K.

We paraded in Schenectady Memorial Day and made as fine a showing as any outfit in line (so I was told after the parade), but the boys can't take it any more. They yelped about walking so far with no rest. I remember some years ago when we hiked fifty minutes and rested ten, and sometimes they omitted the ten. I fear the boys must be going stale or getting old.

Plans are under way for our annual clam bake to be held at Wenzel's Grove in Schenectady. But more about this later. Between writing this and chain letters I'm all in.

LEON E. (Music) WALKER,
Chief of Staff.

NIAGARA FRONTIER DETACHMENT

Buffalo, N. Y.

By the time this appears in *THE LEATHERNECK* this detachment will have made plans for their annual picnic to be held at the farm of Past National Commandant Carlton A. Fisher. Invitations will be extended to all nearby detachments to come and help us enjoy the hospitality of Carl.



This detachment is rapidly gaining the name of the "Marching Marines." We took part in two parades last month, one this month and have been invited to march again next month.

State Senior Vice Commandant Vince McCarthy has just returned from the races in Indianapolis and from Mac's report each and every member of this detachment hopes that they will be there next year. The Niagara Frontier Detachment sends thanks to the comrades who showed Mac his good time.

EDWARD FOODY,
Chief of Staff.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Boston, Mass.

A bean supper, a start off event of the new regime of officers this season, was a time enjoyed by all those who attended. Having a bean supper in Boston tends to remind one of the sailor who, when given shore leave, made a bee-line for the swan boats in the Public Gardens of our ancient city. However, beans it was with other tasty nutriment of associated nature to appease the appetite. Among the distinguished guests present were Dinty Moore, Popeye the Sailor and his friend, Mr. Wimpy.

The State Convention to be held at Lawrence with the Frank Allen Beavers Detachment as host is the forerunner of what appears to be a very busy season for the detachments hereabouts. Let's hope that the inimitable J. Albert Banks of Worcester will be on hand to give the occasion the touch that only he can give.

LOUIS S. BERGSTROM,
Chief of Staff.

SIMPSON-HOGATT DETACHMENT

Greater Kansas City

The past month's activities have been varied and interesting and we are looking forward to a full calendar for the Summer. Our annual dance was most successful, both socially and financially. Invitations were accepted by many uniformed bodies, making the dance a brilliant and colorful affair. About half of our membership is now uniformed and more are dressing up each month. The League here is well established in the respect and admiration of the city. We have been granted another honor, that of membership in the Permanent Memorial Day Committee, a body that plans all Memorial Day activities.

Our Sunrise Memorial Service was the most impressive we have ever held and was well attended by the general public. It was given several columns of news stories and pictures in the daily papers.

Our June LEATHERNECK to hand and we see that the ballyhoo has started. This is okey but we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that the columns of THE LEATHERNECK be open to all qualified contributors and that the "antis" (if any) have as much space as the "pros." This will in all probability be called unfair, as most critical remarks or writings are. But if one wants to dish it out, one must expect (and be able) to take it.

In answer to the query of F.X.L. If he had used the signature that was attached to our last contribution it would not have seemed to the members at large as anonymous. That signature has been used many times in the columns of THE LEATHERNECK and is recognized by readers as



TWO ACES AND A QUEEN

National Commandant John F. Manning (left), State Commandant Oliver Kelly and Mrs. Kelly in close harmony at the recent dinner dance of Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment at the Hotel Riviera, Newark, N. J.

that of Bill (W. C. Sutton, National Senior Vice to you, F.X.L.).

The communication was not meant to be anonymous and was recognized as written by us by many members who wrote us commending the letter. And we are grateful for F.X.L.'s compliment and his broadness in recognizing the right of every man to his own opinion. This right is not always recognized, or at least not allowed free expression by all editors or chiefs of staff. It is often an irresistible temptation to have the last word by simply throwing contrary views as expressed on paper into the waste basket. We have been fortunate in having in this (and also in the past) administrations, chiefs of staff that are fair and impersonal in their work. For those who do not know who "Mouthpiece" is, we will formally sign this,

W. C. SUTTON,
Asst. Chief of Staff.

OAKLAND DETACHMENT

Oakland, Calif.

The Department Convention of California is well on the road to a successful affair, through the able chairmanship of Henry Ruskofsky, and those on the committee with him. We still contend that Henry is the outstanding Marine Corps Leaguer in the State of California. Meeting of the convention and election of new department officers will no doubt see a new set-up. Announcement has been made by Bill Person, present State Adjutant, that he has his hat in the ring for Commandant, and Brock for Sr. Vice Commandant. Election of officers of the Oakland Detachment found the following members in the chairs:

H. A. Girard, Commandant; C. E. Bartlett, Sr. Vice; C. Henrici, Jr. Vice; R. B. Westlake, Judge-Advocate; J. E. Brock, Chief of Staff; H. A. Darling, Sgt. at Arms; J. A. Kohl, Paymaster, H. Ruskofsky, Adjutant, and G. P. Chapman, Chaplain.

On May 25th we had a joint installa-

tion of officers of the Oakland Detachment and our ladies' auxiliary. Mrs. Lillian Gilbertson, wife of the State Commandant, was installed as Commandant of the auxiliary. The State Commandant was the installing officer. June the 2d will find members and wives of the Detachment on a yacht ride to Open House Day at Mare Island. The affair has been classified as "Once in a life time." The Yacht, 113 feet in length, was formerly the *Sinola* owned by Fleishman, who made two trips around the world.

We want to congratulate our Past Commandant, J. A. Kohl, for his very successful term and leadership while in office, having won the admiration and respect of all members of the League here. The latest member to join our folds is Major A. P. Crist, U.S.M.C., retired, of 654 Longridge Road, Oakland, Calif. From all appearances it looks like the Major is the real goods as a Leaguer, and an outstanding personality. We need him.

Past Commandants Ruskofsky and Kohl were presented with Past Commandant's medals by Judge-Advocate Westlake at the installation on officers' night. The past year has found many new faces and personalities in our detachment, something that has brought us nothing but encouragement for a brighter future.

One of the outstanding events in the Veteran world here was accomplished by the Oakland Detachment. After 18 years, we finally succeeded in getting the O.K. to erect a flag pole in Oakland's War Memorial Plaza, which sets directly in front of the City Hall. It was a piece of work well accomplished through the able efforts of Comrade Westlake, chairman, and his assistants.

Members of Eastern detachments are advised that should they come to California during July the 20th and 21st, not to forget to welcome us with a visit, and be our guest.

JOHN E. BROCK,
Chief of Staff.



"He fed his horse on corn and beans"

SAN FRANCISCO DETACHMENT

San Francisco, Calif.

Here we are again and about to make a bow to the new officers of the detachment as we had nominations last meeting and will install the new officers next meeting. Will give you the nominations and electives in the next letter.

Last Monday, May 20th, we had a small class of recruits initiated and called it "Gillibertson Night," in honor of the State Commandant who has been untiring in his efforts to help this detachment and for which we are very grateful. He also slipped one over on the detachment with the help of Adj. Granville by retiring all officers to the anteroom, presenting them to the altar and pinning the new badges of their office on them. He gave a wonderful talk to the seven new recruits and the detachment in general.

We were invited over to the Oakland Detachment Saturday night, May the 25th, for their installation of officers and also the installation of the ladies' auxiliary officers and had a good time. In the meeting State Adjutant Parsons presented to our Mess Sergeant, Seigfried, a beer mug which he hung around his neck, not forgetting to place a kiss on each cheek.

On May the 13th this detachment formed a caravan of cars, visited the San Jose detachment and sat in their meeting. They also had nominations and after the meeting we adjourned to the Commandant's house and had beer and sandwiches so that we could make the 50 mile drive back in good shape. The Paymaster and myself were to meet some of the boys in the Hotel DeAnza tap room, but they could not find it so we were the only two red caps in the place. One Marine came up to us and said that he was going to join the

League as soon as he possibly could. The old red caps sure do call the Marines around them.

This detachment is trying to organize a picnic of all the detachments around it so that we can have one grand reunion of Marines and their families, but will tell you more about it in a future letter.

ROY S. TAYLOR,
Chief of Staff.

JAMES E. OWENS DETACHMENT

Denver, Colo.

The May meeting as usual saw the nomination of officers. Plans for a clubhouse for the Detachment was suggested and before you could blink your eye everyone was very much enthused with the idea of having a place to meet and a place to have our monthly socials. In other words, a clubhouse for the Detachment to use as they see fit. The idea was put to a vote and carried unanimously. Unless I miss my guess this one thing alone should prove a drawing card for new members.

This Detachment has been offered two lots in the mountains for a cabin summer home in which the Detachment can hold weed-end outings through the summer months. This means that the boys can get together on their weiner fries, fishing expeditions and what have you. This city being close to the mountains means that the Detachment is going to spend many happy days out in the wide open spaces of Colorado where there are plenty of beautiful sights in one of the largest playgrounds of the world.

At this meeting the ladies were invited to attend and with the help of our good comrade Frawley they were given a taste of the old Marine Corps spirit, so they put their heads together and elected officers, and now we too have a ladies' auxiliary to

add more color in the organization. This is the third drawing card for the month, and that is a record. Am I right? The officers of the ladies' auxiliary are Mrs. Jacobson, President; Mrs. L. A. Smale, Secretary, and Mrs. Thelma Endrizzi, Treasurer. And now we are going places.

At our meeting on the 27th we elected officers as follows: Smale for Commandant, Ludwig for Sr. Vice; Kimberling for Jr. Vice; McKenna for Judge-Advocate; Skinner for Chief of Staff; Frawley for Adjutant and Paymaster and Jacobson for Sergeant at Arms. Van Buskirk presented the Detachment with the plans of our new city clubhouse.

A dance was held on the 23rd of the month. This makes another record to put on the books. With a little over two weeks to sell tickets and only fourteen members selling tickets, and still have a successful dance like we had, is really something to talk about. Our next meeting will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Owens. We are all looking forward to that meeting as there are many important matters to discuss and last but not least the ladies' auxiliary will gather at that time for their second meeting.

AL ENDRIZZI,
Chief of Staff.

TWO JOHNS SPEAKING

Here are the ten leaders for this month: 1—Hudson Mohawk; 2—Homer A. Harkness; 3—San Francisco; 4—Oakland; 5—Capt. Burwell H. Clarke; 6—Theodore Roosevelt; 7—Akron; 8—Simpson-Hogatt; 9—New York No. 1; 10—Charles Ruddick.

We hope you liked our idea of inserting the names of the ten leading detachments in THE LEATHERNECK, so if your detachment is not among them, put it there. The difference in membership is not so great but what anything could happen. If your dues are not paid, pay them, and get your own detachment among the leaders, and even if yours are paid, contact those members whose dues are not paid, and don't leave it all to your adjutant and paymaster to do. Pride in one's own outfit should compel us all to try to place our own little outfit in the lead. Let's go.

All dues for this year will expire on Sept. 3, 1935, and that means that subscriptions to THE LEATHERNECK expire with the Sept. issue. Whether the present source of publicizing detachment activities will be continued next year or not, is a problem to be decided by the delegates attending the national convention at Newark, N. J., Aug. 23-24-25, 1935, and as there is likelihood of a change being made, all paying dues for next year should do so with the understanding that there are possibilities that a new magazine, or paper, will be sent free with their payment of dues. Anyway, we suggest that paymasters start getting in dues for next year now, so our membership will not all lapse on the above date.

The prospects are very bright for the League to end this year OUT OF THE RED, and all debts paid, and the national organization can start the new year with a clean slate. Enthusiasm among detachments that have been drifting away has been restored, but several that have proven valuable assets to the League are showing lack of interest, so we request all members whose detachments are not among the list of leaders above mentioned, to contact their officers and find out why. If any member wants information as to standing of his own detachment, just contact national headquarters and we will be happy to satisfy their curiosity. Unfortunately, your national officials have been

unable to get replies from several detachment commanders or adjutants, with the result that a few detachments are below the necessary number of paid-up members required to hold their charters. We want to issue charters, and NOT call them in. Help us in this.

If your organization is not being conducted as you think it should be, attend your meetings and express your ideas there, by your votes. We have been sending Bulletins regularly to all detachments monthly, and as they are YOUR business, you should attend and insist they be read, or better still, ask to read them over yourself. Then advise national what you think should be done. In our July 1st Bulletin, No. 11, we will incorporate the several Resolutions and By-laws changes that have been submitted to us, and after thorough consideration of them, vote your instructions to your delegates or proxies, whichever represents your detachment at the National Convention. Credential cards will also be sent out July 1st (with the Bulletin), so be on hand to elect Marines to serve you at the convention, and in this way the majority opinions will be served. None of us can expect to have every question decided as we might desire, but we can at least express our own opinions, and then be good sports, and abide by the will of the majority.

As the books for collection of members' dues for this year will close Aug. 8, 1935, why not pay yours now, so your detachment may have the added strength of your paid-up membership? Paymasters are advised to forward all dues so they will be in the hands of the National Adjutant and Paymaster on, or before, Aug. 8th, as no members will be added to voting strength after that date. Dues for next year may be paid anytime now, and if you do not want to get in bad-standing, why not pay them at once? If the *per capita* tax is reduced, the over-payments can be arranged by the national and detachment paymaster and anyway, detachment dues will no doubt remain as now. In closing this month's column, we advise every member to attend their detachment meetings and hear the Bulletins read, as important matters will be coming up from now until national convention, and it is YOUR business.

THE TWO JOHNS—MANNING AND HINCKLEY.

NEW YORK DETACHMENT NO. 1 New York City

The New York Detachment known as the "mother detachment" appropriately observed the 12th anniversary of the founding of the League at Legion headquarters, 160 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, New York, on June 21st.

The old timers will recall the All Marine Caucus which was held during the month of June, 1923 at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City which organized the League proper. I have in my possession a photograph which was taken of the group of Marines who helped the birth of the only all-Marine organization in the Country. Scanning the photograph I see Colonel Reid, USMC., Frank X. Lambert, Chris Wilkinson, Capt. Paul F. Howard, USMC (retired), Milton Solomon, now deputy comptroller of the City of New York, Dr. Clifford, Bill Folsom, Al Lages and others whose names I do not remember.

And through all the depression, we still service and it augers well for us for the future due to a more vivid interest which

has been manifested by the active detachments. With all the trials and tribulations we have not "gone under" but with tenacity of purpose we have struggled to keep together the Marine Corps League.

We were the first detachment to receive a charter and every year, the birthday of the League has been noted with some ceremony. This year in addition to the anniversary we have thought of those heroic Marines who made the supreme sacrifice by commemorating the battle of Belleau Woods. Our National Chaplain, Dr. John H. Clifford, conducted the memorial services. We also took the occasion to install the new officers of the detachment who were elected during the May meeting as follows:

Commandant, Harold L. Walk; Senior Vice-Commandant, Manning C. Taylor; Junior Vice-Commandant, Joseph P. Vanslett; Adjutant, Harry P. Burgess; Paymaster, Charles N. Miller; Sergeant at Arms, Louis Esposito.

The new skipper who heretofore had made a remarkable record as adjutant and won his promotion as Commandant appointed the Hon. Walter R. Hart, noted attorney and Alderman of the City of New York, as Judge Advocate and the undersigned as Chief of Staff. A word about our new commandant—he is a go-getter, nuf sed.

The retiring commandant, Frank X. Lambert needs no recommendation or flowers—a stand-by of the first rate—one of the founders of the League. And by the way, the detachment standard which was lost last year has been replaced by a new one which was unfurled and blessed by "Doe" Clifford at our June meeting.

A. J. CINCOTTA,
Chief of Staff.

CAPT. BURWELL H. CLARKE DETACHMENT Newark, N. J.

Once again yours truly goes to press for the Captain Burwell H. Clarke Detachment of Newark, N. J. The annual election of officers was held at the last meeting with the following results:

Commandant, Jack Whigham; Senior-Vice Commandant, Clarence F. Roy, Junior-Vice Commandant, Cullem J. Walsh; Adjutant,

Charles W. Mayaux; Paymaster, James Pucci; Chief of Staff, Frank J. Warnock; Judge-Advocate, Prof. H. Pollitt; Chaplain, William H. Ahrens and Sgt.-at-Arms, Stephen Orzechowski.

The Poppy sales were a huge success, and the Drum and Bugle Corps made a good showing in the Memorial Day parade. I had hopes of sending a photograph for THE LEATHERNECK but as I did not receive them in time will have to postpone same until August publication.

Don't forget to keep August 23rd to 25th open on your calendar. Let's make a big showing and let the City of Newark know that the Marines are holding a convention. The Newark Detachment can promise you right now the best time you had in your life, and when it's over you'll be darn glad that you put yourself out a little to make it. Well, that's all this time so until August publication I'll be seeing you at the Convention.

FRANK J. WARNOCK,
Chief of Staff.

PASSAIC COUNTY DETACHMENT

Paterson, N. J.

Step up Marines and see what the Passaic Marines have to offer. For the past month we have had action that we will remember for a long time. On the eighth we fell out in Newark for drum corps practice and every one was blowing notes but our own Y. Smith and the only time we knew what he was trying to blow was when he worked out on chow call. How that boy does love chow call. On the fourteenth we had a little meeting at State Adjutant Jack Breen's house and his fair one served coffee with a lot of and after we had cussed and discussed Marine affairs for a few hours. On the fifteenth we were at Newark for drum corps work again, and on the seventeenth we attended a dance given by the Bergen County boys at the Swiss Chalet, outside of Hackensack. Boy, oh boy, what a time and what a headache the next morning.

Some of our boys attended the officers' installation at Union on the twenty-seventh and on the twenty-eighth we had a regular old time get-together meeting in our own clubrooms. Last but not least we went



N. C. O.'s of the U. S. S. Colorado, 1909. Left to right, standing: Eagan, Bartelt, King, Mall, Kane, Morris. Sitting: Klein, Vail, Leshia. (Photo loaned by Frank Vail)

to Dover Arsenal to a dance given by the Dover Marines and again what a time. Those boys know how to throw a good time and we of the Passaic County take this method of thanking them for the invitations they were good enough to offer through their Top Kick, Banta, and we are looking forward to another dance in the Old Barracks.

Kid Lloyd reports that our baseball team is falling out regularly on Sunday mornings, and if they keep on with their good playing, they will be as good as they now think they are, so if any detachments want a game just get in touch with Edwin Lloyd or Leo Schultz, in care of our clubrooms.

We are glad to report that Hugh Gamboa is out of the hospital and able to take his place in the catcher's box on the detachment team.

Our worthy Commandant, Harry Kruysman, has formed several plans that will keep us busy for the coming summer and part of the fall.

Some of the boys took a ride down to Bergen County meeting last night for a little visit and after a few beers we almost forgot what we went down there for, but after a while our newest member, John Hempstead, remembered that we went down there just to try out Hackensack's beer, so we started all over again.

Any of you Marines that can get around Paterson on Tuesday night will be welcomed at our clubrooms at 215 Main Street, where one can always find chow, a card game or a drink, so come up and sample whatever strikes your fancy, or if you know of any paid off Marines who now live in our county we would appreciate their addresses.

JACK DENNIS,
Chief of Staff.

FRANK ALLEN BEEVERS DETACHMENT

Lawrence, Mass.

Well, here we are again, and taking time out to shoot along a few words of our activities here in the Queen City of the Merrimac Valley. Our detachment will be host to the Department of Massachusetts convention, to be held in the United Spanish War Veterans hall at Lawrence, Mass., on Sat. and Sun., June 8th and 9th. Our active committee, under past detachment commandant Ray Welch, are sure putting in plenty of effort on the entertainment part of program, and with a gala night out in the Wilds of New Hampshire on Saturday evening, after a sight-seeing trip through our lovely city, and also the Andovers, and, of course, the town of Methuen, where abides our National Commandant.

Maybe when the caravan reaches John F.'s house, liquid refreshments may (note, we say may) be passed out to the troupe. While John F. uses spirituous beverages only for rubbing purposes, maybe he will drain his radiator and mix us up a high-ball. Well, we live in hopes, as we understand he still has a supply of Apple Jack that he brought back here with him, after his residence and service up there at Albany, N. Y.

We look for Marines from all over the New England states to attend, and invitations have been extended to all nearby states to send along delegations. Sunday will be the big day, so Saturday night will be devoted to Night-before festivities such as only Marines can put across. Business sessions will start at 10 A.M., Sunday, and last until we exhaust our supply of arguments, and then we sit down for a banquet

of turkey, with all the fixings. The national commandant, national adjutant and paymaster and division commandant will be with us, and, of course, Chappie Robertson, our State Commandant will also be there, and with these four packing enough dynamite to satisfy the most fastidious, a big time is anticipated.

Sunday, May 26th we attend Memorial Services at a local church, and this will be a strictly Marine service, and the church is arranging an elaborate program for us. Representatives from other veterans' organizations will also attend with us, but it is The Marine Hymn that will be sung the loudest I suppose. Maybe a few of us will remember some of the other hymns,

land, Cal., Detachment. It was submitted by Commandant H. A. Girard and is sung to the tune of The Marine Hymn.

We are the wives and sweethearts
Of the UNITED STATES MARINES.
We help to fight their battles
And to keep their honor clean,
We work and play together
And from care we're always free,
We are proud to claim the title
Of MARINE AUXILIARY.

We wash the clothes and darn the sox
Of the UNITED STATES MARINES
Where'er they go—we spend their dough
And we always cook them beans.
And when they go making whoopee
It is there we all will be,
We are proud to claim the title
Of MARINE AUXILIARY.

LEAGUE NEWS BRIEFS

We welcome as baby detachment of the League Port Huron, Michigan. Guy Sanderson is commandant. They started with ten charter members and are growing rapidly. More power to you, kid.

When this goes to press your operative will probably be recovering from the effects of the State Convention. Great hosts, those Hudson-Mohawks but tough birds, Gyrene, tough birds.

Charlie Lunetta: Your writeup was fine and interesting. You have the right idea.

The new State Department of New Jersey is right on the job. Watch their detachments grow.

With Passaic organizing a Junior League and the auxiliaries of many detachments showing marked activity, the coming year should be a memorable one in League history.

Don't neglect to send in your resolutions or by-laws changes to National Headquarters at once.

Glad to see Ruddick Detachment up among the select ten. That shows Elmira is on the job, also that the visit of the National Commandant was not in vain.

Beavers Detachment: Thanks for the invitation, but was unable to make it. Maybe next year.

Oakland and San Francisco are going great guns and putting things over in a big way. The Marine spirit is as high in the Golden West.

To all Chiefs of Staff: Please have a heart. More than half of the copy sent in this month was either written by hand or single spaced, which put the burden of rewriting it on me.

And don't neglect to make your plans for the National Convention.

F. X. L.

but we will all have copies of our own Marine Hymn, so this is one time your correspondent will wear ear-muffs.

Watch this column for our report on festivities at convention in next month's issue of LEATHERNECK, so until then, Adios, Amigos!

JOHN P. S. MAHONEY, Jr.,
Chief of Staff.

THE MARINETTE HYMN

The following marching song has been adopted by the Ladies' Auxiliary of Oak-



THE LEATHERNECK

China Station

SLANTS ON SHANGHAI

The boys in Shanghai are all singing in the rain now after a very mild and pleasant winter. It won't be long before they'll wish for a little rain to smooth out the long hot road down to the Race Course on parade days. To any good Marine that means that we've had plenty of school to while away the days. I suppose we all get a degree or something for this extensive education. That doesn't mean we don't get out and tin hat around now and then just to let the folks in this hamlet know who we are.

Gunner Sergeant Davis tells a quick one from a trip he had up the river at Chungking. As a member of an armed guard he was aboard the good ship *I'Ping* of the Yangtze Rapid Steamship Company at this funny little town which is on the far end of this rapid-infested river. While alongside the dock there he pulled out a copy of *THE LEATHERNECK* and exhibited it to a crowd of Chinese who were standing around watching proceedings. He turned to a page showing pictures taken on this same dock in Chungking, and even identified some of the loafers in the picture. Giving the magazine to one of them he pointed out the lad's likeness. In no time the crowd was on top of him trying to get a look-see at themselves in print. The result was that *THE LEATHERNECK* was torn to shreds in no time and handed around among the multitude. Don't say the mag hasn't got a world-wide circulation.

Major Doxey, thrice an old China hand, left for Stateside after being feted by the N. C. O. Club, and his many friends. One more member of the Fourth felt the call to matrimony when private Glenn M. Dougherty of the Post-Ex staff was married here the last of March. We got good looking girls here in China too. We just got all the dope on the Henry Maru (*Henderson* to you) and the short timers, or those that think they are, are packing up already, but they still have a little while to wait.

Speaking of ships the old *Augusta*, flagship of the Asiatic Fleet, dropped in on us the last day of March and took up her stand in the Whangpo. What a line those boys had after that cruise down to Australia and way stations. Nothing was heard from the crew except praise for the folks "Down Under." They rushed them off their feet with a round of parties, excursions and what-have-you. It certainly was a happy ship when it tied up here, and the boys were still not too worn out to give Shanghai a good looking over. We welcome our compatriots of the sea-going fraternity with open arms, and when we get through they will know they've been welcomed.

they've been welcomed. Latest exploit of the Marines in China was the house boating trip up Soochow creek. As a large part of China's coastal population lives on these floating bungalows it is a good way of meeting your neighbor. On the trip were Reserve Major Gene Tunney and wife, Doctor LaGorce, editor of the *National Geographic* magazine and any number of fine Marines. Some of you old timers may even remember when Gene Tunney was able to go a couple of rounds in the ring. The trip was by way of

Soochow creek to Soochow, then down the Grand Canal to Singkiang and return by the Whangpo river. Highlights of the trip were the difficulties of manipulating a Chinese stove in order to get chow underway, taking pictures of everything in sight, and looking over the wonders of old China on the way. All hands voted the trip a great success. You can still hear the boys talking about the good times they had, and demanding to know when the next one is going to be. When they clamor for more it must be good.

The Fourth Marines took another step up in the world when Lieutenant Colonel Edwin N. McClellan, famous Marine Corps historian, joined up in early April. Those funny Marines are having a great time in Shanghai what with old man M. C. O. 41, drill competitions just around the corner, rifle range qualifications, athletics, and hot weather just about to break. One of the youngest outfits in the Corps, as years go, we are glad to say that we can take them all. It might stop a lot of people but it's just part of the day's work to us. Got a letter the other day from an old pal who said he couldn't stay away any longer, and when they called for volunteers he said, "Suez, you're just goin' to be a Western canal to me."

QUANTICO NEWS

(Continued from page 29)

of drinking which led me to believe that in the beginning liquor was consumed because it gave buoyancy to the spirit, stimulated the appetite and added facility to digestion,—in other words, it was imbibed with the view of furthering man's happiness. However, it is my conclusion that somewhere along the path of ALL TIME the mixtures and strengths became so muddled that today our use of liquor is a detraction from man's happiness instead of a benefit,—remember those mornings after? I remember one such morning long ago during my research work when I awoke with the realization that on the evening before I had proposed marriage to a girl. The fact that I had proposed didn't bother me so much as the fact that I couldn't remember who the girl was. About all I could remember about her was that she must have stood about six feet two in her dancing pumps and had more curves than a Scenic Railway. I do remember telling her that I had a stout heart, willing hands and flat feet.

Speaking of marriage—there is that Staff Sergeant in the Force Pay Office that joined us about a year ago and shortly thereafter began spending all of his spare time in Baltimore. The first thing we knew he had gone the way of all flesh and found he was a married man. I had the pleasure of meeting the charming lady and again I found myself confronted with the old question of how these men fool the ladies.

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BEFORE JULY 8



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3-IN-ONE

THINGS THAT CAN ONLY HAPPEN
IN QUANTICO:

Gyp Ambrose putting salt on the tails of flies in the Hostess House; Sgt. Benny Klein singing "Ireland must be Heaven for my Mother came from there;" Staff Sergeant Mike Puskarich (the Mayor) discussing the future of Quantico with his "aldermen"; and 1st Sgt. "Derby" Ross discussing the question of how to get married.

DETACHMENTS

Marine Corps Institute

(Continued from page 28)

Skid Goodrich caused quite an uproar in San Diego when he shipped over. Had been out nineteen months. The first night, not having any blankets and it being veddy cold, he bribed the QM to lend a couple. All went well until he noticed the name on them—Wm. E. Goodrich. Maybe time doesn't change all things.

The QM's Interior Decorating Dept. was in for the annual paint-up campaign. Corporal Franklin, Private First Class Lukasik, Privates Blakely, Cummerlotti, Nolan and Russell . . . what a bunch of fear-uppers. Place looks different—better—but that mess left behind was a headache on a Friday. Their stifling mixture of shellac and alky is enough to bring on a swell case of the DT's. Cummerlotti and Blakely stage a minstrel show of their own while working—Cummerlotti making a swell stooge . . . saying at timed intervals,

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SPECIAL COURTESIES TO MARINES

"if you gonna get along in this world you gotta have perseverance."

The combined congratulations and best wishes went with Mickey Curran, Henry B. Cain, Jr., and Lewis Fields when they left us, not as Sergeant, Corporal and Sergeant, respectively, but as second lieutenants. Theirs was a rough sea for a spell; they weathered the storm and one and all are happier by their success.

Those six new corporals seem to be standing up under the strain pretty well, so far. Joe Bryan is slowly but surely getting the twin stripes on everything. Wiggins turns at the sound of the word and Phinney counts so many more beers, etc. Pisacek walks with an added degree of gusto. Willie Hanger forsook a trip to Wakefield in displaying his desire to have 'em. Me, well, I got mine. Keeping is another thing and they're just about as hard to keep as to get on a post so full of good men.

From the way some of the gang has been returning to the outside I'm believing that spring turns a young man's fancy somewhere else other than love. Grady Cook almost had the jitters. All night prior to the day of his discharge he would awaken, to glance at the clock on the wall and mutter something about how many hours, minutes, seconds more he had to do. Wrote one of the fellows from Milledgeville, Ga., that he was the happiest fellow in town. I wouldn't doubt the veracity of his statement, but the Ga. Insane Asylum is in Milledgeville. Even Ralph Hall lost his equilibrium just prior to being gone.

Others that have succumbed to outside influences are Joe Mallory, William Taylor, William Edmundson, William McAnulty, J. C. Blakely and H. A. Taylor. Lloyd Deckard, Bob Rawlings and Paul Phinney finished a block but are on nineties now. You know what that means.

Very sorry that I failed to mention 1st Sgt. George Washington's leaving last month. The 1st Sergeant is the type of man that any post hates to let go. All were sorry to see him leave here for duty at Charleston, W. Va. It's rumored that when he finishes the Corps he'll return to Haiti. Something about that place contagious besides the fever, evidently.

Will drop this as a hint to the Mess Sergeant who might like to know that Gunnery Sergeant Moeger is one of his best co'n-on-the-cob admirers. Bob was extraordinarily long in leaving the table. Someone went down to see if anything had happened. It had, to eight cobs of corn. And he was sulking on account of there wasn't anymore. It was good corn though.

The victims are strewn all over the battle ground. All fugitives from chain letters. Nobody bothered with the ten centers, but when they brought those that cost a dollar. If you didn't get one I'd like to know where you were hiding during the epidemic. Everyone was dreaming of those thousands of dollar-bearing letters that were assuredly coming. Dollar marks were so thick in front of our eyes that we couldn't work. Johnny Ahern was the only one to receive anything. He got his dollar back but thinks it was by mistake. A fool and his money soon part, so judge for yourself, or rather, judge yourself.

So did I—have a hard time believing my own eyes that morning when I looked out to see all of that feminine charm gracing our parade ground. It was the Tamaqua, Pa., Senior Hi School Girls Fife and Drum Corps. Tamaqua is on the Schuylkill river in the Pa. Alleghenies, northeastern Pa., if you should ever want to drop around. Swell show they put on and if you think they didn't know their stuff, I can't agree with you.

Halbert McElroy vacationed this year at Oxford—the one in Miss.—Bother yourself to find the meaning of the word "soldier"—What West Coast CG wrote this Post for a copy of its daily drill routine? It's

spreading—which proves that our interest in drills, etc., being compounded thrice weekly is about to pay somewhere else. . . . MT. Sgt. Fred Milam's official title is Post Overseer . . . If your radio goes staticky it may not be the radio but Gunnery Sergeant Groves having a shave with his electric razor . . . What man on the post agrees to either tighten his belt next time or carry along a sponge!!! Bryan couldn't find time for tennis and other things too. . . . He quit tennis . . . Kramm of the Academic School has a college degree, *summa cum laude* . . . Gunnery Sergeant Anderson aspires to be a juggler and is taking lessons from the man across the hall, Moeger. . . . Soon after coming here I asked what Sergeant Pike did in the Registrar's Office and was told that he put-put-putted about. . . . Kerns called me for putting the a in his name last month. Sorry o'boy. . . . So many changes around here lately that you have to look in a mirror to identify yourself. . . . Andy Middleton is coaching Hoddon in English diction, especially on coffee, hard and a few others. . . . There may be a flock of promotions among the musics soon. . . . G'bye!

SEA-GOING

Wyoming's Roamings

(Continued from page 35)

art of flying. The entire detachment, as well as many others aboard ship, join me in wishing Mr. Best the best of luck and lots of "tail wind." On the same date 1st Sgt. H. R. Hinson was relieved by 1st Sgt. Fred H. Kelley. Here's best wishes also to Hinson, and hopes that he'll live a long and happy life in his retirement. 2nd Lt. J. P. Fuchs, Mr. Best's relief, came aboard on May 21st, and in the past few days has shown himself an energetic and enthusiastic officer. We feel that under the influence of such an excellent assortment of officers and non-coms we will soon show a marked improvement.

We left Norfolk on May 20th, and after nine weeks there more than a few were reluctant to leave. Underway for Annapolis we had skull practice and a little "snapping in" in preparation for firing the range at the Naval Academy. However, it was all to no avail as we arrived (on the 21st) to find the range in use. Our C. O. saw the superintendent and arranged for us to fire this September as we did last year. However, the old bow'rn arrow isn't the only way a Marine can shoot himself into some extra dough, for Mr. Gulick has managed to have the Gunnery Officer recommend to the Skipper that ten Marines be chosen from competitive examination and qualified as range-finder operators. That will mean five dollars per month for each man qualifying. A large number of men are studying for the coveted rating, and all appreciate even the opportunity to learn something more about gunnery. Our C. O., who is also the Ship's Service treasurer, has found places for three Marines in the ship's laundry. These fortunates are Privates Taylor, Fuller, and Achenbach, and they are showing up the sailors by putting out some better laundry. We have recently added two pairs of white trousers to each man's clothing and laundry lists and will try to impress

the "Continent" with the unexcelled appearance of the U. S. Marines.

There have been five men recently extended their enlistments or sea-duty for duty aboard the *Wyoming*. They like the ship and they like to travel; what better reasons could one have to extend. They are Cpl. D. M. Baldwin, the detachment clerk; Pfs. J. B. Colbert, J. J. Goff, C. C. West, and Pvt. H. F. Proveaux. On the first of June one Pvt. E. H. Ruszat was detached and sent to the *Reina Mercedes* as his intestinal equilibrium was continually being disturbed by the roll of the ship.

A few short leaves, 72s, and 48s, were granted, so several of us got to see some of our relatives and friends before the big cruise. The ship was fortunate in being able to get a number of the late motion picture hits. Some of the most appreciated ones were Mary Jane's Pa, Bride of Frankenstein, The Mark of the Vampire, and Sweet Music. The ship's baseball team has played a few games with the crew of the *Reina Mercedes* and others. Private Levy and Private First Class Rumbaugh have done some creditable pitching for the team and it is rumored that Levy succeeded in knocking one of those elusive things known as a home run.

On June 3rd the Marine Guard suffered a change of compartments. From our old home in the port living space we have moved to the passageways between and around barbets three and four. It seems that the new place only gets cleaned during the three months that the Marines occupy it during the middycruises. About twenty men formed a barrage of paintwork-washers followed by an army of painters. Judging by the amount painted in the last three days, there is about two weeks' work ahead, but it will be much easier to keep clean than it was last year. Still the coming cruise is looked forward to with the greatest expectations and I hope to be able to send you all an interesting line on the trip.

Now for you that know someone in this humble detachment I am going to give you the low-down on the high-spots. First of all I feel that I should mention the men promoted to the rank of private first class recently. They are J. J. Goff, J. T. Reville, H. E. Burley and D. W. Tumey. Secondly, out of fairness to all, I should mention the little scrap that occurred between Private First Class Goff (195) and myself (135). It seems, so I've learned, that it is sometimes better to listen instead of talk, for in an attempt to uphold something I said, I received a discolored eye that would make royal purple look pale. Oh! well, live and learn. Thirdly,—the first sergeant's attention was called to the fact that Private First Class Burley (the crooner) was in the habit of gurgling "okey-dokey" into the telephone at the switchboard. Private (Tubby) Borreson, who now happens to be mess-cooking, will like this cruise the more for the fact that we will visit Norway, the land of his forefathers. Furthermore, he speaks a fair amount of the mother-tongue, and you can take it from him that he'll show 'em under. Sergeant Wulk and I both hope that our small command of the German language will be of some use. It was of service to me last year in Naples, so—who knows! Private First Class Barlow has been scouring numerous maps of Scotland, looking for

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the little river or creek known as the Rye. I'll bet that he is thinking about pretty Scotch lassies, and of the romantic stepping stones alluded to in the sweet, old ditty "Comin' Through the Rye." Private Starr inveigled the Executive Officer into letting him make his initial trip to Washington with the truck-driver. He enjoyed the trip immensely but is still wondering how the truck-driver learned to get around in the maze known as the District of Columbia. By the way, Private First Class Monlezus has just been assigned to special duty as a driver of the ship's Service truck.

Well, that will be about all that we have to say this month so I'll knock off and save some conversation that I can write for the next issue of OUR magazine.

TROPICAL TOPICS

Panamarines

(Continued from page 32)

golf course on which one of our members reigns supreme—it is none other than Pvt. "Baby-Face" Camp, one of our debonaire bus guards. The tennis courts are well taken care of by Cpl. "Pop" Rollen whose net play and terrific smash can commandeer the most ardent of his opponents. In hand-ball, Private First Class Johnson and Pvt. "Porto Bello" Kerdoeck ably account for themselves. Pfc. "Sheik" Osborne has returned to the fold after a long heart-rending courtship in town.

The rainy season having set in necessitates inside work with only an occasional opportunity to play war in the great open spaces. Infantry weapons school is presently our main daily diet. Lieutenant Brower and Sergeant McCorkle are apparently snapping us in for future gunnery sergeants. Rumor has it that Pvt. "Izzy" Liebergall requested the medico to put him on an ironized yeast diet in order to digest the ordnance courses with-

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out having to exercise his mental faculties.

Major D. E. Campbell has set aside the evening of May 29th for a good old fashioned get-together in the form of a Marine smoker to be held at barracks. Local talent will supply the novelty numbers and promise to provide plenty of laughs.

Col. T. E. Backstrom, USMC, retired, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. H. Cassedy, wife of Lt. H. Cassedy, USN, attached to the submarine base. The colonel, being an ardent sportsman, has been on several hunting trips back in the hills. His skill at "squeezing 'em off" has been evidenced by bagging several deer and other wily game roaming the jungles.

The 1937 basketball has gotten underway down here and Marine prospects look most promising. We have a squad of twenty sleek, lithe, court hounds who can do more tricks with the ball than Houdini himself. Our outfit will represent the Marine Corps on the Isthmus and will tangle horns with most of the Army, Navy, and civilian teams ere the season ends. Lieutenant Brower is an excellent coach and we are sure to have a good team under his tutelage—what say men? Let's take 'em over!

The mail packet is about due, so will turn off the steam until next month.

NEWS OF GUAM

The USAT *Grant* "snuk" up on us with a replacement detail of 38 men. Some of the boys who "would leave tomorrow in a dug-out if I got the chance" scrambled around and wriggled out of the out-going detail. It is much quieter now.

The out-going detail will have to wait in Cavite until the *Henderson* comes out in May, then they will go to China.

The baseball series ended with Education leading, Marines second, Navy third and USS *Gold Star* last. The Marines lost three straight games to Education in the play-off and were they "boined up."

A very interesting golf tournament has been instituted in Guam. Here is the way it goes: One low handicap player is the captain, he chooses three others to make up the team and assigns each one

club, one ball is used. The usual lineup is 1 driver, 1 No. 4 iron for approaches, 1 No. 2 iron for long holes and 1 putter. The captain decides who is to shoot. The handicaps are totaled then divided by four then $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of the remainder is the team's handicap. The entire group play together. In the last tournament there were twenty players in one foursome.

Tennis is still going strong with Lieutenant Hudson and Chief Pay Clerk Klingenhagen taking over Bishop and Von Schneidau with monotonous regularity. Halpin has decided to show the boys a few things about the game and surprised everybody, including himself, by carrying Bishop for three sets.

WEST COAST NEWS

(Continued from Page 36)

Marine Corps Base, and other features of particular interest to West Coast personnel and of general interest to all other Marines. Many have served here in the past, and more will serve here in the future. Further, the "folks at home" are going to be interested in what's going on at San Diego.

We might mention, also, that the men joining the Recruit Depot will undoubtedly prove of real value to the Marine Corps. In addition to their splendid physical condition, upon which our medical examiners insist, they have been quick to take advantage of the courses offered by the Marine Corps Institute, which, with the other schools maintained by the Corps, enables us to have THE BEST EDUCATED MILITARY SERVICE IN THE WORLD.

The USS *Chaumont* arrived here on the afternoon of May 31, somewhat in advance of schedule, and sailed again on June 4. To some of us it brought disappointment—our household gear, etc., long anticipated, were not aboard. However, we were able to forget this disappointment in the pleasure of visiting old friends whom we found aboard. We discovered Sergeant Major Charlie White, on his way to Peiping; and First Sergeant Stepanoff and family, who will be in Pearl Harbor by the time this is off the press.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES THROUGH THE MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 19)

- (c) Rules of Land Warfare;
- (d) Domestic Disturbances;
- (e) International Law.

Thirteen Lessons and Four Examinations on Naval Law;
Two Lessons on Military Government;
One Lesson on Domestic Disturbances;
One Lesson on International Law.

—0— SUBCOURSE NO. 10—FIELD ENGINEERING

- (a) Organization of the Ground;
- (b) Duties of Engineers in Landings, Overseas Operations.

Two Lessons and One Problem.

—0— SUBCOURSE NO. 11—INTELLIGENCE

- (a) Combat Intelligence;
- (b) Landing Operations;

(c) Defense of a Base.

Two Lessons (Map Problems.)

—0— SUBCOURSE NO. 12—TACTICS AND TECHNIQUE OF INFANTRY IN OFFENSIVE COMBAT

Six Lessons (Map Problems) and
an Examination on the Text.

—0— SUBCOURSE NO. 13—DEFENSIVE COMBAT AND ORGANIZATION OF THE GROUND

Six Lessons (Map Problems) and
an Examination on the Text.

—0— SUBCOURSE NO. 14—SPECIAL OPERA- TIONS OF INFANTRY UNITS

- (a) Night Operations;
- (b) Security;
- (c) Raids;
- (d) Withdrawal;
- (e) Delaying Action.

Six Lessons (Map Problems) and
an Examination on the Text.

—0— SUBCOURSE NO. 15—STAFF PRINCI- PLES AND FUNCTIONS

- (a) Command, Staff and Logistics.

Two Lessons (Map Problems.)

—0— SUBCOURSE NO. 16—OVERSEAS OPERATIONS

- (a) Ship to Shore Movement;
- (b) Advanced Base Defense;
- (1) Defense Phases;
- (2) Sectors and Sector Defense;
- (3) Special Defensive Measures;
- (c) Reference Data on Landings.

Two Lessons and Two Map Prob-

—0— SUBCOURSE NO. 17—SMALL WARS

- (a) Mounted Detachments, Animal Transportation, and Convoys;
- (b) River Crossings;
- (c) River Operations.

One Lesson and Two Problems.

—0— SUBCOURSE NO. 18—SUPPLY

- (a) General and Battalion;
- (b) Landing Operations.

Two Lessons and Two Problems.

—0— 5. THE SENIOR COURSE—(a) This course is an advanced course, prepared with the view to making the student apply his previous education in tactics and

technique to concrete map problems in Overseas Operations. It will almost exactly parallel the work of the resident students in the Senior Course, Marine Corps Schools. The Correspondence Class cannot furnish instruction in the Senior Course in tactics and technique of the separate arms to prepare students for these Overseas Operations problems. Students undertaking the Senior Course are expected to have obtained the necessary knowledge of the tactics and technique of the separate arms through previous instruction in the Basic and Junior Courses, or other schools.

(b) This course will consist of:

OVERSEAS OPERATIONS.—A complete problem in the Attack and Defense of an Advanced Base.

(c) This course will not be available until about 15 October, 1935.

6. As will be seen from the subcourses in the Basic and Junior Courses, two (2) new subjects are presented to the Marine Corps, namely: Small Wars and Overseas Operations. Also, a special part of the Artillery subcourse is available for those officers who are attached to artillery units. It is more technical than the first part of the Artillery subcourse. Should any officer desire to enroll in **these subjects only, or any single subject listed**, application can be made for such enrollment, and credit will be given for its successful completion (by letter to the student, and a copy to Headquarters, Marine Corps, for file).

7. **A SPECIAL COURSE FOR PROBATIONARY REGULAR SECOND LIEUTENANTS**, to be made up from the subjects listed in the Basic and Junior Courses, will be made available by the Correspondence Class, Marine Corps Schools.

8. **A SPECIAL TEXT ON SERVICE AFLOAT** will also be made available for Marine Officers ordered to duty afloat. This text has not yet been prepared, but full information will be published to the Marine Corps at large when it becomes available for issue.

9. Commanding Officers desiring to conduct post noncommissioned officers' schools in conjunction with, and using material issued by the Correspondence Class, Marine Corps Schools, may, upon application, obtain a copy of the approved method of conducting such classes. Headquarters Bulletin No. 104, page 3, contains this information, also.

A HOUSEBOAT TRIP IN CHINA

(Continued from page 8)

returned to the boats. This little village centered its business around outfitting of junks and other small river craft, as well as the shipping of hogs. We departed from Ming Hong in the middle of the morning for the final leg to Shanghai.

Cruising down the Whangpoo we soon began to meet the large number of junks that are so predominant close to Shanghai. We had just about closed our book for the trip with an ending that there was no really great excitement, when the biggest walla walla of the entire trip began to take place. Passing through the upper customs boat we were not hailed until after we had passed the barrier. The pilot attempted to turn the flotilla about, keep from being rammed by the other river craft, and come close to the customs boat at the same time. He did a very good job of meeting the rear boat



AS A BATTER NEEDS BOTH HANDS



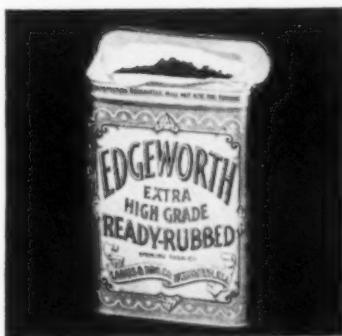
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with the tug, both going in opposite directions. Some thought that a stray tug had slipped into our mist and was causing the rumpus, but soon found out that it was our own. All this time the native crews were jumping up and down, throwing their arms about in all directions, and making the loudest noise ever heard, even from a group of Chinese coolies. The passengers got into the spirit of things and soon assisted the boatmen in making a racket. Later on they were looking for something to hang onto in case of a crash, which seemed imminent. But the Chinese had evidently been in these jams before and soon untangled the mess, and we got underway again for the home port. We passed the towering skyscrapers on the Bund and rolled into Soochow Creek once again.

We tied up at 4 P. M. and disembarked from our floating home of the past four days, bringing with us a knowledge of real China. Our minds were greatly enriched by the things we saw and we were impressed by the poverty and primitive lives of these people. We are all grateful to Chaplain Witherspoon for giving us such an interesting cruise.

ON THE MARCH TO PEKING, 1900

(Continued from page 15)

women. This so incensed the men that they decided to bind all women's feet in order to forestall any future demonstration of that sort. American men may want to remember this if the "Feminists" succeed in their plans.

Our stay in China drew to a close and a few days after entering the Forbidden City we were ordered back to Cavite.

I have mentioned about the scarcity of food and I never will forget the last meal we had in the old temple. Someone had caught a goat, killed and dressed it. Others found some eggplant and the cook made a stew of goat and eggplant. What a mess that was! It was years after before I could eat mutton or lamb and an

eggplant never has entered my door.

The march back to the coast was uneventful with the exception that it was quite cold and rainy. We hiked as far as Yang-Sung where we boarded freight cars in a driving rain storm. We didn't care, it was better than walking. In due time we reached the coast at Taku and were quickly transferred aboard the *Indiana*, an Army transport. The word was passed that a certain number of men could go aboard the *Brooklyn* for the trip back to the Islands. So about two companies went to the *Brooklyn*. The Navy, as a treat, took us for a cruise. We visited many of the Chinese and Japanese ports such as Shanghai, China; Yokohama and Nagasaki, Japan. We arrived at Cavite some time in November.

We had been on the station a little over a year. It had been a crowded year even for a Marine and we were glad to be back to Navy Yard routine for a while. We still had two more years to serve on the station and then we would be sent home. Serving three years beyond the seas and two at home. Those remaining years were filled with hard service at Samar, Subic, Olongapo and on the south line across the bay from Cavite. However, time does roll around and the Battalion was sent home. Unfortunately I didn't get any farther than Mare Island and in three weeks I was transferred to the *Oregon* and was on my way back to China station. We were lying in Chefoo harbor when I came the *Solace*. I asked to be sent home on her and my request was granted. So once more I landed at Mare Island and I saw to it that I was sent East this time. My last eight months of service I put in as drill instructor at Brooklyn Barracks, New York, and was discharged on the 13th of July, 1904, after serving five years. It was a very eventful five-year period. I had a taste of everything the Marine Corps had to offer from major engagements, sea duty, bush warfare to peacetime duty in Barracks and I am still proud to claim the title of the United States Marine.

THE END.

MARINE IN THE ANTARCTIC

(Continued from page 13)

ties or to put something over the air in the way of humorous diversion. A group of us known as the Knights of the Gray Underwear made a weekly appearance at the microphone with songs and an odd assortment of musical instruments including a jug and a home-made drum. On one occasion the U. S. Marine Band played for us, and in return I accompanied the Knights with the harmonica, playing the Marine Corps Hymn.

With the coming of spring we eagerly watched for the return of the sun, which appeared over the northern horizon on April 22nd. The camp was now in great activity preparing for spring operations to the mountains. Planes were dug out of their snow hangars, dogs were exercised after being chained in their tunnels all winter, and supplies brought together for use on the trail. By the middle of October the field parties were ready to set out, sledging southward to the Queen Maude Mountains, 450 miles away, and as many miles eastward to the Edsel Ford Range. During December the giant Condor made several flights east, southeast, and south over hitherto unseen mountain ranges and plateaus. Much new territory was mapped with the aerial camera.

For months our chief topic of conversation was the return of the ships and what we would do on our return to civilization. We even debated as to whether they would get in at all, and we wondered what we would do during another winter night. Late in December and early in January we watched the bay closely to see if the ice was going out so that the ships could come in and get us. One by one the parties returned from the field, and for days we packed our gear and made ready to abandon camp. The *Bear* of *Oakland* left Dunedin on January 2nd, and arrived without mishap January 19th, bringing mail from home. Due to bad weather we were not able to load immediately, and the *Bear*, together with the *Ruppert*, which arrived a week later, were forced to cruise around at the entrance of the bay waiting for favorable weather and for the bay to clear itself of bergs and loose ice. Finally, with conditions right, we loaded everything necessary aboard and left the most desolate region on earth with no regrets.

As cook of the expedition it was a great satisfaction to me that the men gained weight and came through the long winter night in good health and free from scurvy, which proves that the only Marine on the ice had the situation well in hand.

EX-MARINE

(Continued from page 12)

headquarters and Josh Benton's service book was filed among those of other deserters, and the incident was closed as far as official interest was concerned. Neither had the men much time to discuss the matter. Sandino was reported in Mexico, which left the Nicaraguan scepter to be squabbled for. Myriad petty chieftains began operating independently in the hope of being recognized as the rightful heir to the empty throne. They gathered under their banners, inscribed with various patriotic legends, all the riffraff and malecontents roaming the country. They armed them, too, with modern machine guns, automatic rifles, Luger pistols, and

THE LEATHERNECK

an inexhaustable supply of ammunition.

Then began a period of freebooting that no feudal system of old Europe could ever equal. Countless bands of outlaws roamed the country. They attacked unprotected villages and carried off such spoils as they wanted. One in particular, a guerrilla chief named Gonzales, was rapidly acquiring a reputation for more than ordinary activity. He was a heartless killer, and especially enterprising in devising unusual torture.

Report came that he and his followers were in a position to menace Ocotal. The town was under-garrisoned and for a week we had little rest. The Marines, remembering the nearly successful assault of Sandino, sacrificed sleep for security. It was a tense period. Then reinforcements arrived, one company of Marines and two companies of the Guardia Nacional. We immediately dispatched patrols searching for Mr. Gonzales, upon whose shaggy head the Nicaraguan government placed a considerable sum.

IT WAS about this time that I got a letter from Benton. I recognized the scrawling chirography on the envelope and I glanced hastily at the postmark. It had been sent from Dipito, a town some twenty miles northwest of us, but separated by a wilderness of undergrowth and swamps that festered through the rainy season.

The message consisted of only a few lines: "Your Ex-Marine has landed and has the situation well in hand. Tell Golding . . ." No, he had not forgotten his feud, but the spirit of the letter seemed less morose, more humorously ironic. It was only the same sinister warning to Golding that identified him with his former self. Secretly I was glad to learn he had escaped, and one couldn't help but admire the fortitude and courage of a man who could beat death in those jungles. I touched a match to the paper and watched the signature, "Ex-Marine," curl into black destruction.

Reports came from Totagalpa that Gonzales was planning to attack the constabulary there. A detachment of Marines was sent to aid them. Gonzales was rumored to be in Jinotega, and thither was a force dispatched; and at the same time he was supposed to be menacing Ciudad Vieja. A wagon train of supplies arrived from Matagalpa. It had been attacked enroute and the guards were profane and positive that their assailants were led by the ubiquitous and unholy Mr. Gonzales. I was selected to command the punitive expedition.

We were gone a month, encountering no natives except the villagers and *mozos* laboring peacefully and industriously in the fields. Their *machetes* were suspiciously bright; but that was scarcely sufficient evidence to justify wholesale arrest. We returned with no more success than the other patrols.

An astounding letter awaited me in Ocotal. It was from Benton, postmarked Posobuco. As I tore it open I began to wish I had been less friendly with the man. I could sense trouble ahead.

The note began mildly enough, then half-way down the first page it read: "I have an army of my own now and I have a tin sword and a nice mule. The *soldados* all call me *capitán*. I think I'll be a *coronel* tomorrow. Tell Golding I'm the big shot in this outfit, and what I says goes. I'm a tough hombre, but I don't have to tell them so. They know it. We have six

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splendid, shiny machine guns; and it might be interesting to one of your military sagacity to learn I have started an innovation in Latin armies. We have daily target practice and the men are developing into superior marksmen."

There was more in this frivolous vein. It bespoke a man who had found himself and was satisfied. Then the mood altered abruptly: "You can tell Golding that if I ever catch him he'll have reason to change the second letter of his name to 'e'; and may God have mercy on him, for I won't. Yours, Ex-Marine."

HELL that night I was haunted by dreams of Benton torturing and tormenting the sergeant. I awoke a dozen times in a cold sweat, and by morning I was fully resolved to warn Golding, let the consequences be what they might. But somehow sunlight and breakfast always dissipate our dream-born fears. The night before it seemed inevitable that Golding must pay his debt to Benton's vengeance. In the morning the whole idea was preposterous. Not knowing how deeply I might become involved I mentioned the letter to no one.

Gonzales was becoming bolder and more active, and another contender for Sandino's glory had entered the field. He bore the name Xmarano. Rumors concerning his origin were wide and diverse. Some insisted that he came over the Honduran border; others that he was from the Mosquito Coast. At all events he made a bloodless but successful attack on Ubagalpa, and communications from our headquarters in Managua were not flattering to us. Our commander was given the option of getting control of the situation or being relieved by one who could. He ordered one platoon under a speed run to Ubagalpa. With commendable nonchalance the bandit occupied the town up until an hour before the Marines arrived. Then he slipped away, and most of the male population followed him with a spirit and celerity not compatible with Latin-American temperament.

The next rumor of his whereabouts was Dipito, and the story ran that Gon-

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zales and Xmarano had joined forces and that arms and munitions were forthcoming from an American corporation that had fallen into disfavor with the present government. This was serious and our commander pursed his lips.

The following morning a full battalion, commanded by a major armed with authority to employ such methods as the exigencies of the mission might require, left Ocotal. Upon his shoulders descended the definite task of trapping the bandits.

It was a hellish trip, executed with all speed consistent with successful accomplishment. Seven leagues, and we moved at a snail's pace along the *machete* carved trail. It wound through the jungle fastness, slimy and noxious, cool with a fetid dampness, garrisoned by reptiles and chattering monkeys.

It was dusk of the third day before we stumbled into Dipito. The town had been ravished and looted. Dead were still lying in the street and the ashes of the burned houses had not yet cooled.

The populace was in an uproar of indignation. The name of Gonzales was on every tongue. He was inhuman, the devil in disguise, the reincarnation of the terrible William Walker; and the good people crossed themselves piously. He and Xmarano had decamped, very likely to Jalapa, still farther north; but they might return. Would the major leave sufficient men to defend the town? One company remained to protect Dipito, and the other two pushed forward toward Jalapa.

Conditions here were even worse. The place was completely pillaged, but we appeared to be hot on the trail of the marauders. Villagers pointed out that only a few hours separated us from our quarry; but the limit of human endurance had been reached. The major realized the necessity of resting his command a day or two before pursuit was resumed. The men were billeted with the natives and I drew a garrulous old reprobate who would dwell in glory for the rest of his life as the man whose home Gonzales and Xmarano had chosen for their headquarters. He had seen them with his two



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INFORMATION FOR WRITERS OF BROADCAST

News copy for the August Issue
should reach Editors by July 8.

Double space typing, use only one
side of paper.

Make separate story of sports news
if possible.

eyes, and he had served them at the very table at which I sat. He reiterated and expounded and never wearied describing the ferocious Gonzales.

"And, *Sargent*," he said, pouring more wine for me, "the other, Xmarano, he ees a beeg, beeg man, an' he ees white like you."

I leaped to my feet. "White!" What a fool I had been! How ridiculously simple it was. "Xmarano" was nothing more than phonetic Spanish for "Ex-Marine!"

The old native looked at me, possibly wondering if his wine wasn't a bit too strong for the blond soldiers of the North. I ignored him completely. There was something biting into my conscience. I recalled the night Benton and I had discussed Napoleon. Wasn't it a favorite strategy of his to make the enemy divide his force and then defeat him in detail? And weren't the Marines doing exactly that? Our command was strung out all the way from Ocotol and was diminishing rapidly. Benton was familiar with the few tricks of the trade we possessed, and he knew exactly what to expect. He was forcing us to move as he willed, like a chess player maneuvers his pieces and limits his opponent to certain fatal moves. The cold, machiavellian cunning left me with a feeling of helplessness. I finished my wine at a gulp and started for the door. The only decent thing I could do was warn the major.

I found him in his room preparing to retire. He was not pleased by my intrusion. "Well!" he said expectantly.

"Major," I began, "do you remember that lad, Benton, who deserted while on that patrol from Ocotol?"

"Yes—what about him?"

"I have every reason to believe that this bandit we're hunting, this Xmarano, is Benton."

The major paused in the motion of stooping to unlace his shoe. He straightened up slowly.

"Hmmm," he said, sniffing the air, "do I, or do I not, smell liquor on your breath?"

I could feel a flush sweeping over my face. The major was the kind of officer who approved of no one's drinking but his own.

"I did have a couple glasses of wine at my billet," I admitted; "but, Major, I am"

He interrupted me with a wave of his hand.

"I'm tired, Sergeant. I was about to turn in. You've been in service long enough to know that non-com's stripes are the one thing that alcohol won't preserve. Good night."

"Good night, Sir."

"And, Sergeant," he called after me as I was closing the door, "might I suggest that you stop reading so many detective stories? Apparently they've gone to your head."

DAY by day after that I could sense the net closing with inexorable certainty. We were battled about like a tennis ball. The bandits struck like lightning all around us, and we followed with the quickness of thunder; but they eluded us without effort. We discovered manifestations of their depredations everywhere. The charred bones of villages greeted us, a tragic accusation of our helplessness. How Benton must have laughed at us, bungling around, hacking and hewing a path, while he and his men filtered safely past us over trails that

were invisible to our eyes. And all this time, remember, we never once encountered a hostile bandit. Fever and dysentery gripped our force, and the sick were invalidated back to Ocotol along the chain of garrisons that had been established.

Their next blow was La Virgin Mines, and it was one of strategic importance. We had two skeleton platoons available, Golding's and mine, and the major lost little time in getting us under way. A good soldier, the major, although he was handicapped by the lack of imagination. He went by the rules of the book and any deviation would be irregular, an aberration from the path of efficiency.

At the mine we were met by a sad-faced Englishman, the superintendent. He deplored the inadequate protection furnished by our government and he delicately intimated that British property had been despoiled and that the Crown could be expected to take action. His mine had been looted, his employees, peaceful laborers, had been inducted by threat or subterfuge into the service of Gonzales and Xmarano.

The major endeavored to placate him by asking for an itemized list of material losses suffered. It would be forwarded through official channels and proper restitution, etc., etc.

Apparently the superintendent's chief ground for umbrage wasn't so much the loss of supplies as the colossal affront to his King's honor. It was abominable! He, a British subject, had been violated in this absurd country. If America couldn't protect the rights of foreign interests, he was certain England could. I wondered if sowing seeds of discord between two great nations was a conscious effort on Benton's part.

The superintendent, however, furnished us a list of things stolen and destroyed. It included machinery, live stock, provisions and, what struck my eye, several cases of dynamite and fulminate caps.

"Did they destroy the dynamite or take it with them?" I inquired, recalling the night Benton had mentioned his familiarity with such explosives.

"They took all they could carry," mourned the Englishman.

"What's the difference?" Golding broke in. "The only thing they could use it for would be to make bombs outta; an' make them things ain't dangerous. They make a hell of a racket, an' all that, but I ain't never seen anybody get hurt by 'em."

"No," I admitted, "but that is because they were manufactured haphazardly. Dynamite is a good worker for anyone who knows how to handle it."

We were not privileged to remain long inactive at La Virgin Mines. A travel-stained Indian arrived with tidings of the bandits a day's march away. They were establishing a base, a permanent rendezvous from which they could sally forth, strike, and return. The major was down with fever, and the hospital corpsman, who wasn't a bad sort for a gob, stated with profane emphasis that he would remain in bed and be thoroughly saturated with quinine. It was laughable to see him dominate the ailing officer.

The major sent for Golding and me. "You," he said, rising on his elbow and waving his hand in my direction, "will have to take command here until that upstart corpsman says I can get out of bed. Sergeant Golding, you take your

THE LEATHERNECK

platoon and follow this Indian guide. He'll show you where that bandit camp is. Knock holy hell out of it. Your mission will be to break it up and capture Gonzales and that other fellow. You'd better arrange to take the B. A. R. men from the other platoon; automatic rifles always come in handy. Report to me when you're ready to shove off and I'll give you your sailing orders." Golding went out and the major slid weakly under his blankets.

"I believe things are drawing to a head, Sergeant; don't you?"

I admitted a similar belief but reserved my intimate reasons.

With the heart of an executioner I detailed my automatic riflemen to Golding's command. They were staunch fellows, most of them just kids lured to the service by the glamor of romance. I felt like Judas when I gave them their instructions. I attempted to warn Golding with subtle advice. "Keep your eye on that guide," I suggested. "I think he's treacherous; and watch out for traps."

He stopped me with a gesture of superiority. "This ain't my first cruise," he reminded me. "I got more gook engagements to my credit than you have teeth. Banana wars is my meat, brother; it's my job an' I don't need no one to tell me how to do it. Savvy?"

He put the column in motion and they threaded their way out of sight. The superintendent gazed after them and shook his head. "Fancy sending so few men to attack a stronghold. Will there be a fight, do you think?"

"No," I rasped through my teeth, "not a fight—a slaughter!"

For a moment he looked at me dubiously, then he shrugged his shoulders. "They appear to be capable soldiers," he admitted, "and I suppose your major knows what he's about."

"If he did," I answered bitterly, "he'd get us to hell out of this district as fast as we could move."

"My word," was his frigid response.

GHREE days later the patrol returned. Silent and strange were the men as they swung into front to await dismissal. Their actions reminded me of the survivors of Belleau Wood, who, centuries before, stumbled back from the lines of slaughter to rest. Yet not one man of the expedition bore evidence of combat. The bandoliers and belts of each Marine carried as much ammunition as when he started.

Golding's face was haggard, white as an unshaven ghost. His lips twitched uncontrollably as he hooked his hand into his belt to conceal the trembling.

"Dis—missed!" he squeaked.

The hospital corpsman was standing beside me. "That guy is half dead with fever," he said professionally. "Give me a lift to get him into the sickbay."

As we started forward Golding seemed to shiver and then collapse like an emptied sack. Benton's threats flashed into my mind.

"Hurry up!" I snapped at the gob; "there's something besides fever that's got him down."

Together we hurried him into the infirmary and removed his uniform. I was half expecting to see some hideous sign of mayhem, but his body bore no evidence of violence.

Just as we pulled the blankets up about his chin he opened his eyes. "Tell the

major," he said thickly, "that the mission is completed successful."

"Where are the prisoners?" I asked.

"There ain't none," he gritted between his teeth and again lapsed into unconsciousness.

Not a man of the expedition seemed to know what had happened. They had marched through a rocky pass when suddenly at Golding's command the column halted. The point had stopped at a curve in the trail and was signaling that something suspicious lay beyond. Golding cautioned the men to be silent as he went forward to investigate. He disappeared around the curve.

For hours the men waited apprehensively. The rear of the column was exposed in the rocky defile. A sudden attack from its heights would have wiped them out to a man. The forward portion of the column was flanked by close underbrush, from which an ambushing fire could be delivered with terrible effect. Their rifles were loaded and locked as the men lay beside the trail, waiting and fearing the worst.

About three hours after Golding's disappearance the anxious Marines heard a tremendous explosion. It started a miniature landslide of small rocks torrenting down upon them. The reverberating echoes prevented any accurate estimation as to its source. The noise rolled like thunder; then all was quiet once more. The Marines gripped their weapons tighter.

Another hour passed. The senior corporal was preparing to return the men to the mine when Golding burst from the underbrush. Tense muscles flung rifles to shoulders, and the miracle is that no one fired.

"Come on, get your gear together and let's shove off," Golding said. Then he turned the column and headed for home. Beyond that no one could say what happened.

I was not permitted further investigation. The rumor of an uprising a few miles south resulted in my being sent with a patrol of ten men to reconnoiter. It proved to be nothing but a vengeance murder, not associated with organized banditry. I spent a week in the vain attempt to apprehend the butcher who had literally chopped his rival into small and unappetizing bits. Then I returned.

The gob had released Golding from the sickbay on the same day that I reported in. We were scheduled to start back to Ocotol the following morning, so the three of us gathered in Golding's quarters for a sort of celebration.

There was plenty of wine; the gob had traded quinine for it. About the fourth glass he got to his feet. "I've put three cruises in the navy," he said, "and they're great guys, every one. I never liked Marines until I got detailed with 'em. I've learned a lot. You Leathernecks have got something that no one else could ever have." He lifted his glass with a flourish. "Here's to you, every mother's son!"

Golding charged to his feet. "What do you know about Marines?" His fever-paled eyes came to life. "You're drinkin' to buzzards like me an' this guy," he flipped an uncomplimentary finger in my direction. "We're not Marines. Neither of us would make a good pimple on a Marine's neck. If you want to drink to a Marine I'll give you one to drink to; an' if you laugh I'll push it down your throat, glass an' all!"

One corner of his mouth had twisted

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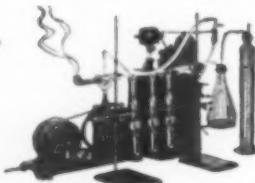
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up into a cynical smile. He raised his wine. "Here's to Benton—Benton, the one Marine I've known in twelve years."

He finished the liquor at a gulp and shattered the glass on the floor. "Nothin' that means less will ever be drank outta that one," was his stammered apology.

He got another glass and as he filled it he turned to me. "You know," he said, "you ain't the only one that got letters from that bird. I recognized the hand-writin' on one of your envelopes, but I kept my trap shut. I knew who he was an' what he had promised to do to me. The dice was loaded an' I knew it. But I didn't have nothin' again' him personal, even if he thought I did."

"Well, anyhow, that afternoon we took off from here we moved out an' finally reached a pass between two high cliffs. Just before we got through it I saw the point halt an' wave his hand, so I went for'ard for a look-see. The trail hooked around like a horseshoe. The point was just a boot an' he was scared to death. I read him off for not developin' what strength might be ahead an' halting the column that-a-way. Then I went on to see if I could find what he seen. I stepped around the bend, watchful-like, an' my gat was in my hand. Before I knew what the score was I was flat on the deck with two hombres holdin' me down. They had my mouth covered an' I couldn't yell. I always thought I could liek any five spicks, but these birds showed me different."

"They jerked me to my feet an' began pushin' me over a rocky trail. We must have gone a mile or so when I found myself on a flat, table-like plain. I didn't forget everything I've learned, so I counted the shacks. There was twenty of them, an' one was pretty big. They headed me for that one."

"It wasn't so light inside, but I could make it out as their headquarters. They must have been a pretty savvy bunch at that, because they had all the supplies stowed in there. Cases of food, a couple machine guns, ammunition, an' the dynamite an' caps they had stole from the mine was stacked along the bulkhead.

"There was a long table in the room. Twelve natives was sittin' around it. At the far end was this Gonzales guy sneerin' at me. 'Ah,' he croaks, 'the leader of the punishable column has been delivered into our hands.' I didn't feel so good just then."

"All of a sudden I notices the bird at the near end of the table. His back had been toward me an' I didn't recognize him until he turned around. It was Benton."

"Hello, Sergeant Golding," he says. "Surprised?"

"My tongue felt bigger'n a for'ard turret. I couldn't speak so I just shook my head, for I wasn't at all surprised, see?"

"I am," he sorts smiled. "I didn't think an old Leatherneck like you would fall for such a simple trick. I fear I have underestimated your ability; especially as a troop leader. The disposition of your column was terrible. Naturally the terrain prevented you from throwing out flankers; but you should have detailed a more experienced man for the point!"

"He could have writ a book on what I done wrong. I never knowed he had so much savvy about soldierin'. An' he doesn't let up, neither: 'Of course you realize we could have wiped out your

whole command as you came through the pass. My friend Gonzales wanted to do that very thing. He wanted to crack down on you; but I don't know, I couldn't do it to those kids. It would be like drowning kittens before their eyes were open.'

"I found my voice. 'Sure,' I growled at him, tryin' to act a lot tougher than I felt, 'you always were a big hearted guy.' Just then I happened to notice his hat. He wore the campaign issue, an' strike me bloody if he didn't have the Marine emblem stuck on the front of it."

"Ol' Gonzales was beginnin' to growl now about wastin' so much time. I can habla enough of that lingo to know he was recommendin' unpleasant ways for them to bump me off. I've seen some of the natives his Indians have worked on, an' it ain't nice to think about."

GOLDING stopped his story long enough to refill his glass. He toyed with it absently. Then he continued:

"Gonzales was still jabberin' away. He'd passed through the part where my eyelids was to be cut off an' I was to be staked out over an ant hill, an' he was gettin' on toward some real ideas. Benton was standin' by, tappin' his finger up an' down. He was gettin' whiter and whiter. All of a sudden he held up his hand. 'I'm sorry to disappoint you, General Gonzales,' he said, 'but I believe it would be better if Sergeant Golding returned to his command. Aside from the certainty of a punitive expedition that would blast these mountains apart to find you, I don't believe I care for your method of warfare. You see I am an American and have never quite cultivated your amusement in blood and torture.'

"I'm tellin' you there was silence for a second. Then they all started yappin' at once. Gonzales piped 'em down quick. He was crazy mad an' soundin' off so fast that I couldn't catch more'n every tenth word. His arms was flyin' around like signal flags on a bridge.

"Sorry," says Benton in a voice as sharp as a bayonet point, "It's closed season on Marines. You've rathered sickened me."

"Gonzales was so mad by now that he couldn't talk fast. 'Amigo,' he said without partin' his teeth, 'you are spadin' yourself a grave with your braggin' tongue.'

"Benton told him the grave'd be plenty big enough for two. Then he turned to me: 'Sergeant, you are free to return any time. Give my compliments to your commanding officer.'

"I opened my mouth an' I guess he musta' read in my face what I was goin' to say. 'I don't want thanks from you,' he growled. 'I never knew I could hold as much hate as I have for you. It's not that. I know what his torture is. You wouldn't have the nerve to stand up to it, and I don't want these savages to look down on me because a countryman of mine shows yellow. I'm not trying to save my . . . Oh, hell; what's the use. You wouldn't understand.'

"Just then I noticed Gonzales reachin' for his gun. I let out a yell but Benton beat him to the draw. 'Keep your hands on the table,' he said, ice-like, 'I like to look at them, dirty as they are.'

"They all froze but Gonzales, an' he started poundin' the table with his fist.

THE LEATHERNECK

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'Fool!' he screamed a couple times, 'do you expect us to sit like targets while you shoot us down one at a time?'

"Benton shook his head. He was smilin' kinda. 'If you were observant you would notice I was not even pointing my weapon in your direction. Indeed not. You see I am aiming at a box behind you. Someone has conveniently stacked dynamite on top of fulminate caps. Quite enough to blow this shack off the face of the earth."

Golding stopped again and fished a mosquito out of his drink. The gob was sitting like a frozen statue. He had hardly breathed for half an hour.

"He wasn't so steady on the trigger finger," the sergeant went on, wiping the wine from his lips, "an' I started sweatin' an' wonderin' what it would feel like to get blown to pieces. I was expectin' every minute that he'd let drive. I remembered what happened in a turret explosion aboard ship an' I sorta leaned up again' the table so they couldn't see my knees were knockin' together. All this time I was wonderin' if we had a Chinaman's chance o' gettin' out o' that jam. Then Benton says to me: 'Sergeant Golding, I think I can hold these gentlemen while you go after your patrol. Bring them up on the double and don't bother with a point. You see we didn't expect you until tomorrow and Colonel Gomez has most of the *soldados* out on an expedition. There's no one in camp besides some of the women; no men between here and your force.'

"I hated like hell to leave him, but it was the only chance we had. So I took off under full power. I made plenty knots

for about two hundred yards, but I was kinda balled up on my course. I stopped to see if I couldn't sight some mark of some kind to take dead reckonin' by. Then it happened! The shock threw me to my knees, an' it sounded like a broadside roarin' out. I turned

around an' saw pieces of the shack flyin' through the air. A heavy, black cloud was floatin' low in the sky.

"Of course I went back. I was a little cautious for I didn't know if any of them bozos was left. There weren't. A few women was standin' around too scared to move until they saw me. They must'a thought I was the advance guard of the patrol for they got underway fast.

"Don't let anyone ever tell you dynamite can't make a mess outta things. It made me sick pokin' around in them ruins, but I wanted to bury Benton so's the buzzards wouldn't have no dessert after finishin' the spicks. When I got done I happened to notice a piece of campaign hat on the deck. It was the part the emblem was fastened to. Here it is."

Golding held forth a familiar bronze eagle grasping the world in its talons. "There's the answer to what you said a bit ago, Sailor," he said to the gob. "That's the thing that's behind every tradition in th' Corps. When that eagle gets his claws into your heart there ain't no lettin' go. I reckon Benton found that out."

"Did you return in a report on that?" the gob asked.

"Yeh, but I said I found the body tied up like he'd been held prisoner all the time. He rated it." Then as if he suddenly feared we would indict him for maudlin sentimentality, he once more became Sergeant Golding, the hard-bitten, third-cruise veteran: "You see I didn't want headquarters to think I was eight-ball enough to go blunderin' into a dumb trap like that!"



MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE NEWS

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS

IHE term Industrial Education is generally applied to the training of manual workers in trades and industries.

This term owes its origin to the rise of the factory system in the 18th century and the gradual disappearance of apprenticeship training. Industrial education in the United States is of comparatively recent origin, and was aroused by the Russian exhibit at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, and led to the creation of manual training high schools, which did not, however, prove very effective until 1906.

The inventive genius of great Americans, whose names are so familiar that it is unnecessary to repeat them here, has almost completely changed the features of our industry, so that industrial workers are now divided into two general groups, unskilled labor and skilled labor, the latter a group of highly specialized men, with a technical knowledge gained only by long hours of study and application. In general, this training was only available at a heavy cost to the individual, a cost in time, in mental effort, and money. No practicable method has been found whereby the cost in time and mental effort may be eliminated, but the formation of the Industrial Schools of the Marine Corps Institute has eliminated the monetary cost to you of the Marine Corps and the Marine Corps Reserve.

The Industrial Schools offer you over one hundred courses. Mentioned below are a few of the outstanding courses, although it must be remembered that there are numerous sub-divisions giving the student a chance to specialize on any particular subject. The Navigation

engineering, as well as numerous shorter courses in various specialized phases of each of these branches of engineering.

The School of Radio, with its courses edited by the Radio Corporation of America, naturally is one of the most popular of the schools. The completeness and thoroughness of the Radio courses cannot be over-estimated.

The School of Internal Combustion Engines, containing also the Automotive group, is intensely practical. A student, with fair mechanical ability, may derive from these courses an immediate pecuniary benefit if he is a car owner through his ability to diagnose and repair the mechanical ail-

ments of his own car; or a future pecuniary benefit by his ability to secure a mechanical position in civil life.

The value of science and special training in meeting Agricultural problems is well known. The Agricultural Department of the Marine Corps Institute offers courses in Farm Business Management, Livestock, Soil Improvement, Fruit Growing, Poultry, etc. Constant revision keeps all of these courses up to date; why don't you keep up to date with them?

AVIATION

The rapid development of the airplane has opened an attractive field for employment in airplane factories, aviation fields, and as aviators. Many young men are seeking employment as mechanics and pilots, and only those best qualified can hope to be accepted. The aviation courses will aid in qualifying for such employment.

It is necessary to be licensed in order to be an aviation-engine mechanic, an airplane mechanic or pilot. To take the license examination as an aviation-engine mechanic, one must have had at least two years' experience on internal combustion engines, one year of which must have been on maintenance of aircraft engines. The experience on aircraft engines may be obtained as a licensed mechanic's helper or in a shop where aircraft engines are built.

To take the examination for an airplane mechanic's license one must have had at least one year's experience in the building, maintaining or repairing of aircraft.

To take a pilot's examination one must first pass a physical examination and have completed a number of hours of actual flying, the number depending on the grade for which application has been made. The applicant should first secure a copy of the Air Commerce Rules, which may be obtained by writing to the Department of Aeronautics, Washington, D. C. These will give full information on examination requirements.

The Institute offers five excellent aviation courses—Aviation Engines; Aviation Mechanics'; Airplane Maintenance; Aviators'; and Air Pilots'. Complete details regarding these courses will be furnished upon request.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE PERSONALITIES



Gunnery Sergeant Jesse W. Coleman, Chief Instructor, Industrial Schools

*M*arines are fortunate in many respects. Fortunate because the Marines of other days have created an illustrious history which we of today have the honor to uphold and perpetuate. Fortunate because occasion, coupled with sincere devotion to duty, or the job at hand, has rewarded the Corps with the victory in almost every task undertaken, whether in battle, sports, or social affairs. Last, but not least, fortunate from an educational standpoint. Not only are we encouraged to be Marines, worthy of the name, but the way is open and free to a better education, academic or vocational.

Some fifteen years ago the Marine Corps Institute was organized, having as its motive the purpose of creating, "The Best Educated Military Service in the World." Since 1920, thousands of Ma-

rines have realized success in spare time study. During that period many Marines have served in the capacity of Instructors, and today nearly a hundred Marine Instructors spare no effort in correcting and assisting about five thousand members of the Corps, Regulars and Reserves, stationed in many parts of the world.

Fortunate is the Marine who takes advantage of spare time study, for not only will he gradually attain an education, but he will have at hand interesting problems and questions to absorb his less profitable hours.

In an organization where several Marines are enrolled in courses, they are wise to form a study club and assist one another, and in this way make better progress and earn higher grades on their lessons.

THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on April 30	17,141
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —April 30	1,152
Separation during May	5
Appointments during May	1,147
Total Strength on May 31	17,147
ENLISTED —Total Strength on April 30	15,982
Separations during May	470
Joinings during May	15,519
Total Strength on May 31	16,016
Total Strength Marine Corps on May 31	17,165

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, The Major General Commandant.
 Brig. Gen. L. McCarty Little, Assistant to the Major General Commandant.
 Brig. Gen. David D. Porter, The Adjutant and Inspector.
 Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
 Brig. Gen. George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. James C. Breckinridge.
 Brig. Gen. Thomas Holcomb.
 Col. John R. Henley.
 Lt.-Col. William C. James.
 Major Galen M. Sturgis.
 Capt. William W. Davidson.
 1st Lt. John B. Hendry.

Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. Charles H. Lyman.
 Brig. Gen. James T. Buttrick.
 Col. Ross E. Rowell.
 Lt.-Col. David L. S. Brewster.
 Maj. James A. Mixson.
 Capt. Arthur T. Mason.
 1st Lt. Cleo R. Keen.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

MAY 15, 1935.
 Maj. Gen. Harry Lee, died 13 May, 1935.
 Lt. Col. Franklin B. Garrett, detached Eastern Recruitin Div., Phila., Pa., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C. Authorized to delay one month in reporting.
 Lt. Col. William T. Hoadley, detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., on 26 June, to duty as OIC, Recr. Dist. of Boston, Boston, Mass.
 Maj. Percy D. Cornell, detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., on 8 June, to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.
 Maj. Herbert Hardy, orders dated 18 April, detaching this officer MB, Quantico, Va., to Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps Unit, University of California, Berkeley, Calif., revoked.
 Maj. Ralph E. West, when directed by Professor of Naval Science and Tactics, University of California, Berkeley, Calif., detached Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps Unit, that University, to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via SS "President Coolidge," sailing San Francisco, Calif., on 12 July.

Capt. Andrew L. W. Gordon, on 1 June, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Phila., Pa.
 2nd Lt. Charles Popp, on 29 May, detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., and ordered home to await retirement.
 2nd Lt. Hector DeZayas, on reporting relief, about 25 May, detached MD, USS "Trenton," to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.
 MAY 17, 1935.
 Lt. Col. Oliver Floyd, on 1 June, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay one month en route NOB, San Diego.
 Lt. Col. Miles R. Thatcher, orders 15 April, detaching this officer MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif., revoked.
 Maj. Alfred A. Cunningham, on discharge from treatment at Naval Hospital, League Island, detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., and ordered home to await retirement.

(continued on page 58)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

MAY 1, 1935.
 Cpl. Ralph H. Newman—WC to Philadelphia.
 Cpl. John H. Rice—Dover to RS, New York.
 MAY 2, 1935.
 Cpl. Walter E. Harris—USS "Arkansas" to Bremerton.
 Sgt. John Weber—USS "Arkansas" to Norfolk.
 Cpl. Ollie C. Hanson—Charleston to PI.
 MAY 3, 1935.
 Cpl. Earl W. Peasley—FMF, San Diego to MCB, San Diego.
 MAY 4, 1935.
 Tpr. Sgt. Wm. H. Greene—PI to San Diego.
 Tpr. Sgt. Albert A. Ward—PI to San Diego revoked.
 Cpl. George H. Bergstrom—Norfolk to USS "Arkansas."
 Sgt. Walter A. Flippo—FMF to Quantico.
 Sgt. Edward Bernaski—Norfolk to FMF, Quantico.
 Cpl. Jas. J. Fogarty—Norfolk to MB, Washington, D. C.
 Cpl. Gerald D. Pierce—Norfolk to MB, Washington, D. C.
 MAY 6, 1935.
 Gy-Sgt. Chas. M. Isham—San Diego to Quantico.
 Sgt. Frelan S. Hamrick—5th Bn., FMCR, to FMF, Quantico.
 Sgt. Chas. Sorensen—5th Bn., FMCR, to FMF, Quantico.
 MAY 7, 1935.
 Sgt. Arthur H. Sherman—MB, Washington to San Diego.
 MAY 8, 1935.
 Cpl. Jimmie R. Murphy—Norfolk to Sunnyside.
 Sgt. Frelan S. Hamrick—FMF to MB, Quantico.
 Cpl. Edmond V. Bullock—San Diego to Quantico.

MAY 9, 1935.
 Cpl. Michael Bialek—FMF to NYd, Washington.
 Cpl. Clarence R. Dean—FMF to MCB, San Diego.
 Cpl. Clarence M. Edwards, Jr.—NYd, Washington to USS "Champlain."
 Gy-Sgt. Harry Watkins—Quantico to Shanghai.
 MAY 11, 1935.
 Cpl. Frank P. Stephenson—Dover to Cape May.
 MAY 13, 1935.
 Sgt. Anderson L. Mullinix—Cuba to Yorktown.
 Cpl. Richard McGee—Cuba to Boston.
 Sgt. Fred Martin—Quantico to PI.
 Sfc. Sgt. Walter Sandusky—Philadelphia to NOB, Norfolk.
 PM. Sgt. Vincent Pillitch—Norfolk to Headquarters.
 Sgt. Frank W. Ferguson—Shanghai to Norfolk.
 Sgt. Leonard H. Brand—San Diego to East Coast.
 MAY 14, 1935.
 1st Sgt. Elwell P. Knowles—Pearl Harbor to Quantico.
 Sgt. Alton R. Nash—New London to Guam.
 Cpl. Ernest W. Regnier—Quantico to San Diego.

(Continued on page 58)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

KROMP, Walter F., 4-30-35, New York for New York.
 LAIL, Creed G., 4-25-35, San Diego for Mare Island.
 RAZETTE, Paoul L., 4-30-35, Quantico for Quantico.
 NASH, Alton R., 4-29-35, New London for New London.
 COOK, Raymond W., 5-2-35, Washington, D. C. for Cavite.
 CLEWS, Jacob B., 5-3-35, Philadelphia for Dots, Philadelphia.
 HULL, John Wm., 4-28-35, Quantico for Quantico.
 INGRAM, George, 5-2-35, Quantico for Quantico.
 SELLER, Charles, 3-24-35, Guam for Guam.
 WARD, Woodrow W., 5-3-35, Portsmouth, Va. for Portsmouth, Va.
 WARNER, William J., Jr., 4-29-35, Portland for Mare Island.
 BAILEY, Albert N., 5-5-35, MB, Washington, D. C. for MB, Washington, D. C.
 BISHOP, Robert A., 5-1-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
 CHAFFEE, Ralph D., 5-4-35, Quantico for Quantico.
 HARPHAM, D. S., 5-4-35, MB, Washington, D. C. for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.
 MILLER, Edward L., 5-5-35, NYd, Washington, D. C. for NYd, Washington, D. C.
 BARNES, Harry G., 5-7-35, Washington, D. C. for Hrs, Washington, D. C.
 PARK, William E., 5-6-35, New York for NYd, New York.
 RANDALL, Francis A., 5-6-35, Portsmouth, Va. for Asiatic Station via Norfolk.
 RHEA, Azor J., 5-6-35, Quantico, for Quantico.
 WHITE, Ben W., 5-4-35, Parris Island for Parris Island.
 WILSON, Bruce, 5-6-35, Portsmouth, Va. for Philadelphia.
 JONES, Robert C., 4-27-35, USS "Lexington" for USS "Lexington."
 LLOYD, O. C. Edw., 5-7-35, Portsmouth, Va. for Hingham, Mass.
 MAHER, Joseph A., 5-2-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
 MEDDICK, John A., 5-1-35, Mare Island for Portsmouth, N. H.
 BRYANT, Lucian, 5-8-35, Quantico for Quantico.
 PALENCAR, Joseph E., 5-9-35, Philadelphia for NYd, Philadelphia.
 SMITH, Victor L., 5-10-35, Boston for Portsmouth, N. H.
 GERNERT, Albert E., 5-4-35, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
 STACY, James W., 5-10-35, Savannah for Parris Island.
 CARTER, Lucian K., 5-6-35, Seattle for NAS, Seattle.
 BEAUCHAMP, William R., 5-7-35, Mare Island for MB, Quantico.
 CHENEY, William M., 4-28-35, Bremerton for PSNYd, Bremerton.
 DECKARD, Lloyd C., 5-11-35, MB, Washington, D. C. for MB, Washington, D. C.
 DOLE Christian, 5-7-35, MCB, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
 HANSON, Donald M., 5-6-35, MCB, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
 PALMER, James V., 5-11-35, New York for MB, NYd, New York.
 WARD, Dennis, 5-6-35, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

(Continued on page 59)

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 57)

Maj. Louis R. Jones, on 1 July, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.

Maj. Augustus B. Hale, retired as of 1 July.

Capt. Julian N. Frisbie, orders 18 April modified, on detachment USS "Colorado," ordered to report to Comdt. NOB, San Diego, for duty as CO, Sea School, MCB there, instead of for duty with FMF.

Capt. William McN. Marshall, about 28 May, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Chandler W. Johnson, about 28 May, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

1st Lt. Mercado A. Cramer, about 28 May, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

1st Lt. Melvin G. Brown, about 12 June, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

1st Lt. George H. Bellinger, on 5 June, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MD, receiving Ship, San Francisco, Calif.

QM. Clk. Louie F. Shoemaker, appointed a Quartermaster Clerk and assigned to duty at MB, Quantico, Va.

MAY 22, 1935.

Lt. Col. Miles R. Thacher, on completion of Second Year Course, Marine Corps Schools, assigned to duty with FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Lt. Col. Harry G. Bartlett, on 1 July, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., and ordered to his home to await retirement.

Lt. Col. Charles D. Barrett, on or about 10 June, detached Hqrs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to duty as Marine Officer, Battleships, Battle Force, and as Div. Marine Officer, Battleship Div. 4, Battle Force, USS "West Virginia."

Maj. David S. Barry, Jr., on reporting of Lt. Col. C. D. Barrett, about 12 July, detached from duty as Marine Officer, Battleships, Battle Force, and as Div. Marine Officer, Battleship Div. 4, Battle Force, USS "West Virginia," and assigned to duty as Div. Marine Officer, Battleship Div. 1, Battle Force, USS "Texas."

Maj. Arthur Kingston, on or about 10 July, detached Marine Corps Rectg. Bureau, Phila., Pa., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Maj. Sidney N. Raynor, on or about 15 June, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Marine Corps Rectg. Bureau, Phila., Pa.

Maj. George W. VanHoosier, on 1 June, detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., and ordered to his home to await retirement.

Capt. Thomas E. Kendrick, on 1 June, detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., and ordered to his home to await retirement.

Capt. Harry E. Dunkelberger, on or about 31 May, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via USAT "St. Mihiel," sailing San Francisco, Calif., 11 June.

Capt. Will H. Lee, on or about 31 May, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via USAT "St. Mihiel," sailing San Francisco, Calif., 11 June.

1st Lt. Albert L. Gardner, on 1 June, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered to his home to await retirement.

1st Lt. Robert J. Straub, about 15 July, detached MB, NAS, Oahu, T. H., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Wallace O. Thompson, about 1 July, detached MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Following officers were promoted on 10 May, 1935, to grades indicated by and with advice and consent of the Senate, to rank from the dates shown opposite their names:

Lt. Col. John M. Arthur—from 1 May, 1935.

Maj. Robert H. Pepper—from 1 May, 1935, No. 1.

Maj. John B. Wilson—from 1 May, 1935, No. 2.

Capt. Merrill B. Twining—from 1 May, 1935, No. 1.

Capt. Frank H. Lamson-Scribner—from 1 May, 1935, No. 2.

Capt. William R. Hughes—from 1 May, 1935, No. 3.

Capt. William J. Scheyer—from 1 May, 1935, No. 4.

1st Lt. John B. Hendry—from 9 March, 1935, No. 1.

MAY 27, 1935.

Col. Robert B. Farquharson, about June 15, detached MB, Navy Yard, Cavite, P. I., to Hqrs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Lt. Col. Frederick A. Gardner, on June 1, detached MB, Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C., and ordered to his home to await retirement.

Maj. Francis E. Pierce, orders dated May 7, detaching this officer MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Hqrs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., revoked.

Maj. Gilbert D. Hatfield, on or about June 19, detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty on Staff of Marine Corps Schools.

Maj. Archibald Young, about June 5, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Department of Pacific, via SS "President Taft," sailing from Shanghai, China, on June 8.

Capt. James A. Mixson, detailed as Assistant Quartermaster, effective June 15. On June 15, relieved from duty with FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to duty as Depot QM, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Emery E. Larson, about June 1, detached MB, Navy Yard, Phila., Pa., to MD, USS "Pennsylvania." Authorized to delay in reporting USS "Pennsylvania" until June 26.

Capt. Richard H. Schubert, about June 1, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Taft," sailing from Kobe, Japan, on June 10.

1st Lt. Lionel C. Gondeau, about June 1, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Taft," sailing from Kobe, Japan, on June 10.

Capt. James D. Colomy, about June 5, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Taft," sailing from Shanghai, China, on June 8.

Capt. Moses J. Gould, about June 5, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Taft," sailing from Shanghai, China, on June 8.

1st Lt. Francis J. McAllister, about June 5, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Taft," sailing from Shanghai, China, on June 8.

Ch. QM. Clk. Joseph C. Brochek, about June 5, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Taft," sailing from Shanghai, China, on June 8.

Ch. QM. Clk. William J. Gray, about June 5, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Taft," sailing from Shanghai, China, on June 8.

Ch. QM. Clk. Edward C. Smith, about June 5, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Taft," sailing from Shanghai, China, on June 8.

Q.M. Clk. Oswald Brosseau, about June 5, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Taft," sailing from Shanghai, China, on June 8.

Capt. Lee Sullivan, orders detached this officer from MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, dated April 12, 1935, revoked. About June 4, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Hqrs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

2nd Lt. Paul J. Shovestul, relieved from aviation training at NAS, Pensacola, Fla., and assigned duty MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

1st Lt. William E. Burke, detached MB, Navy Yard, Mare Island, Calif., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via SS "Urline" sailing San Francisco, June 1, and USAT "Grant" sailing Honolulu, June 12.

JUNE 3, 1935.

Lt. Col. Edwin N. McClellan, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

Lt. Col. William C. Wise, Jr., retired as of 1 August, 1935.

Maj. Archibald Young, orders detaching this officer 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, revoked.

Maj. Curtis T. Beecher, on 24 June, detached MD, Rec. Ship, San Francisco, Calif., to duty as Inspector-Instructor of the 8th and 9th Battalions, FMCR, Chicago, Ill. Authorized to delay in reporting at Chicago until 1 August.

Maj. Robert W. Voeth, about 12 July, detached MB, NS, Guam, to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y. Authorized to delay two months en route.

Capt. Francis L. Fenton, on or about 12 June, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via SS "President Polk," sailing from Los Angeles, Calif., on 17 June.

Capt. Edwin J. Mund, AQM, orders modified on reporting to CG, Dept. of Pacific, to be assigned to duty MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

Capt. Brady L. Vogt, on 15 July, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Capt. Hedman R. Anderson, about 15 June, detached MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Merrill B. Twining, about 15 June,

detached MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Sherman L. Zee, about 7 June, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Taft," sailing Shanghai, China, about 8 June.

1st Lt. Albert J. Keller, about 7 June, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Taft," sailing Shanghai, China, about 8 June.

1st Lt. Lewis R. Tyler, about 13 June, detached Dept. of Pacific to Motor Transport School, Camp Holabird, Md., and authorized to delay in reporting at that school until 1 Sept.

1st Lt. Robert A. Olson, about 1 July, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MD, USS "Sacramento."

1st Lt. Nelson K. Brown, about 15 June, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Saville T. Clark, about 15 June, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla. Authorized to delay in reporting at Fort Sill until 26 August.

1st Lt. John H. Griebel, about 20 June, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, RR, Cape May, N. J.

1st Lt. Richard P. Ross, about 1 July, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MD, USS "Colorado."

1st Lt. Edward J. Dillon, about 8 June, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. Edward E. Authier orders to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., revoked. Detached MD, USAT "Arkansas," to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Ch. Mar. Grd. John J. Andrews, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MD, Naval Prison, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 57)

Cpl. Chas. M. Kolbert—Pearl Harbor to New York.

Cpl. Robert P. Thomas—San Diego to Great Lakes.

MAY 16, 1935.

Sgt. Earl T. Spencer—Norfolk to Indian Head.

Sgt. John R. Howard—Norfolk to Indian Head.

Cpl. Wm. G. Ferrigno—WC to Hingham.

1st Sgt. John G. Arnold—ERD to Norfolk.

MAY 17, 1935.

Sgt. Wallace K. Stainbrook—Dover to Pensacola.

1st Sgt. Irvin F. McClay—Orders to Charleston modified to Portsmouth, Va.

1st Sgt. Albert T. Luck—Tour duty aboard USS "Houston" extended until December, 1935.

MAY 20, 1935.

Sgt. George C. Gibson—FMF to Quantico.

1st Sgt. Edward L. Livermore—Norfolk to Recruiting Baltimore.

Sgt. Obert Fowler—FMF to MB, Quantico.

Cpl. Ellis R. McNabb—Norfolk to Haworth.

Cpl. Edward B. Green—FMF to Aviation, Quantico.

Cpl. Frederick C. Sanders—Quantico to Charleston, S. C.

MAY 21, 1935.

Cpl. Floyd P. Shreve—Pearl Harbor to FME.

MAY 22, 1935.

Sgt. Jos. L. Bonville—FMF to MB, Quantico.

Cpl. James C. Smith—FMF to Dofs, Philadelphia.

Cpl. Alfred G. Phillips—Indian Head to Norfolk.

MAY 23, 1935.

Cpl. Augustus Byrd—WC to FMF, San Diego.

Cpl. Chas. T. White—FMF, Quantico to Great Lakes.

MAY 24, 1935.

Cpl. George Pfeifle—WC to East Coast on arrival from China.

Sgt. Jesse L. Kidd—Charleston to Norfolk.

1st Sgt. Allen R. Donaghue—Mare Island to USS "Henderson."

1st Sgt. Cecil R. Bates—USS "Henderson" to West Coast.

1st Sgt. Howard D. Hudson—WC to Norfolk.

MAY 25, 1935.

Cpl. Bryan Griffith—Norfolk to Philadelphia.

THE LEATHERNECK

Cpl. Carl F. Johnson—Norfolk to PI.
Cpl. Jos. S. Stefonic—Norfolk to Boston.
Cpl. Samuel M. Brafford—FMF to NYd, Washington.

MAY 27, 1935.

Cpl. Jackson L. Garner—PI to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Herman Wolf—NYd, Washington to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Glenn R. Dixon—FMF to Asiatic.

Sgt. Guy M. Gifford—Hingham to Portsmouth, N.H.

Cpl. Morton J. Silverman—Hingham to Quantico.

Sgt. Louis F. Peyret—USS "Taylor" to New York.

Cpl. Jacob K. Saylor—USS "Taylor" to New York.

Cpl. Cyril Nalevenko—FMF to New York.

MAY 28, 1935.

Cpl. Butler Metzger, Jr.—Coco Solo to Boston.

Sgt. Sgt. Robert L. Dickey—Aircraft One to Aircraft Two.

Cpl. Talmadge S. Hamm—Quantico to NYd, Washington.

Sgt. Andrew C. Montanaro—FMF, Quantico to Philadelphia.

MAY 29, 1935.

Cpl. Leo W. Lair—FMF to New London.
Q.M. Sgt. Herbert L. Merwin—Norfolk to FMF.

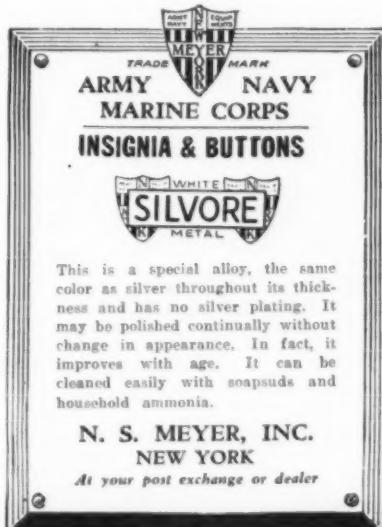
MAY 31, 1935.

1st Sgt. Walter R. Hooper—Quantico to San Diego.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 57)

COSTELLO, Philip J., 5-18-35, Quantico for Quantico.
RIND, Alfred T., Jr., 5-19-35, Quantico for Quantico.
TOOMEY, Cornelius J., 5-2-35, Boston for Quantico.
GILBERT, Marion F., 5-21-35, Quantico for Quantico.
MANNAN, Wilber, 5-21-35, Quantico for Quantico.
MARTIN, Fred, 5-21-35, Quantico for Quantico.
WADDICK, John E., 5-20-35, Parris Island for Quantico.
ZIMMERMAN, Wendell T., 5-21-35, Quantico for Quantico.
HUGHES, William R., 5-23-35, Washington, D.C. for HQrs., Washington, D.C.
GILLUM, Gerald M., 5-29-35, Chicago for Quantico.
BERG, Martin W., 5-21-35, Quantico for Quantico.
DUBOSE, Marion T., 5-22-35, Norfolk, Va. for NOB, Norfolk, Va.
DERISO, James A., 5-22-35, Parris Island for Charleston, S.C.
MCKAY, Alan, 5-17-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
TANNER, Rumbly B., 5-23-35, Quantico for Quantico.



This is a special alloy, the same color as silver throughout its thickness and has no silver plating. It may be polished continually without change in appearance. In fact, it improves with age. It can be cleaned easily with soapsuds and household ammonia.

N. S. MEYER, INC. NEW YORK

At your post exchange or dealer

COOPER, Orville J., 5-29-35, New Orleans for Parris Island.
CREECH, Albert M., 5-25-35, Savannah for MB, Washington, D.C.

RESERVE CHANGES

Appointments

2nd Lt. Harlan Hull, Kansas City, Mis- souri, with rank from 15 May, 1935.

2nd Lt. John W. Stage, Berkeley, Calif., with rank from 18 May, 1935.

Promotions

1st Lt. Wilbur E. Loveland, Upper Darby, Pa., with rank from 15 May, 1935.

Capt. Chudleigh H. Long, Long Island, N.Y., with rank from 15 May, 1935.

Capt. Edward F. Venn, East Orange, N.J., with rank from 15 May, 1935.

Capt. Thos. P. Barton, Hashbrouck Heights, N.J., with rank from 15 May, 1935.

Capt. Robt. F. Davidson, Irvington, N.J., with rank from 15 May, 1935.

Capt. Philip H. Crimmins, San Francisco, Calif., with rank from 15 May, 1935.

Capt. Walter A. Churchill, Toledo, Ohio, with rank from 15 May, 1935.

Lt-Col. Melvin J. Maas, St. Paul, Minn., with rank from 25 May, 1935.

Retired

1st Lt. Samuel F. Eldredge, Jr., 20 May, 1925.

2nd Lt. Charles E. Baltz, 20 May, 1935.

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES:

Private First Class Peter Hemmerl, Class II(b), FMCR, May 31, 1935. Future address: 958 Capital Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Gy-Sgt. Harvey I. Diamon, Class II(d), FMCR, June 15, 1935. Future address: General Delivery, Oakland, California.

TENTATIVE SAILINGS

Vessels of the Naval Transportation Service

ANTAIRES—Leave NOB Norfolk 17 June; arrive Philadelphia 18 June, leave 24 June; arrive New York 25 June, leave 1 July; arrive Boston 3 July, leave 10 July; arrive New York 12 July, leave 17 July; arrive Philadelphia 18 July, leave 23 July; arrive NOB Norfolk 24 July.

CHAUMONT—Leave San Diego 5 June; arrive San Pedro 6 June, leave 7 June; arrive San Francisco June 9, leave 21 June; arrive Honolulu 28 June, leave 1 July; arrive Guam 12 July, leave 13 July; arrive Manila 19 July, leave 21 August; arrive Guam 27 August, leave 28 August; arrive Honolulu 8 September, leave 10 September; arrive San Francisco 17 September.

HENDERSON—Leave Shanghai 8 June; arrive Manila 12 June, leave 15 June; arrive Guam 21 June, leave 22 June; arrive Honolulu 5 July, leave 8 July; arrive San Francisco 16 July, leave 30 July; arrive San Pedro 1 August, leave 3 August; arrive San Diego 3 August, leave 6 August; arrive Canal Zone 17 August, leave 20 August; arrive Guantnamo 23 August, leave 23 August; arrive NOB Norfolk 27 August.

NITRO—Under overhaul Navy Yard Norfolk until about 3 July. Then sails for northern ports prior to departure for West Coast.

RAMAPO—Under emergency repairs at Pearl Harbor, T. H. Date of completion indeterminate.

SALINAS—Arrive Norfolk 2 June, leave 17 June; arrive Pensacola 24 June, leave 24 June; arrive Houston 26 June, leave 27 June; arrive NOB Norfolk 5 July.

SIRIUS—Leave NOB, Norfolk, 24 May; arrive Newport 26 May, leave 28 May; arrive Guantnamo 4 June, leave 4 June; arrive Canal Zone 7 June, leave 10 June; arrive San Diego 23 June, leave 25 June; arrive San Pedro 25 June, leave 27 June; arrive Mare Island 29 June, leave 11 July; arrive Puget Sound 14 July, leave 21 July; arrive Seattle 22 July.

VEGA—Leave Puget Sound 7 June; arrive Mare Island 10 June, leave 21 June; arrive San Pedro 23 June, leave 25 June; arrive San Diego 25 June, leave 27 June; arrive Canal Zone 9 July, leave 12 July; arrive Guantnamo 15 July, leave 15 July; arrive Norfolk 19 July.

Upon departure from NOB Norfolk on or about 1 August the VEGA will make a trip to northern ports stopping at Philadelphia, New York, and Boston north and southbound, returning to Norfolk about 1 September. VEGA will go to Navy Yard, Norfolk for overhaul about 9 September.

DEATHS Officers

LEE, Harry, Major General, died May 13, 1935 of cerebral embolism at Quantico, Virginia. Next of kin: Mrs. Mercedes S. Lee, wife, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia.

RUBY, Harry E. 2d Lieut., USMCR, Inactive, died October 10, 1933, as the result of a commercial airplane crash at Jackson, Indiana. Next of kin: Mrs. Pearl Ruby, wife, 231 Lorel Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Enlisted Men

BASE, William P. Pvt. 1-Cl., died May 14, 1935 at the Rifle Range, San Diego, California. Next of kin: Mrs. William D. Base, mother, Roland and Dogwood Road, Woodlawn, Baltimore, Md.

GOLDEN, Howard E. Corporal, died May 16, 1935 of disease at Quantico, Virginia. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary Golden, wife, 1000 Westover Ave., Norfolk, Va.

HURST, Robert J. Pvt. 1-Cl., died May 28, 1935 as result of a commercial airplane crash near Alexandria, Va. Next of kin: Mrs. Loueria Hurst, mother, R. 2, Box 25, Tallahassee, Florida.

CLARK, Roscoe T. Gy-Sgt., retired, died May 1, 1935 of disease at San Diego, California. Next of kin: Mrs. Grace Taylor, mother, 231 Franklin St., Appleton, Wis.

COLLINS, John Sgt., retired, died May 19, 1935 of disease at U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Rose Bryan, Niece, 472 Eighty-second St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NAYLOR, James W. Gy-Sgt., retired, died April 27, 1935 when struck by an automobile at Brooklyn, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Jane Naylor, wife, 966 E. 34th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

TYNAN, Martin, Cpl., retired, died May 21, 1935 of disease at U. S. Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: James Tynan, nephew, 156 W. 106th St., New York, N. Y.

LEE, William H. H. Sgt., FMCR, Class II (d), inactive, died May 2, 1935 at Memorial Hospital, Richmond, Va. Next of kin: Mrs. Margaret B. Lee, mother, 2511 Stuart Ave., Richmond, Va.

WALKER, Louis L. 1st Sgt., FMCR, Class II (d), inactive, died January 18, 1935 of disease at St. Louis, Mo. Next of kin: Mrs. Maud Walker, wife, 1603 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the date indicated:

Sgt. Maj. Nathan Rothstein, USMC, June 1, 1935.

Sgt. Maj. Philip V. Devine, USMC, June 1, 1935.

Sgt. John W. Rosacrants, FMCR, June 1, 1935.

Cpl. Edward J. Dowling, FMCR, June 1, 1935.

Qm. Sgt. John M. Eineichner, FMCR, June 1, 1935.

Sgt. Maj. James H. Nelson, USMC, June 1, 1935.

Sgt. Maj. Raymond L. Lacey, FMCR, June 1, 1935.

Staff Sgt. Patrick A. McMahon, USMC, June 1, 1935.

PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT MAJOR:

Philip L. Devine.

Victor H. Rogers.

TO MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANT:

Raymond H. Leeper.

TO PAYMASTER SERGEANT:

Robert L. Williams.

TO GUNNERY SERGEANT:

McKinley Goehring.

Edward Nixon.

Byron E. Orvis.

Ralph H. Hobbs.

Walter F. Kromp.

Manny Berkaman.

David L. Forde.

Irvin V. Masters.

Ralph E. Hammers.

TO STAFF SERGEANT, TECHNICAL:

Eddie L. Metzler.

Joseph H. Bradley.

Curtis Goehring.

Patrick J. McMahon.

William S. Rice.

Earl P. Frazer.

Thomas C. Alvis.

Arthur H. Lilly.

Asa Alder.

Kyle K. Kring.

TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:

Harold S. Lange.

Jack W. Starr.

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND TECHNICAL WARRANT:

William E. Devine.

Richard E. Gilmore.

William G. Mann.

James L. Pollard.

Charles W. Davis.

Harmen DeHaan.

John M. White.

Ivy L. Crownover.

Charles C. Gordon.

Milton O. Hogue.

Charles W. Emery.

Paul J. Rupakas.

Idwal Jones.

Lester D. Lansing.

Mike Davidovic.

John F. Rieard.

William W. Greene.

Norman Frecka.

James A. Miller.

Antone Giovanini, Jr.

Theodore R. Walker.

Emil M. Kileger.

Dewey D. Raynor.

Lester O. Thompson.

Elza H. Judkins.

Macon Barbee.

James D. Williamson.

John H. Peters.

Paul A. Kelly.

Nathan N. Sadoff.

Frederic M. Dillow.

Benjamin F. Anderson.

Charles A. MacCrone.

Edward J. McMahon.

Alvie D. Godwin.

Harold R. Hacker.

Clair W. Shisler.

George McC. Fuller.

Elmer N. Barr.

Clayton W. Smith.

James A. Smith.

Charles E. Neus.

Charles E. Stoughton.

Philip R. Hembree.

Gud F. Koenig.

James I. Calhoun.

Lowell M. Witt.

Stephen E. Havasy.

Richard J. Britten.

Walter R. Giles.

John J. Moore.

Samuel L. Skotz.

Edwin B. Murphy.

George R. Kuykendall.

Wayne E. Foerch.

Claude U. Farmer.

James A. Samuels.

Carl M. Cutrer.

Jack T. Blackledge.

Winfred T. Heath.

George W. Branton.

Jack P. Bobbitt.

Lindell W. Bushnell.

Evert O. Carroll.

William P. Watson.

Winnfield F. Sharp.

William H. Lartz.

Ivan E. Dixon.

John Simmons.

Woodrow W. Barnes.

Arthur L. Fischer.

Leo C. Casey.

Frank N. Christensen.

Agge V. Mills.

Everett F. Skillings.

Innocent M. Piscacek.

Carl C. Wiggins.

Paul T. Phinney.

Charles S. Adams, Jr.

Joseph F. Bryan.

EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN MAY 1, 1935

Graduates for the Month of April

Captain James M. Smith—Spanish.

1st Lieut. Michael M. Mahoney—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lieut. Edward E. Authier—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lieut. James G. Bigler—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lieut. Alpha L. Bowser—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lieut. John S. Holmberg—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lieut. Charles A. Miller—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lieut. Ernest R. West, Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

Qm. Clerk DeWitt Morgan—Office Management.

Qm. Clerk DeWitt Morgan—Business Correspondence.

Gy-Sgt. James A. Harris—Service Station Salesman.

Gy-Sgt. George E. Houghton—Aviation Mechanic's.

St. Sgt. Arnold C. McPike—Service Station Salesman.

Sgt. Anthony J. Niosi—Pharmacy.

Sgt. Russel C. White—Civil Service Clerk.

Cpl. John W. Bolton, Jr.—Aviation Mechanics.

Cpl. John W. Jamison—Good English.

Cpl. Nathan N. Sadoff—Service Station Salesman.

Cpl. Albert N. Bailey—Service Station Salesman.

Cpl. Herbert A. Conge—Service Station Salesman.

Pfc. Glen Wm. Bond—Aviation Mechanics.

Pfc. William F. Lersch—Service Station Salesman.

Pfc. William M. Livingston—Good English.

Pfc. Lynn G. Packard—Service Station Salesman.

Drummer Stanley J. Misiak—Salesmanship.

Pvt. Walter R. Abel—Aviation Engines.

Pvt. Laurence A. Black—Soil Improvement.

Pvt. Richard W. Boettcher—Good English.

Pvt. Robert Burns—Immigration Patrol Insp.

Pvt. John J. Corcoran—Service Station Salesman.

Pvt. Lewis E. Countway—Aviation Engines.

Pvt. Ben E. Davis—Aviation Engines.

Pvt. Allen L. Greene—Aviation Engines.

Pvt. Fred J. Iversen—Railway Postal Clerk.

Pvt. William M. Johnson, Jr.—Book'g and Gen. Acctg.

Pvt. George W. Kay—Automobile Mechanics.

Pvt. Harry T. Mayes—Good English.

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Charles F. Jerabek.

Charles H. Hale.

Carl L. Propst.

Raydee W. Pierce.

Melvin A. Werkheiser.

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Charles T. Lamb.

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Eldon F. Henry.

John H. Farrell.

William P. Duncan.

Paul S. Short.

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Douglas Thompson.

Robert D. Gentzler.

Clarence V. Heyl.

Robert L. Farris.

Arnold G. Fischer.

Urban J. Humphrey.

Claude O'N. Galbraith.

Pvt. Lawrence V. Patterson—Aviation Mechanic's.
 Pvt. John T. Peek—Aviation Mechanic's.
 Pvt. Warren E. Ray—Complete Radio.
 Pvt. Paul S. Russell—Aviation Mechanic's.
 Pvt. Glen E. Shepler—Inspector of Customs.
 Pvt. Frank G. Shirley—Railway Postal Clerk.
 Pvt. William H. Taylor—Service Station Salesman.
 Pvt. Paul E. Theno—Aviation Mechanic's.
 Pvt. Theodore W. Turcotte—Good English.
 Pvt. Joseph G. Watts—Good English.
 Pvt. Oscar C. Yarbrough—Service Station Salesman.

U. S. Marine Corps Institute Activity

Total number students enrolled	4,699
April 20, 1935	4,644
Students enrolled during April, 1935	580
Students enrolled during March, 1935	580
Students disenrolled during April, 1935	486
Lesson papers received during February, 1935	4,050
Lesson papers received during March, 1935	5,103
Lesson papers received during April, 1935	4,726
Total lesson papers received since establishment	589,862
Graduates during month of April, 1935	50
Graduates since establishment	6,627
L. C. S. Diplomas awarded since establishment	6,397
Graduates Post Exchange Bookkeeping and Accounting	230

Classification

Enlisted	3,773
Commissioned	52
Navy Enlisted	57
Navy Commissioned	3
Enlisted Fleet Marine Corps Reserve	791
Commissioned Fleet Marine Corps Reserve	17
Dependents	6
TOTAL	4,699

The Following Are Eligible for Enrollment

Officers and enlisted men of the regular Marine Corps.
 Naval personnel serving with the Marine Corps.

Personnel of the Marine Corps Reserve on active duty or attached to Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Companies, or serving with Fleet Reserve Aviation Squadrons and Aviation Service Companies.

Officers and enlisted on the retired list.
 Marine General Court-Martial prisoners.
 Dependents of Marines upon payment for textbooks used.

GRADUATES OF THE CORRESPONDENCE CLASS, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1935

U. S. Marine Corps

SILVERTHORN, Merwin H., Major, Infantry Advanced Course.
 KLINE, Howard G., Sergeant, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.
 MALONE, Frank R., Sergeant, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.
 MANER, Floyd C., Sergeant, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.
 BRUNELLE, Louis W., Corporal, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.
 WHITAKER, Earl W., Corporal, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.
 TENNYSON, Everett L., Pfc., Noncommissioned Officers' Course.

U. S. Marine Corps Reserve

COX, Charles H., 1st Lieut., Eastern Reserve Area, Course "A."
 KREIDER, Paul G., 2nd Lieut., Eastern Reserve Area, Course "A."
 CARTER, Jack E., Corporal, 1st Bn., 25th Reserves, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.

Headquarter's Bulletin

LANGUAGE STUDENTS

It is the intention to assign a Marine officer to duty as a Russian Language student, to be stationed in Central Europe; and a Marine officer to duty as a Japanese Language student, to be stationed in Tokyo. The officers selected will be ordered to the duty indicated during the next fiscal year, probably in September or October.

Officers desiring these assignments,

should submit applications to the Major General Commandant at the earliest practicable date.

DATE OF EXAMINATION OF OFFICERS FOR PROMOTION

The following-named officers will be examined for promotion to the next higher grades on or about July 22, 1935:

Lt. Col. Harold L. Parsons.
Lt. Col. Julian C. Smith.
Lt. Col. Charles J. Miller.
Major Frank Whitehead.
Major Roswell Winans.
Major Alfred H. Noble.
Captain Herman R. Anderson.
Captain Clarence M. Ruffner.
Captain George T. Hall.
Captain Robert C. Kilmartin, Jr.
Captain Edward A. Craig.
Captain Julian P. Brown.
Captain Bernard Dubel.
Captain Leland S. Swindler.
Captain Howard N. Stent.
Captain Ford O. Rogers.
Captain Walter G. Farrell.
1st Lt. Lewis B. Puller.
1st Lt. Ernest E. Shaughnessy.
1st Lt. James E. Jones.
1st Lt. Herbert P. Becker.
1st Lt. William C. Purple.
1st Lt. Robert O. Bare.
1st Lt. Perry K. Smith.
1st Lt. George H. Bellinger, Jr.
1st Lt. Raymond A. Anderson.
1st Lt. Charles F. Cresswell.
1st Lt. Walter J. Stuart.
1st Lt. James H. N. Hudnall.
1st Lt. Charles G. Meints.
1st Lt. Alexander W. Kreiser, Jr.
1st Lt. Thomas C. Perris.
1st Lt. Lenard B. Cresswell.
1st Lt. Thomas J. McQuade.
1st Lt. St. Julian R. Marshall.
1st Lt. Tilghman H. Saunders.
1st Lt. Kenneth B. Chappell.

1st Lt. Arthur W. Ellis.
 1st Lt. Wilbur S. Brown.
 1st Lt. David K. Claude.

MARKSMANSHIP HIGH SCORE (Rifle)

Officers and enlisted men attaining a score of 330 or better over the rifle qualification course for the target year 1935 since publication of the April Bulletin:

Sgt. Clarence J. Anderson	327
Pfc. Robert L. Fariss	336
Sgt. Sidney H. Barnhill	335
Sgt. "J" "D" Goff	335
Pfc. Edmond Lucander	335
Pvt. Roy W. Hovgaard	333
1st Lt. Thomas B. Hughes	332
1st Sgt. Bunah L. Burnham	332
Sgt. Melvin C. Olson	332
Sgt. Francis N. Mary	331
Sgt. Armon J. Sealey	331
Cpl. Willard Brown	330
Pvt. Orville L. Bibb	330

Something to Shoot at:

Pfc. Louie E. Painter

HIGH SCORE (Pistol)

Officers and enlisted men attaining a percentage of 95 or better over the pistol qualification course for the target year 1935 since publication of the April Bulletin:

Sgt. Broox E. Clements	99
Major Jacob Lienhard	98
1st Lt. Ion M. Bethel	98
Captain Harry E. Leland	97
2nd Lt. David S. McDougal	97
Cpl. Johnny Jennings	97
1st Lt. Thomas B. Hughes	96
2nd Lt. Guy M. Morrow	96
ChMGun. Fred Lueders	96
Captain Eugene L. Mullaly	95
Gy-Sgt. Ernest V. Maddox	95
Pvt. Franklin Pierce	95

Something to Shoot at:

1st Sgt. John D. Bellora

Gy-Sgt. Roy M. Fowle

Sgt. Broox E. Clements

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Rifle And Pistol Competitions

MB, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

Final Results of Elliott Trophy Match, Held at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia
29 May, 1935

Standing	Name	Rank	Organization	Score
1.	Davidson, W. W.	Capt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	275
	Loyd, C. R.	Cpl. Mar. Gn.		
	Bethel, J. M.	1st Lt.		281
	McMahill, R. B.	Cpl.		273
	Williby, B. C.	Cpl.		273
			Winner Elliott Trophy	1102
			MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.	274
2.	Blanchard, J. D.	1st Lt.		270
	Gulmet, O. A.	1st Sgt.		270
	Betke, G. G.	Gy. Sgt.		273
	Chaney, R. D.	Cpl.		276
	Bartlett, S. J.	Cpl.		193
			MB, Parris Island, S. C.	253
3.	Reinecke, F. M.	1st Lt.		277
	Harris, C. N.	Sgt.		284
	Kravitz, J.	Cpl.		274
	Lucander, E.	Pfc.		1088
	Christopher, J. H.	Pfc.		51
4.	Hill, J. B.	1st Lt.		267
	Scott, L. J.	Cpl.		266
	O'Connor, E. A.	Sgt.		270
	Moore, C. F.	Pvt.		277
	Grooms, W. W.	Pvt.		1080
			Winner Wirgman Trophy	57
5.			Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.	1076
6.			Navy Yard, New York	1056
7.			Guantanamo Bay	1054
8.			FMF, Quantico, Va.	1052
9.			Pensacola, Fla.	1044
10.			Portsmouth, N. H.	1042
11.			MB, Washington, D. C.	1041
12.			MB, Indian Head	1039
13.			Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.	1034
14.			Charleston, S. C.	1018
15.			Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.	1017
16.			Norfolk, Va.	1000
17.			MB, Annapolis, Md.	987

Rifle And Pistol Competitions

MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

Final Results of Marine Corps Rifle Competition, Held at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.
27 and 28 May, 1935

(Abbreviations: D—Distinguished; O—Officer)

Standing	Name	Rank	Organization	Score
D.	Easley, L. E.	Cpl.	West Coast Division	564
D.	Blakely, J.	Gy. Sgt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	564
1.	Harris, T.	Cpl.	Navy Yard, New York	563
O.	Mathiesen, A. J.	1st Lt.	West Coast Division	563
D.	Kravitz, V. J.	Cpl.	MB, Parris Island, S. C.	563
2.	Christopher, J. H.	Pfc.	MB, Parris Island, S. C.	561
D.	Chaney, R. D.	Cpl.	MB, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.	561
D.	Disco, S.	Cpl.	MB, Quantico, Va.	561
D.	Anderson, C. J.	Sgt.	West Coast Division	559
3.	Bunn, B. M.	Cpl.	MB, Quantico, Va.	558
D.	Bartlett, S. J.	Cpl.	MB, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.	558
S. Only	Carlson, L. E.	Cpl.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	558
D.	McMahill, R. B.	Cpl.	MB, Quantico, Va.	558
4.	Spurlock, W. G.	Pfc.	West Coast Division	557
D.	De La Hunt, R. E.	Pfc.	West Coast Division	557
5.	Potter, D. J.	Cpl.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	556
O.	Bethel, L. M.	1st Lt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	556
D.	Lucander, E.	Pfc.	MB, Parris Island, S. C.	556
6.	Wyrick, V. J.	Cpl.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	555
D.	Hamrick, F.	Sgt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	555
D.	Thomas, J. R.	Cpl.	West Coast Division	554
D.	Williby, B. C.	Cpl.	MB, Quantico, Va.	553
D.	Jones, T. J.	Gy. Sgt.	West Coast Division	553
S.	Darnell, E. D.	Cpl.	MB, Quantico, Va.	552
D.	Jones, J. G.	Pvt.	MB, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H.	552
D.	Seeser, E. V.	Cpl.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	552
D.	Phinney, W. A.	Cpl.	Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.	552
9.	Corry, H. P.	Cpl.	MB, Quantico, Va.	551
D.	Dempsey, W. R.	Cpl.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	550
10.	Kromp, W.	Gy. Sgt.	Navy Yard, New York	550
D.	Blanchard, J. D.	1st Lt.	MB, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.	550
11.	Clark, N. R.	Cpl.	MB, Quantico, Va.	549
12.	Custer, S. A.	Cpl.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	548
D.	Smith, M. A.	Pvt.	West Coast Division	548
14.	Henderson, "W" "Y"	Cpl.	Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.	548
15.	Darwell, J. H.	Sgt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	548
16.	Osteene, H.	Cpl.	MB, Parris Island, S. C.	548
17.	Barrett, H. A.	Pvt.	MB, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.	547
18.	Jessup, W. L.	Pvt.	MB, Parris Island, S. C.	547
19.	Schoolcroft, O.	Sgt.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	547
20.	Hanger, W. B.	Pfc.	MB, Washington, D. C.	546
21.	Pope, M. A.	Pvt.	West Coast Division	546
22.	Barnhill, S.	Sgt.	West Coast Division	546
D.	Philpott, G. T.	Sgt.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	546
D.	Orr, E. W.	Cpl.	MB, Washington, D. C.	545
O.	Whaling, W. J.	Capt.	DOS, Philadelphia, Pa.	544
D.	Burch, J. A.	Sgt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	544
D.	Johnson, M. H.	Sgt.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	544
D.	Hooper, W. H.	1st Sgt.	West Coast Division	544
23.	Schneeman, R. E.	Cpl.	MB, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.	544
D.	Harris, C. M.	Sgt.	MB, Parris Island, S. C.	544
24.	Horn, H. P.	Pvt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	543
25.	Green, R. C.	Cpl.	Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.	543
26.	Johnson, A. E.	Cpl.	MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.	543
27.	Scheltz, H. C.	Pfc.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	543
28.	Hovgaard, R. W.	Pvt.	Guantanamo Bay, Cuba	542

D. 29.	Coffey, A. E.	Cpl.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	542
D.	Morehead, M.	Pfc.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	542
D.	Jost, J. F.	Cpl.	West Coast Division	542
D.	Powell, Emory M.	Sgt.	MB, Parris Island, S. C.	542
30.	Linfoot, W. D.	Pfc.	MB, Quantico, Va.	541
31.	Slack, W. B.	Pfc.	Indian Head, Md.	541
D.	Wood, E. L.	Cpl.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	540
32. O.	Scheyer, W. J.	Capt.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	539
D.	Davidson, W. W.	Capt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	538
33.	Hudson, L. N.	Sgt.	MB, Charleston, S. C.	538
34.	Crews, D.	Pvt.	MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.	538
D.	Boyle, V. E.	Sgt.	West Coast Division	537
35.	Moore, C. F.	Pvt.	NTS, Newport, R. I.	537
D.	Augusten, W. E.	Sgt.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	536
36.	O'Connor, E. A.	Sgt.	NTS, Newport, R. I.	536
37.	Tate, W. L.	Pfc.	MB, Navy Yard, New York	536
38.	Powell, Earl M.	Pvt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	536
39.	Love tree, P.	Cpl.	West Coast Division	535
40.	Griffin, B.	Cpl.	Indian Head, Md.	535
41.	Reichel, D.	Sgt.	MB, Washington, D. C.	534
42.	Smith, E. C.	Pvt.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	534
43.	Roman, J.	Pvt.	MB, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.	534
44.	Stutler, C. E.	Pvt.	West Coast Division	533
45.	Thompson, P. H.	Sgt.	MB, Washington, D. C.	533
46.	Lane, H. C.	Pvt.	MB, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.	533
47.	Pluge, J.	Sgt.	West Coast Division	532
D.	Guilmet, O. A.	Gy.Sgt.	MB, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.	531
48.	Roman, A. A.	Pvt.	MB, Navy Yard, New York	531
49.	Barrier, T. E.	Cpl.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	531
50.	Trax, W. F. A.	Sgt.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	530
51.	Olson, M. C.	Sgt.	Guantanamo Bay, Cuba	530
O.	Cook, J. H., Jr.	1st Lt.	Guantanamo Bay, Cuba	529
53.	Better, P. Jr.	Pfc.	MB, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.	529
54.	Kraay, E. W.	Cpl.	West Coast Division	528
55.	Painter, H. D.	Cpl.	MB, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.	528
D.	Martin, F.	Sgt.	MB, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.	527
56.	Amos, E. N.	Pvt.	Parris Island, S. C.	527
D.	Huff, M. T.	1st Sgt.	West Coast Division	527
57.	Grooms, W. W.	Pvt.	NTS, Newport, R. I.	526
58.	Jackson, H. K.	1st Sgt.	Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.	524
59. O.	Lee, W. A.	Mar.Gun.	MB, Quantico, Va.	523
60.	Heath, J. E.	Pvt.	Guantanamo Bay, Cuba	523
61.	Reincke, F. M.	1st Lt.	MB, Parris Island, S. C.	521
62.	Fessino, J. F.	Sgt.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	520
D.	Harner, K. E.	Sgt.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	520
63. O.	Stamm, J. F.	1st Lt.	MB, Portsmouth, N. H.	520
64.	Hill, J. B.	1st Lt.	NTS, Newport, R. I.	519
D.	Mudd, C. A.	Sgt.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	517
65.	Ballew, R. H.	Pvt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	515
66. O.	Moe, A. F.	1st Lt.	Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.	510
67.	Hill, R. E.	1st Lt.	Indian Head, Md.	490

Rifle And Pistol Competitions

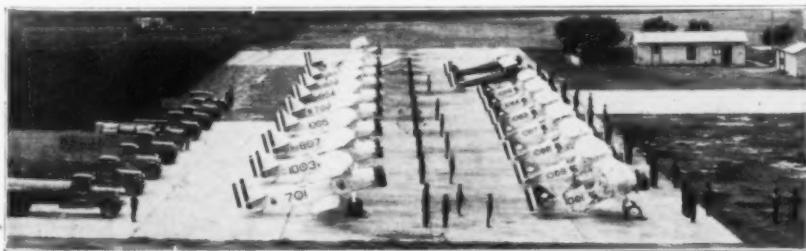
MB, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

Final Results of Marine Corps Pistol Competition, Held at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

29 May, 1935

(Abbreviations: D—Distinguished; O—Officer)

Standing	Name	Rank	Organization	Score
D.	Huff, M. T.	1st Sgt.	West Coast Division	512
D.	Linfoot, W. D.	Pfc.	MB, Quantico, Va.	510
D.	Blakely, J.	Gy.Sgt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	508
D.	Jones, J. G.	Pvt.	Portsmouth, N. H.	508
D.	Seeser, E. V.	Cpl.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	508
D.	Davidson, W. W.	Capt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	507
D.	Hohn, L. A.	Capt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	506
D.	Clarke, N. R.	Cpl.	MB, Quantico, Va.	506
D.	Bethel, I. M.	1st Lt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	504
D.	Barrier, T. E.	Cpl.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	503
D.	Clements, B. E.	Sgt.	Parris Island, S. C.	500
D.	Whalling, W. J.	Capt.	DOS, Philadelphia, Pa.	499
D.	McMahill, R. B.	Cpl.	MB, Quantico, Va.	499
1.	Schneeman, R. E.	Cpl.	MB, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.	499
2.	Bunn, B. M.	Cpl.	MB, Quantico, Va.	497
3.	Fessino, J. F.	Sgt.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	495
D.	Orr, E. W.	Cpl.	MB, Washington, D. C.	493
D.	Pope, N. A.	Pvt.	West Coast Division	493
D.	Jost, J. F.	Cpl.	West Coast Division	492
D.	Bartletti, S. J.	Cpl.	MB, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.	491
4.	Harris, C. N.	Sgt.	Parris Island, S. C.	483
5.	Osteen, H.	Cpl.	Parris Island, S. C.	482
6.	McAvoy, H. M.	Cpl.	MB, Quantico, Va.	482
D.	Jones, T. J.	Gy.Sgt.	West Coast Division	480
7.	Harris, T.	Cpl.	Navy Yard, New York	473
8.	Smith, M. A.	Pvt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	473
9.	Lucander, E.	Pfc.	Parris Island, S. C.	471
D.	Easley, L. E.	Cpl.	West Coast Division	467
10.	Powell, Emery M.	Sgt.	Parris Island, S. C.	467
D.	Faby, A. W.	Pfc.	Guantanamo Bay, Cuba	465
D.	Hannick, F. S.	Sgt.	MB, Quantico, Va.	462
11.	Potter, D. J.	Cpl.	FMF, Quantico, Va.	456
12.	Hooper, W. H.	1st Sgt.	West Coast Division	455
D.	Ulrich, C.	Cpl.	MB, Quantico, Va.	454
13.	Corry, H. P.	Cpl.	MB, Quantico, Va.	448
14.	Chaney, R. D.	Cpl.	MB, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.	446
	Disco, S.	Cpl.	MB, Quantico, Va.	446



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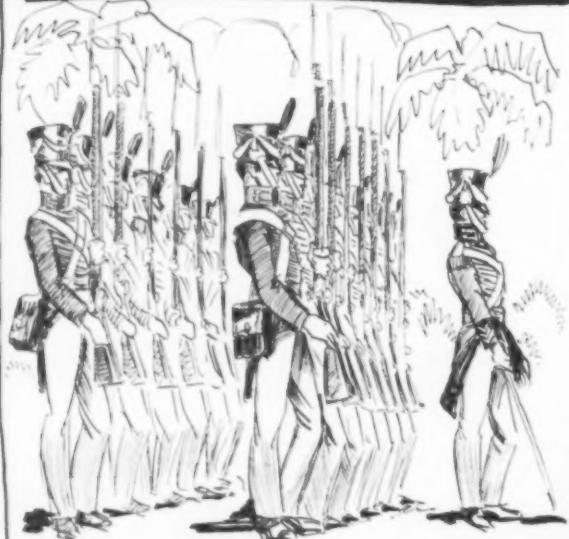
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1ST SGT. JULIAN ASHLEY, WASHINGTON, D.C. RECRUITING OFFICE, RECEIVED A LONG DISTANCE PHONE CALL FROM CLEVELAND, OHIO IN MARCH, 1935. "MISTER" SAID THE CALLER "IF I COME TO WASHINGTON CAN I GET IN THE MARINES?" "BE HERE MONDAY MORNING FOR PHYSICAL EXAM" SAID THE SGT. "I'LL BE THERE SUNDAY NIGHT" ANSWERED THE VOICE. A MOMENT LATER THE SGT. WAS HANDED A TELEGRAM FROM DETROIT, MICH. ANOTHER APPLICANT, ASKING THE SAME QUESTION, STATED HIS WILLINGNESS TO PAY HIS OWN FARE ANYWHERE IN ORDER TO ENLIST.

KENNETH B. COLLINGS, SELECTED AS ONE OF THE EIGHT MOST OUTSTANDING NEW WRITERS DISCOVERED DURING 1934 BY THE 1935 WRITERS' YEAR BOOK IS A FIRST LIEUTENANT IN THE MARINE CORPS RESERVE. HE FIRST ENROLLED IN THE RESERVE SEPT. 27, 1917 AND WAS DISCHARGED TO ACCEPT A COMMISSION IN THE MARINE CORPS OCT. 10 1917. HE WAS PROMOTED TO CAPTAIN MARCH 5, 1919 AND RESIGNED JULY 5, 1922. HE WAS COMMISSIONED 1ST LIEUT. (MCR) ON AUG. 18, 1926. LIEUT. COLLINGS' STORIES HAVE APPEARED IN "LIBERTY" "AMERICAN MERCURY" AND MANY OTHER WELL KNOWN MAGAZINES.

JOHN ROBERT DAVIS, GREAT NEPHEW OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERACY, ENLISTED IN THE U.S. MARINES APRIL 2, 1919 AT PARRIS ISLAND.



IN 1802, MARINES TOOK PART IN THE CEREMONIES INCIDENT TO TURNING OVER FLORIDA TO THE U.S. BY SPAIN.



IN 1903, MARINES SERVED AS GUARDS FOR A DIPLOMATIC MISSION TO ABYSSINIA TO NEGOTIATE A TREATY WITH KING MENELIK. THEIR MODE OF TRANSPORTATION WAS CAMELS AND MULES.

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TOMMY ARMOUR says: "I'd walk a mile for a Camel...any day!"

Read below what these famous athletes say about Camels

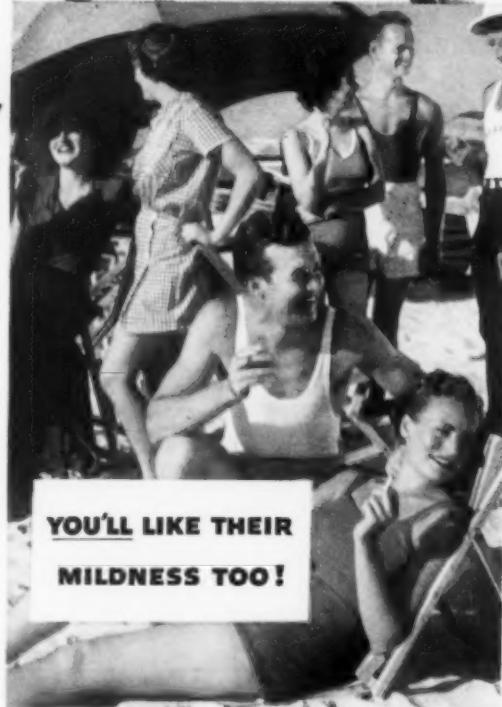
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